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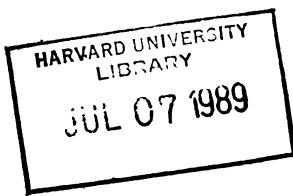
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# Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript

## Ballads and Romances.

EDITED BY

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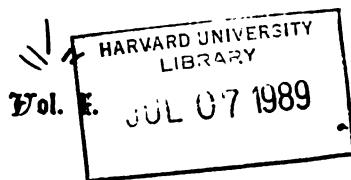
AND

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

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ASSISTED BY

PROF. CHILD, OF HARVARD UNIV., U.S.; W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.



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**Dedicated**

**TO**

**PROFESSOR FRANCIS JAMES CHILD**

**OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S.**

**AT WHOSE INSTIGATION,**

**AND TO RELIEVE ENGLISH ANTIQUARIANS FROM WHOSE REPROACHES**

**(TOO WELL DESERVED,)**

**This Work**

**WAS FIRST UNDERTAKEN.**

*Easter 1867.*



## TEMPORARY NOTICE.

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THE PREFACE, and the General Introduction by Mr. Hales, will appear with the Glossary and Indexes, after the whole MS. is printed.

The Introductions in this volume are all by Mr. Hales, except that to *Mary Aumbree*—which is reprinted from Percy's *Reliques*—and those to *Merline* and *King Arthur's Death*, with that on “Arthur,” which are by Mr. Furnivall. To the “Arthur” is prefixed a valuable statement of the evidence for that hero's historic existence, for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. C. H. Pearson, Fellow of Oriel, author of *The Early and Middle Ages of England*. The Introductions are intended to afford a reader coming fresh to each poem such information about it as he would wish to get together for himself in order to understand the belongings of it.

The text of the poems has been left as it stands in the MS., with the exception of 1. the few corrections marked by [ ], or noticed in the notes signed F., and 2. the expansions of contractions in italics. The Editors resolved at first, without any hesitation, not to attempt to make the best text possible out of

the MS., as that would have often involved restoring the copy of 1620 A.D., or later, to its original of 1420 A.D., or earlier, thus destroying the very copy which it was their sole purpose to give. Emendations have therefore been introduced into the text with a very sparing hand, and have been sometimes confined to the *versa*. Mr. Furnivall is, in the main, responsible for the text, the proofs and revises of which have been read thrice with the MS.

It has been thought due to Bishop Percy's work and memory to print all the notes and readings that he wrote in the margin of the MS.—whether the Editors agree with them or not—except where the readings were only clearer copies of the words of the MS., and meant to assist an inexperienced reader. All such notes and readings are marked by a —P. The contractions used by Percy are chiefly those of the Glossaries to Gawain Douglas and Urry's edition of Chaucer.

The Editors tender their thanks to Professor Child, Mr. Wm. Chappell, Dr. Robson, Mr. C. H. Pearson, Mr. David Laing, Mr. D. W. Nash, Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. Patricket, and the Rev. W. W. Skeat, for their help.

*April 20, 1867.*

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OF  
THE FIRST VOLUME.

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## FOREWORDS.

(By F. J. FURNIVALL.)

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|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <i>Cause of the publication.</i></li> <li>2. <i>Groans about it, and gains by it.</i></li> <li>3. <i>Description of the MS.</i></li> <li>4. <i>Date and dialect of it.</i></li> <li>5. <i>Supposed writer of it.</i></li> <li>6. <i>Pieces printed from it since the Reliques.</i></li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>7. <i>Percy's handling of his MS.</i></li> <li>8. <i>Proportion of pieces from it in the Reliques.</i></li> <li>9. <i>Our handling of the MS.</i></li> <li>10. <i>Our Introductions and helpers.</i></li> <li>11. <i>Work ahead. Print the other Ballad Collections.</i></li> </ul> |
|---|--|

1. The cause of the printing of Percy's MS., of the publication of this book, was the insistence, time after time, by Professor Child, that it was the duty of English antiquarian men of letters to print this foundation document of English balladry, the basis of that structure which Percy raised, so fair to the eyes of all English-speaking men throughout the world. Above a hundred years had gone since first the *Reliques* met men's view, a Percy Society had been born and died, but still the Percy Manuscript lay hid in Ecton Hall, and no one was allowed to know how the owner who made his fame by it had dealt with it, whether his treatment was foul or fair. No list even of its contents could be obtained. Dibdin and Madden, and many a man less known, had tried their hands, but still the MS. was kept back, and this generation had made up its mind that it was not to see the desired original in type. One of that nation, however, whose greatest man since Washington proclaimed its way of getting things done, by his homely phrase "keep pegging away," pegged away at this MS., and the result is before the reader.

As an Englishman one could not but feel it a disgrace that an American should take more interest in an English MS. than oneself, and the more a disgrace that in this case the genuineness or falsity of the text of a score of our best ballads was involved. Was one to acknowledge that the old Sidney spirit had taken flight from its native land, and found a new home even in that noble North which had at last gone "thorough" for the slave, fighting the worthiest fight one's life had seen? Hardly; much as one admired that home. So, though the Percy MS. was long after the time of my section of Early English work, though my hands were otherwise more than full, I tried to get access to the MS. some half-dozen years ago. Repulsed, I tried again when starting the Early English Text Society. Repulsed again, I tried again at a later date, but with the like result. Not rebuffed by this, Professor Child added his offer of 50*l.* to mine of 100*l.* through Mr. Thurstan Holland, a friend of his own and of the owners of the MS., and this last attempt succeeded. We obtained the right to hold the MS. for six months, and make and print one copy of it. This six months the owners kindly extended from time to time to thirteen, to enable all the proofs and revises to be read with the MS. before it was returned to them—for sale, as we afterwards heard, to the British Museum.

2. Of the value of the work, others must judge. The long delays and the trials of temper involved in it, the large money-risk still impending,<sup>1</sup> the unsatisfactoriness of being able to give only half-hours of hardly-earned pause from other work to points that needed a week's leisure to study, the great annoyance by which one subscriber has answered our efforts in the cause,—these things have dulled one's pleasure in the book, have lowered one's estimate of the usefulness of it. Still, to say the least, it is the getting done a thing which ought not to have

<sup>1</sup> The debt on the book is over 800*l.*

been left undone, the ridding ourselves of a well-deserved reproach. It is something to have helped to secure the MS. for the nation, something that ballads like *The Child of Elle*, *Sir Cawline*, *Sir Andrew Barton* (iii. 403), *Old Robin of Portingale* (i. 235), can be read without Percy's tawdry touches, something that "Robin Hood and Randle Erle of Chestre" get fresh clearness to our view, that a new Sir Lionell (i. 74) lives for us, and *Balowe* (iii. 518) is restored to its English home.

It is more that we have now for the first time *Eger & Grime* in its earlier state, *Sir Lambewell* (i. 142) besides, the *Cavilere's* praise of his hawking (iii. 369), the complete version of *Scottish Feilde* (i. 199), and *Kinge Arthur's Death* (i. 487), the fullest of *Flodden Feilde* (i. 313), and the verse *Merline* (i. 417), the *Earle of Westmorlande* (i. 292), *Bosworth Feilde* (iii. 233), the curious poem of *John de Reeve* (ii. 550), and the fine alliterative one of *Death and Life* (iii. 56), with its gracious picture of Lady dame Life, awaking life and love in grass and tree, in bird and man, as she speeds to her conquest over Death.

Real gains to our literature are among these. Let any one contrast the contents of this Percy MS. with those of the other great Ballad-Book of our day, the volume of purloined Helmingham ballads, selected by Mr. Daniel, and bought (and rightly and generously printed) by Mr. Huth, but not containing even one third-rate work, and he will then have a better notion of the value he should put on the pieces that are good in our book. Some are for all time; others witness only that the neglect they have met with is more or less deserved. Yet of them even may be repeated what has been said elsewhere of one of the romances or novels of our ancestors "made, al trew louers for to glade" . . . Though we may often be tempted to smile at the plots and incidents of the books of its class, we must yet remember that those who once delighted in them were men

of Noble birth,  
Valiant and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,  
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:  
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,  
But always resolute, in most extreames.

Written, as the present poem was, in the sixth Henry's time, Talbot himself may have seen it; he, "the great Alcides of the field," perchance enjoyed it with his boy, "the Sonne of Chualrie;" and though it lacks somewhat, as well the fire as the simple pathos, of stories of an earlier day, yet there is no need to ask for it a favouring ear from those who, with M. Hippoau, know "ce n'est jamais sans profit que l'on recueille quelques-uns des nombreux anneaux de la chaîne qui permet de suivre à travers les âges toutes les transformations que subissent les mots d'une langue et les idées d'un peuple." (*Messire Gauvain*, Preface, p. xxxiv, in *A Royal Historie of the excellent Knight Generides*, p. xv.)

3. The Manuscript itself is a "scrubby, shabby, paper" book,—about fifteen and a half inches long by five and a half wide, and about two inches thick,—which has lost some of its pages both at the beginning and end. Percy found it "lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y<sup>e</sup> Parlour" of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shiffnal in Shropshire, "being used by the maids to light the fire." He begged it of Mr. Pitt, and kept it unbound and torn till he was going to lend it to Dr. Johnson. Then he had it bound in half-calf by a binder who pared off some of the top and bottom lines in different parts of the volume.

4. The handwriting was put by Sir F. Madden at after 1650 A.D.; by two authorities at the Record Office whom I consulted, in the reign of James I. rather than that of Charles I.; but as the volume contains, among other late pieces, one on the siege of Newark in Charles I.'s time (ii. 33), another on the taking of Banbury in 1642 (ii. 39), and a third, *The King enjoyes his rightes againe*, which contains a passage<sup>1</sup> that (as

<sup>1</sup> ffull 40 yecres his royll crowne  
hath boone his fathers and his owne.  
(ii. 26/17-18).

Mr. Chappell observes in *Pop. Mus.* ii. 438, note 2,) fixes the date of the song to the year 1643, we must make the date about 1650, though rather before than after, so far as I can judge. I should keep it in Charles I.'s reign, and he died Jan. 30, 1649; but within a quarter of a century one can hardly determine. The change of the shape of the *c*, from the accented foreigner's shape *f* to a big *Q* (ii. 559, note 2), and that of the shape of the *x* from a form like the MS. & to the modern one (iii. 342/558, note 6), which occurs towards the end of the volume, may help some future and more learned writer to settle the date more closely than I can.

The dialect of the copier of the MS. seems to have been Lancashire, as is shown by the frequent use of the final *st*, *thoust* for *thou shalt* (see i. 20/28, note 4, ii. 218, &c., and *-st* in the Glossary), *Ist* for *I will* (ii. 218/2, 219/30, 223/145, &c.), *youst* for *you will* (ii. 219/47), *unbethought* for "umbethought" (i. 76/35, 177/62, &c.), and the occurrence of northern terms like *strang* (ii. 571/332), *gange* (ii. 572/343), &c. &c. Moreover, the strong local feeling shown by the copier in favour of Lancashire and Cheshire and the Stanleys, in his choice of *Flodden Feilde* (i. 313), *Boeworth Feilde* (iii. 233), *Earles off Chester* (i. 258), *Ladye Bessiye* (iii. 319) confirms the probability that he was from one of the counties named. That much, if not all, of the MS. was written from dictation, and hurriedly, is almost certain from the continual miswriting of *they* for *the*, *rought* for *wrought*, *Knight* for *night* (once), *me fancy* for *my fancy* (ii. 30/8), *justine* for *justing* (ii. 103/673), &c. These mistakes have been left in the text, as after a little practice they do not mislead the reader, and the *they* and *the* may point to a peculiarity of pronunciation which Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, or some successor of his, may value.

5. Percy suggests that the copier of the MS. was Thomas

Blount, author of the *Jocular Tenures* (1679), *Boscobel* (1660), *Academie of Eloquence* (1654), *Glossographia* (1656), a *Law Dictionary* (1670), *Journey to Jerusalem*, &c., a native of Bardesley, Worcestershire, and a barrister of the Middle Temple, whose date is 1618–79 (Alibone). The Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum could not find any of Blount's writing to compare with that of the MS.; but if any one can believe that a man of Blount's training copied this MS. when he was in full power, at the age of 30 or 32, I cannot. The photolithograph of *Bell my Wiffe* represents the copier's hand, though coarsened, as in all such cases, by the giving of the soft paper when pressure was put on its back to transfer the photograph to the stone. The ink-spots from the writing on the other side, which all the pages of the MS. show, are not represented in the photolithograph, as they came out as deep in tint as the letters of *Bell* itself, and made the page so blotchy that it could hardly be read. Percy's little notes are seen in the margin.

6. Since Percy and his nephew printed their fourth edition of the *Reliques* from the MS. in 1794, no one has printed any piece from it except Robert Jamieson,<sup>1</sup>—to whom Percy supplied a copy of *Child Maurice* and *Robin Hood & the Old Man* (or *Robin Hood, a Beggar, & the Three Squires*, as we call it,

<sup>1</sup> To the original editor of the *Reliques* of *Ancient English Poetry* I owe the very curious copy of "Child Maurice,"<sup>\*</sup> and the fragment of "Robin Hood and the Old Man."<sup>†</sup> Nothing could be more liberal than the conduct of the present possessor of the Folio MS. from which these fragments are extracted; and if this miscellany has been enriched with fewer pieces from that valuable repository than was at first expected,<sup>‡</sup> the

world have no reason to be sorry for it, as the Rev. Dr. Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, the editor of the last edition of the *Reliques*,<sup>§</sup> is collecting for a fourth volume of that work. *Popular Ballads and Songs, &c.*, by Robert Jamieson, Edin., 1806, v. i. p. vi.–vii. In 1800, Percy gave an account of *Eger & Grime* for Walter Scott's use. See i. 342 here.

\* Jamieson, i. 8–15.

† ii. 49.

<sup>‡</sup> See a notice of him in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vili., 147–8, notes: "He was the estimable Editor of the fourth Edition of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*." On this see i. xxxix, and ii. 264, note, here.

<sup>§</sup> See Jamieson's letter to Percy in Nichols's *Illust.*, viii., 337–41: "Those which I am at present more solicitous to have are the

'Fragments of Robin Hood and the Beggar,' and any other Sherwood ballads that may be found in it worth preserving; and the fragments of the 'Child of Elfe.' Every person that I have met with, fond of such things, has expressed a wish that you had done yourself the justice to publish the scraps of that beautiful ballad."

(For Percy's answer see p. lvii. below.)

i. 13) for his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806),—and Sir Frederic Madden, who was allowed—by one of Percy's daughters, Mrs. Isted, I believe—to print<sup>1</sup> *The Grene Knight*, *The Carle of Carlisle*, and *The Turke and Gowin*, in his *Syr Gawayne* for the Bannatyne Club, 1839. The reason given for refusing all other applicants was, I am told, that some member of the family might some day like to edit the book himself. But a glimpse of its contents was given to the public by Dr. Dibdin, who copied from Percy's list the first 72 entries, and would undoubtedly have finished the whole—says my informant—had he not been stopt as soon as his entertainers found out what he was up to. His account is given in a note to his *Decameron*, as follows :

It was in the winter of 1815, when I visited, for the second time, the worthy and hospitable owners of *Ecton Hall*, in Northamptonshire : Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Isted : the lady of the mansion being the eldest daughter of the old-poetry-loving Prelate of whom we are discoursing. The snow was on the ground : the heavens were turbid ; the air was sharp and biting, and the hours of daylight were necessarily few. At such a season, and in such a mansion, what could be more delightful and congenial, than, sitting by the side of a blazing fire, the inspection of the VERY MS. which formed the basis of the Bishop's celebrated "RELIQUES," published for the first time in 1765, in three crown octavo volumes ? ! But what was there in this MS. so wondrously fascinating ? I will tell thee, good-natured, and by this time, I trust, thoroughly-composed reader. The Bishop's work was no sooner out, than the critics "roared aloud" for a sight of THE MS. ! and among these "roarers" (more vociferous than Bottom's "nightingale" or "sucking-dove") no one opened his mouth so widely, or sent forth a more hideous yell, than the late JOSEPH RITSON : who at once, in imitation of Alexander the Great, drew his tremendous sabre, and cut the Gordian knot—by denying the existence of the MS., and thereby implying that Dr. Percy had foisted a lie upon the public ! In spite of assurances and demonstrations to the contrary, and in defiance of the Doctor's acknowledged respectability of character, Ritson went on, "roaring

<sup>1</sup> Whether Sir Frederic had the MS. in his custody for any time I do not know.

away," almost to the end of his life, a sceptic as to the existence of this MS. : . . of which here ensueth a most faithful and particular description: for it is not, gentle reader, as that dexterous artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, hath represented it, in his fine portrait of the Bishop—most picturesquely curling at the corners, of a proportionate small folio—but—as you shall immediately read.

The MS. in question is a narrow, half-bound book, with blue-paper sides, and brown leather back. It is 15 inches and five-eighths in length, by about 5 and six eighths in width. Every page has a margin, to the left, of about an inch and a half in width—marked by a perpendicular line: the poetry uniformly occupying the right side of the margin. The book may be about an inch in thickness. We have the following introductory prefix, in an ancient hand: "*Curious Old Ballads wh. occasionally I have met with,*" &c., as on the page facing p. 1 here. Dibdin adds engravings of Percy's signatures and the writing of the headings and lines of the Ballads, and also

the titles of somewhat more than the *first half hundred* of the ballads contained in this curious and very interesting volume: premising that those ballads, which are objectionable on the score of indelicacy, have been *crossed through* by the Bishop's own hand.

He starts with "Page 21, No. iii., Robine Hoode his death," and stops at "p. 200, No. lviii., How ffayre shee be."

7. On Percy's handling of his MS. perhaps enough has been said in these volumes at i. 132–3, i. 174, i. 235, ii. xvii, xviii, xxii, xxiv, iii. 2, &c.

Before he learnt to reverence it, as he says, he scribbled notes over its margins and put brackets for suggested omissions in its texts. After he reverenced it, he tore out of it the two leaves containing its best ballad, *King Estmere*, which he had evidently touched up largely himself (ii. 600). As to the text, he looked on it as a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society. She did not look like "an apple stuck on the point of a small skewer," as she ought to have done. (*London Magazine*, 1767, in Fairholt's *Costume*, 312.) Percy gave her the correct appearance. She had no "false

locks to supply deficiency of native hair," no "pomatum in profusion," no "greasy wool to bolster up the adopted locks, and grey powder to conceal dust." But all these fashionable requirements Percy supplied. He puffed out the 39 lines of the *Child of Ell* to 200; he pomatumed the *Heir of Lin* till it shone again; he stuffed bits of wool into *Sir Cawline*, *Sir Aldingar*; he powdered everything.<sup>1</sup> The desired result was produced; his young woman was accepted by Polite Society, taken to the bosom of a Countess, and rewarded her chaperon with a mitre. No one objected to the change in the damsels's appearance save one cantankerous attorney.<sup>2</sup> He demanded loudly the restoration of

<sup>1</sup> See the Rev. W. S. Blackley's article on the Percy Folio in the *Contemporary Review*, Nov. 1867.

<sup>2</sup> Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. xix.: "This MS. is doubtless the most singular thing of the kind that was ever known to exist. How such a multifarious collection could possibly have been formed so late as the year 1650, of compositions from the ages prior to Chaucer, most, if not all of which had never been printed, is scarcely to be conceived by those versed in ancient MSS., a similar instance perhaps not being to be found in any library public or private. This MS., to increase its singularity, no other writer has ever pretended to have seen. The late Mr. Tyrwhitt, an excellent judge and diligent peruser of old compositions, and an intimate friend of the owner, never saw it. It is stated by Dr. Percy to have been a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esquire, of Priors Lee in Shropshire. An acquaintance of Dr. Percy's has been heard to say that he received it from a maid servant at a country inn, who made use of it in lighting the fire. And it is remarkable, that scarcely anything is published from it, not being to be found elsewhere, without our being told of the defects and mutilation of the MS."

p. xxi. "Many other instances might be noticed, where the learned collector has preferred his ingenuity to his fidelity, without the least intimation to the reader.

"It follows, from the manner in which this celebrated collection is avowedly published, even allowing the MS. to be genuine, and to contain what it is said to do, that no confidence can be placed in any of the "old Minstrel ballads" inserted in that collection and not to be found elsewhere."

After Percy had answered Ritson's challenge by exhibiting the Folio, Ritson returned to the charge with the following words in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances*, ed. 1803, i. cviii-cxlii and note:

"Certainly this is a most extraordinary, as well as unfortunate, book, and the labour of the right reverend editour in correcting, refining, improving, completeing, and enlargeing, the orthography, grammar, text, stile, and supplying the chasms and hiatuses, *valde defenda!* must have equal'd that of Hercules in cleansing the Augean stable: so that a parcel of old rags and tatters were thus ingeniously and happily converted into an elegant new suit."

"The existence and authenticity of this famous MS. in its present mutilated and miserable condition is no longer to be deny'd or disputed; at the same time, it is a certain and positive fact, that, in the elegant and refine'd work it gave occasion to, there is scarcely one single poem, song or ballad, fairly or honestly printed, either from the above fragment or other

the girl's head to its pristine state. Reviews abused him, friends

alleged authority, from the beginning to the end; many pieces, also, being inserted, as ancient and authentick, which there is every reason to believe, never existed before its publication. To correct the obvious errors of an illiterate transcriber, to supply irremediable defects, and to make sense of nonsense, are certainly essential dutys of an editour of ancient poetry; provided he act with integrity and publicity; but secretly to suppress the original text, and insert his own fabrications for the sake of providing more refine'd entertainment for readers of taste and genius, is no proof of either judgement, candour, or integrity.

"In what manner this ingenious editour conducted himself in this patch'd up publication, wil be evident from the following parallel, which may be useful to future manufacturers in this line."

[Ritson then prints the original, and Percy's version, opposite one another; and as you turn over the leaves, and see the blank pages of the original opposite Percy's fillings-in and alterations, and (in one case) a blank page of Percy's p. exli. where he has left out a great piece of the original, you can hardly help smiling. It is a joke.]

"This mode of publishing ancient poetry displays, it must be confess'd, considerable talent and genius, but savours strongly, at the same time, of unfairness and dishonesty. Here are numerous stanzas inserted which are not in the original, and others omitted which are there. The purchasers and perusers of such a collection are deceive'd and impose'd upon; the pleasure they receive is derive'd from the idea of antiquity, which, in fact, is perfect illusion. If the ingenious editour had publish'd all his imperfect poems by correcting the blunders of puerility or inattention, and supplying the defects of barbarian ignorance, with proper distinction of type (as, in one instance, he actually has done), it would not only have gratify'd the austerest antiquary, but also provide'd refine'd entertain-

ment 'for every reader of taste and genius.' He would have acted fairly and honorably, and give'n every sort complete satisfaction. Authenticity would have been unite'd with improvement, and all would have gone wel; whereas, in the present editions, it is firmly believe'd, not one article has been ingenuously or faithfully printed from the begining to the end: nor did the late eminent Thomas Tyrwhitt, so ardent a researcher into ancient poetry, and an intimate friend of the possessour, ever see this curious, though tatter'd, fragment; nor would the late excellent George Steevens, on the bishops personal application consent to sanction the authenticity of the printed copy with his signature."

"\* The bishop of Dromore (as he now is), on a former occasion, having himself, as he wel knows, already falsify'd and corrupted a modern Scottish song, 'This line,' he says, 'being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish poetry is [by no one, in such a case, except himself] now usually printed (*Reliques* 1775, I, xxxviii,)\* ('COMES FRAN THE BORDER?') to give it a certain appearance of rust and antiquity. This identical song, being, afterward, faithfully and correctly printed in a certain *Collection* of such things, from the earliest copy known, which, like all the rest, was accurately refer'd to,

'LIVE YOUP' THE BORDER?'

(*Scottish songs*, printed for J. Johnson, 1794, I, 266) the worthy prelate thought proper, in the last edition of his already recited compilation, to assert that his own corruption 'would have been readily corrected by that copy,' had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the 'Historical essay' prefixed to that publication to

'YE LIVE YOUP' THE BORDER;'

the better,' he adds, with his usual candour, 'to favour a position, that many of the pipers might live upon the borders, for the convenience of attending

"† Scottish poetry, of the 15th or 16th century, has been so printed, but not that of the 18th, unless by impostors."

of the Bishop denounced him.<sup>1</sup> Percy actually pulled out a

fairs, &c. in both kingdoms.' This, however, is an INFAMOUS LIE; it being much more likely that he himself, who has practise'd every kind of forgery and imposture, had some such end to alter this identical line, with much more violence, and, as he owns himself, actual 'CORRUPTION,' to give the quotation an air of antiquity, which it was not intitl'd to. The present editours text is perfectly accurate, to a single comma, but 'this line,' as he pretends to apologise for his own, 'being quoted [in the *Essay*] from memory,' having frequently heard it so sung, in his younger days, by a north-country blacksmith, without thinking it necessary, at the moment, to turn to the genuine text, which lay at his elbow, which his lordship DARE NOT IMPEACH. 'Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see [more] clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brothers eye.' (*Gospel according to S. Matthew, Chap. VII. Verse 5.*)"

<sup>1</sup> See one specimen out of several in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vol. viii. p. 372, Thomas Caldecott's letter to Percy, which I print entire, to ask where Warton's MS. is now.

Temple, March 21, 1802.

"My Lord,—An old respect for your Lordship, of an earlier date than my personal knowledge of you, and pursuits somewhat congenial to those of your lighter studies, have induced me to present you with the unpublished part of Mr. Warton's History of Poetry, and to persuade myself that it might prove not unacceptable. It is so far only valuable, as it might not otherwise have fallen into your hands, or would not have come there so early. On all ac-

\* See Ritson's *Observations on the Three First Volumes of the "History of English Poetry"* in a Familiar Letter to the Author (*Eason*). London, 1782. 4to. (*Locardes*), and dign like the following:

"It was from the MS. whence the foregoing pieces are extracted that Bp. Percy printed the ballad of RICHARD OR ALMAIGNE (Reliques, II. 1), of which he has inadvertently omitted the concluding stanza. In this inadvertency, as well as in his other variations from the ori-

counts we must lament that at so interesting a period the work is left in so imperfect a state, and particularly that his labours should have been discontinued for the last seven years of his life, from a dread of the animadversions of that scurilous miscreant\* who has newly done your Lordship the honour of enrolling you amongst those (whom it is very right and fit that one of his spirit and character should proferbo) the honest (see his repeated abuse of 'honest Tom Warton'), and the ingenious, his King, and his God.

"I am, my Lord, your Lordship's very humble servant,

"THO. CALDECOTT."

From Percy's reply, dated August 17, 1803 (Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. viii. p. 373):

"I certainly think with you, that the personal abuse of poor mad Ritson was the highest honour he could do me, and can only regret that it deprived us of the ingenious labours of 'honest Tom Warton.' I assure you it would have had no such influence on me; for his assertion that my Nephew never saw one word of the Advertisement to which he set his name, and that the original editor had invented all the different pieces which he published as extracted from an old MS. which never existed, could only be exceeded by the frenzy in which he died. In his Dissertation to the Metrical Romances are malicious assertions and insinuations equally unfounded, which I should not condescend to notice, but for the kind interest you express for me in your letter." See also the episcopal answer in a letter from Percy to Dr. Anderson, Jan. 4, 1808:

"With regard to Ritson's Introduction, the torrent of gross and vulgar

ginal, he has been religiously followed by his learned friend the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton; who, nevertheless, declares that he had transcribed the ballad before he knew that it was printed in the "SECOND" edition of Percy! —How unlucky that it should be in the *Princ* too! The stanza, however, is curious, and it is to be regretted that the right reverend editor should, by such an unaccountable oversight, have left his copy imperfect."—Ritson's *Actual Songs* (1790), p. 37, note.

little of his favourite wool, scraped off a little of his loved pomatum,<sup>1</sup> to please this Ritson, but all in vain; he grumbled on. We know he was right, that he said no word too much against the falsifications of originals that Percy indulged in,<sup>2</sup>—that keeping-back of the evidence you find, and as you find it, which a taste that calls itself polished, a puritanism which calls itself pure, so often demands of men who should care first for facts. To tell the truth, and tell the whole truth, of a text or MS. is an editor's first duty. That done, let any amount of cooking or editing follow; its extent will be known, and no harm done. But though, as between Ritson and Percy, I hope we are all now on Ritson's side, we must not let this blind us to the great debt we all owe to Percy. No common man was the grocer's son, though no one could call him great. He led the van of the army that Wordsworth afterwards commanded, and which has won us back to nature and truth. He opened to us the road into the Early English<sup>3</sup> home where we have spent so many pleasant hours; he helped us to a better knowledge of Northern literature; and he preserved the MS. which has given, and will give, to so many thousands delight. If he altered his originals, so did Macpherson his *Ossian*,<sup>4</sup>—that is, if

invective which is poured forth in it is too contemptible to merit attention, and every charge carries its own confutation with it (!), except in one place, where, having no direct accusation to bring forth, he endeavours to inflict a deeper wound by a mysterious insinuation, and there being no positive statement offered, it is impossible to answer; and it must only be submitted to candid reflection whether this wretch, who has given every possible vent to his malice, would have withheld any charge whatever if it could have been supported."—Nichols's *Illustrations of Lit.*, vii. p. 184.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, 1794, with the first, 1765. Ritson died in 1803.

<sup>2</sup> I don't, of course, justify Ritson's

insinuation that Percy forged the whole of the ballads, and told lies about the MS.

<sup>3</sup> See his Life below, p. xl.

<sup>4</sup> Percy helped to expose Macpherson's *Ossian* forgeries. See his Letter and Advertisement in Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. vi. p. 608–9, and in vol. viii. p. 382, a letter from Malcolm Laing, Esq. to Bishop Percy:

"My Lord,—I avail myself of the opportunity of Dr. Trail's returning to Ireland to transmit to your Lordship a copy of the new edition of *Ossian*. At the same time, I beg leave to return my sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the very valuable and important communications which I obtained from your Lordship through the intervention of Dr. Anderson. I have en-

he did not forge the whole of it,—so did Ramsay, Buchan, and Scott their originals, so has Villemarqué since his. Men with a turn for verse-writing seem unable to resist the temptation of falsifying and forging old ballads.<sup>1</sup> And as contrasted with the latest offender in this line, M. le Comte de la Villemarqué,

deavoured to adopt not only the ideas, but, as nearly as possible, the precise expressions which your Lordship suggested; and I can only regret, that the limits to which I was confined have prevented me from introducing more of that important communication into my Preface. I allude particularly to the curious passage from Taylor the water-poet, which I still hope to insert as a note in a subsequent edition, if Macpherson's Poems should survive the controversy. The moderation and charity which your Lordship has observed towards Sir John Macpherson, have taught me to soften many other passages and expressions in my Preface, which, however true, might have been too severe.

"In the 89th and 333rd pages of the second volume, an early publication of your Lordship's ('Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,') has furnished me with two curious detections of Macpherson's imitations. If the controversy should continue, I shall probably publish, as a small Appendix to this edition, the originals and translations of such ballads as have actually been found in the Highlands, under the designation of Ossian's Poems. I have the honour to be, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

"MALCOLM LAING."

<sup>1</sup> See Jamieson's quasi-defence of forgery below, and compare with it Mr. Chappell's remarks on *Blalow* in vol. iii.

"The first, and by far the best, publication of this kind, was the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, a work in which the splendour of genius, and the delicacy of taste, have diffused such a light over the dusty, sombre, and unin-

viting path of the scholar and the antiquary, as has endeared to the most refined readers a kind of study which was before supposed to have no charms, but for nurses and old women. To blame the editor of that excellent work for not doing what he never purposed to do, and what, if he had done it, no one, at that time, would have applauded him for, is equally unjust and ungenerous; and it was to the allurements of that delightful miscellany, and of the charming pages of Mr. Warton, to whom he has been equally invidious and ungrateful, that Mr. Ritson owed not only his own taste (if *taste* that may be called which *taste* had none,) for antient minstrelsy; but also the public taste, which led people to purchase his compilations and republications from the *Reliques*, and other such popular works. That Mr. Ritson was most scrupulously honest, according to the strict letter of the law, I am very ready to grant; \* but I can see no extraordinary merit in that, any more than in his atrabilious, furious, and obstreperous abhorrence of forgery of every kind. No man will be a thief, who dares neither use the stolen goods himself, nor hopes to meet with a receiver; and as every production of his must inevitably have borne *Mister Ritson, his mark*, upon it, there was no danger of Mr. Ritson being guilty of forgery."—R. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i. p. xiv.-xvi.

"As the verses [continuing *Gil Marris*] are in themselves very poor, they are given here merely to shew what dispositions my good countrymen, who can forge with address, and who cannot, have manifested respecting this ballad."—*The same*, i. p. 20.

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\* Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's customary phrase in his *Early Popular Poetry* is "printed by Ritson with his usual inaccuracy."

Percy was moderate indeed, if M. le Men's account, or exposure, of the Count's forgeries (Preface to Lagadeuc's *Catholicon*) and a writer in the *Revue Critique* of last year are to be trusted, as I believe they are to be. Let me here withdraw the passage in my notice of Arthur (i. 412 below), about the Arthur ballads in Brittany, for M. le Men says of the songs in the *Barzaz Breiz*, "celles qui sont relatives à Gwench'-lan, à la ville d'Is, au Vin des Gaulois, à Arthur, a Lez-Breiz, à Nomenoë &c. &c., ne peuvent être regardées que comme le produit du génie inventif de M. de la Villemarqué. On en chercherait vainement des traces en Bretagne."

8. The extent to which Percy used his Folio MS. in his *Reliques* has been concealed by his misstatement, that of the pieces he published "The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances."

The *Reliques* (1st ed.) contains 176 pieces, and of these the Folio is used only in 45<sup>1</sup>; so that for Percy's "greater part" we

- <sup>1</sup> Sir Cauline.  
King Estmere.  
Robin Hood & Guy of Gisborne.
- 4 The Child of Elle.  
Edom o'Gordon (or Captaine Carre).  
Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough,  
& William of Cloudesley.  
Take thy old Cloak about thee (or  
Bell my wife).
- 8 Sir Lancelot du Lake.  
The more modern Ballad of Chevy  
Chase.  
The Rising in the North.  
Northumberland betrayed by Doug-  
las.
- 12 The Not-browne Mayd.  
Sir Akelingar.  
Gentle Heardsman, tell to me.  
The Beggar's Daughter of Bednal  
Green.
- Sir Andrew Barton.  
Lady Bothwell's Lament.  
The Murder of the King of Scottia.  
(The King of Scots & Andrew  
Browne, though in the Folio,
- was printed by Percy from the  
Antiquaries copy.)
- Mary Ambree.
- 20 The Winning of Cales.  
The Spanish Lady's Love.  
The Complaint of Conscience.  
K. John & the Abbot of Canter-  
bury.
- 24 The Heir of Lynne.  
To Althea from Prison (When  
Love with unconfined wings).  
Old Tom of Bedlam.  
The Boy & the Mantle.
- 28 The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.  
King Arthur's Death. } one in the  
The Legend of King } MS.  
Arthur.  
Glaungerion.
- 32 Old Sir Robin of Portingale.  
Child Waters.  
Little Musgrave & Lady Barnard.  
Gil Morrice.
- 36 Legend of Sir Guy.  
Guy & Amarant.  
The Shepherd's Resolution.

should read "about one fourth," and, if his term "extracted" is to be taken strictly, "not one sixth." It is perhaps too bad to follow Bp. Colenso in applying the test of numbers to poetical statements, but the result may as well be known.

9. Feeling that the ballads of the Folio had been doctored enough, and that the object of our book was to give the texts just as they stood in the MS., we have left their mistakes and defects alone,<sup>1</sup> except in a very few cases where a word has been altered, and notice given in the notes. Wittingly there has been no concealment from the reader, though now and then a mistake may, nay must, have crept in. But we have tried to deal fairly both with the MS. and the reader, giving to the latter the former, and all the former, as it stands. Some of the tags at the ends of words which we could not distinguish from s's, another reader may be able to; some of the undotted i's another reader may reject as superfluous strokes: the differences likely to occur in reading a MS. may be seen by the notes of Sir F. Madden's variations from our text of the *Carle off Carlile*, iii. 277. The expansions of contractions are marked in the text by italics, after the German plan introduced (I believe) to the English public by Mr. Whitley Stokes in his edition of *The Play of the Sacrament* for the Philological Society, and wisely adopted by our Early English Text Society. The comparison of the MS. texts with those of Percy from the MS. has not been often

- 40 The Lady's Fall.
- 40 The King of France's Daughter.
- A Lover of Late.
- The King & Miller of Mansfield.
- Dulcina.
- 44 Tho Wandering Prince of Troy.
- The Aspiring Shepherd.

In some of these, as the "Child of Elle," &c., the Folio merely suggested the poem that Percy wrote and printed. In others, as the "Not-browne Mayd," &c., the Folio was only used for an occasional emendation of the copy really printed from. Percy's "Valentine &

"Ursine" is his own, and mainly on the plan of "the old story-book of Valentine & Orson."

<sup>1</sup> This plan offers on the one hand a justification for Percy's feeling obliged to make *some* alterations in the text of his MS., and on the other lays us open to the charge of abnegating the true function of editors, &c. &c. But we deliberately declined to make our edition a critical one, though at some future time we (or one of us) may undertake the task as to the best of the ballads and romances.

attempted. It was an ungrateful task, and we have left it to future readers and editors who care to undertake it. We have, however, given a sample of Percy's corrections in *Old Robin of Portingale*, i. 235; *Conscience*, ii. 184; *Ladyes Fall* (partly), ii. 246; *Earle Bodwell*, ii. 260; *Sir Cawline*, iii. 1; *Sir Andrew Bartton*, iii. 399; and others are alluded to in the Introductions. For the MS. itself, all that I have done is, to arrange and mend its fragments at the end, to stop further tears in some places by patches of gummed paper, and to prevent the further breaking-in-two of the early pages (from the weight of the first half-pages spared by the maids from Mr. Pitt's fire) by getting a binder to put a stiff guard of pasteboard behind these half pages, to carry their weight. Our constant use of the MS. also necessitated the rebacking of it; and a few bits more of eaten-through, ink-saturated patches have been broken away by the frequent turning over of the leaves. This is the only injury to it that our fuss and care could not prevent.

10. The Introductions are nearly all by Mr. Hales. The help they have been, and the pleasure they have given, to many readers, has been testified to me with a warmth which has been no slight comfort to feel. They have helped some, not only "to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world," but have cheered their sick beds, and helped to the appreciation of the ballads themselves. If in some cases the prefatory words have been slight and short, if the General Introduction spoken of in p. 1, vol. i. has not appeared, this is because time, not will, has failed. The range of subjects treated has been very wide; and some little points that will pass unnoticed have taken the leisure of a week to settle the dimensions of. Volunteers, with bread to earn, cannot give up the time to these pursuits that easy men can command. Of our little we have given freely.

11. Our helpers have been many. Indeed, the way in which men like Mr. Chappell, Mr. Dyce, Mr. David Laing, Mr. Bruce,

Dr. Robson, Mr. Planché, Dr. Rimbault, on whom we had no claim of friendship or acquaintance, have stepped forward to lend us a hand, has been the pleasantest part of our work. It is to a stranger, the Rev. J. Pickford, that we owe the Life of Percy that appears in this first volume; and to another, Mr. E. Viles, that we owe the Index and Glossary to vol. ii. pt. 1, and vol. iii. Old friends' help has been given us in large measure too, as witness Mr. C. H. Pearson's valuable essay on Arthur, Mr. W. W. Skeat's on Alliterative Metre, and Professor Child's notes on vols. i. and ii. pt. 1.<sup>1</sup> To all of these, to the many who have interested themselves in the circulation of the book,—Mr. Henry Reeve, Mr. Trübner, Mr. H. T. Parker, Mr. Blackley, Mr. John Leigh, Mr. Louis Greg, Mr. H. H. Gibbs, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, Mr. Warwick King, Messrs. Stevenson, Ogle, Pickering, Bosworth, Bowes, Williams, and many others,—we tender again our best thanks, and must not forget Messrs. Spottiswoode's careful readers, the copiers of the MS., Mrs. E. Cooper and Mr. W. A. Dalziel, our copier in the Museum, Mr. E. Brock, and in the Bodleian, Mr. George Parker.

12. The best thanks we can give, or receive, are "the wages of going on."<sup>2</sup> The next step in this Ballad division of work is to print the whole of Pepys's Collection in the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge, the Roxburghe and Bagford Collections in the British Museum, the Ashmole, Rawlinson, and Douce in the Bodleian, Mr. Ewing's Collection (if he will allow it), and such MS. Ballads as can be found,—as they stand, without selection or castration.<sup>3</sup> And as we have made a fair

<sup>1</sup> Mr. G. E. Adams, Mr. E. Peacock, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, Mr. Brockie, &c., have also contributed notes.

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson's "Wages." *Macmillan's Magazine*, Jan. 1868.

<sup>3</sup> I say this without having seen any of the collections, for I think with Lord Macaulay, in what he said in his *Essays*, ii. p. 149–51, ed. 1854, when defending

Leigh Hunt's edition of the works of Wycherley, &c., that we cannot wish that a class of works "which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world." "The virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue, a virtue which can expose itself to the

start at Ballads with this Percy book, it seems a pity to stop till we have reprinted the whole of the rest of the collections. We are bound to go through with them. I have therefore made arrangements for a *Ballad Society*, which will begin to publish next year, and work steadily through the whole of our Ballad collections. One *can not* be content with selections and scraps. The Society will begin with the Pepys Collection, unless the Fellows of Magdalene decide on reprinting it themselves, as they have for some time thought of doing. I have urged on them prompt decision in the matter, as literary men have desired the Pepys Ballads any time this hundred years, without getting them; and now that the Ballad Society is ready to print this Collection, it becomes the duty of the Magdalene men either to do the printing at once themselves, or let the Society do it. Should the College resolve on printing its own Ballads, the Ballad Society would then probably start with the Roxburghe Collection, as the oldest and best known of its kind. Mr. William Chappell and Dr. Rimbault have already kindly offered to act as editors, and other helpers in that way will not be wanting. I hope that the subscribers to the Percy Folio will take care that money for the scheme is forthcoming, and that each will send me his name for the Ballad Society.<sup>1</sup> For other divisions of early work I need only refer to the Early English Text Society's Report of this year. That shows some part of the mass that lies before us. Who will be the first to get his share done?

12th of March 1868.

isks inseparable from all spirited exertion"—inseparable (to take words from another part of the Review) from all intimate acquaintance "with the history of the public mind of our own country, and with the causes, the nature, and the extent of those revolutions of opinion and feeling which, during the last two centuries, have alternately raised and depressed the standard of our national

morality,"—"not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating."

<sup>1</sup> The subscription will be a guinea a year,—for large papers, ribbed, three guineas,—and the guinea volumes will range with the Early English Text and Percy octavos.

## LIFE OF BISHOP PERCY.

BY THE REV. J. PICKFORD, M.A.

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THOMAS PERCY, a name ever to be freshly remembered by the lovers of Ballad Literature, was born on April 13, 1729,<sup>1</sup> when George II. was king, at Bridgnorth in Shropshire. It is a quiet country town, beautifully situated on the banks of the Severn, where Percy's grandfather, and afterwards his father also, pursued the trade of a grocer.<sup>2</sup> Percy's birthplace is yet pointed out in a street called the Cartway. The house,<sup>3</sup> now

<sup>1</sup> The following is the entry of his baptism at St. Leonard's church, Bridgnorth:—" 1729. Thomas, son of Arthur Percy (sic) and Jane his wife, Baptiz<sup>d</sup> ye 29<sup>th</sup> April."—J. P. His mother's name was Jane Knott. H. E. Boyd, in Bellett's *Antiquities of Bridgnorth*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> This grocership having been disputed by Percy's descendants, and by a correspondent in *Notes and Querries*, 2nd series, vol. vii. p. 34, &c., I asked the Rev. G. Bellett, the author of *The Antiquities of Bridgnorth*, to try and settle the question. At his request the Deputy Town Clerk of Bridgnorth searched the Common-Council Books, with the following results:

"Arthur Piercy of Bridgnorth, Grocer, was enrolled a Burgess of this Borough on the 11th of November 1695.

"Arthur Piercy (His Son) was enrolled on the 17th July 1727.

"From this it appears that the grandfather of Bishop Percy was a grocer, and his father, Arthur Piercy (but often mentioned as 'Arthur Low Piercy')

was also probably a grocer; but of this we have no certain information.

"HENRY SMITH,  
Deputy Town Clerk, Bridgnorth.

"Nov. 5, 1867.  
[P.S. See Mr. Smith's further note in the Appendix to this Life.—F.]

Mr. Cornelius Paine, jun., has had the books of the Grocers' Company searched, but the name of Piercy does not appear there. Percy's father is said to have been twice bailiff of Bridgnorth. *Notes and Querries*, 2nd series, vii. 34.—F.

"Mr. Bellett says of the house: "It stands at the bottom of the Cartway, adjoining Underhill Street, and is conspicuous among the dwellings which surround it, not only from its size, but from its picturesque appearance, being ornamented with several pointed gables, and being constructed partly of solid beams of oak in some places curiously carved, and partly of masonry. It was built in the latter end of the sixteenth century, as the following embossed inscription in the entrance hall informs us:

occupied by an ironfounder, is an antique structure of timber and plaster, many specimens of which are found in the midland counties, particularly in the old towns of Shrewsbury and Chester; and the little room in which the future bishop first saw the light is still in existence.

His early education was received at the Grammar School of his native town, which, though never equalling that of Shrewsbury, has yet sent many a good scholar to both the universities: in 1746, in his eighteenth year, Percy, having obtained one of the Careswell exhibitions belonging to Bridgnorth School, matriculated as a commoner<sup>1</sup> at Christ Church, Oxford. The college was then under the able administration of John Conybeare, subsequently Bishop of Bristol. Few particulars are on record concerning Percy's school-days and academic life, but it is easy to suppose that the old proverb of the boy being father to the man was in this instance verified, and that from his childhood upwards literature had charms for him.

It does not appear that he ever was elected a Student of Christ Church, or even filled the post of Chaplain, though in 1753, shortly after taking his M.A.<sup>2</sup> degree, he was presented by his

"EXCEPT THE LORD BViLD THE  
OWSE, THE LABOURERS THEREOF  
EVAIL NOTHING. ERECTED BY R. FOR<sup>\*</sup>  
[Qy. Foster] 1580." (See p. lviii.  
here.)

It was a large and stately mansion, and when the Cartway was the principal entrance to the town, it was well situated, and must have been regarded as a dwelling of some importance. It is now in a neglected condition, a large part of the building is untenanted, a part of the premises is used for an iron foundry, and another part for a huckster's shop. But, even in its present rude and decayed condition, a certain degree of interest attaches to it, as being one of the few surviving relics of our old town, which interest is further enhanced from its having been, about a hundred years ago, the birthplace of one whose literary attainments may be

supposed to reflect no little honour on Bridgnorth." [A woodcut of the house follows here.] *The Antiquities of Bridgnorth, with some Historical Notices of the Town and Castle*, by the Rev. G. Bellett, A.M. 1856, p. 183-185.—F.

<sup>1</sup> In a Battel or Matriculation Book at Christ Church is the following entry:

7 Julii 1746, Thomas Peircy, iii.

This payment was most probably for a Commons of Bread and Butter.

In a book of Caution money this occurs:

Thomas Piercy, Com<sup>rd</sup> Caution

Rec<sup>d</sup> of himself . . . 7l. 10s. 0d.  
8 Nov. 1746. P. B. T.

The initials are those of Philip Barton, Treasurer.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> In the Catalogue of Oxford Graduates, Percy's name thus appears:

Piercy, (sic) Tho: Ch: Ch: B.A.  
May 2, 1753; M.A. July 5, 1753.

college to the country living of Easton Maudit, in the county of Northampton. The living had no doubt been passed, on account of its trifling value, by those on the foundation, and came to Percy as an independent member. In an old register at Easton, upon which Percy bestowed much pains, and in which he chronicled numerous events connected with himself and the parish, is the following memorandum of his appointment :

Thomas Percy, A.M. of Xt. Church College, Oxon ; born at Bridgnorth in Shropshire (of a family originally of Worcester, chiefly seated in St. Swithin's parish), son of Mr.<sup>1</sup> Arthur Lowe Percy, of St. Leonard's Parish, Bridgnorth ; was instituted to this vicarage (vacant by the cession of Enoch Markham the last incumbent) by the Rt. Rev. Father in God Dr. John Thomas, Ld : Bp : of Peterborough, on Tuesday, 27th November 1753. And on Saturday, the 15th of December following, was inducted thereto by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, Vicar of Earl's Barton, and on Sunday, December 16th following, went through the services of the Church, Articles, &c.<sup>2</sup>

This continued his usual home for the long period of twenty-five years, and in the little vicarage all his six children were born.<sup>3</sup>

A more retired place, even at the present day, can scarcely be imagined than Easton Maudit. It is a little picturesque country village, with scattered farm-houses, and cottages grouped to-

In the November of 1753, the name is undoubtedly spelt *Percy* by himself in the register of Easton Maudit. The handwriting is of a singularly distinct and beautiful kind, and every letter clearly traced. In the same entry there is no mention made of his having been a student of Christ Church, ever deemed a great honour even by nobility itself.

—J. P.

<sup>1</sup> Does not this "Mr." confirm the groomsman? The father of Percy's wife is entered by him as Barton Gutteridge, *Gms.* —F.

<sup>2</sup> "In 1756 he became resident" [? not till then], says the Rev. H. E. Boyd, Percy's chaplain (*Bellew*, p. 239), "and

was presented to the rectory of Willby by the Earl of Sussex, whose mansion was close to the parsonage." —F.

<sup>3</sup> The Vicar of Easton Maudit, the Rev. H. Smith, sends from the register the following list of Percy's children :

Anne Cleveland Percy, born March 18, 1760, died Nov. 18, 1770.

Barbara Percy, born August 3, 1761.

[Mrs. Isted.]

Henry Percy, born Feb. 7, 1763.

Elizabeth Percy, born July 11, 1765.

[Mrs. Meade.]

Charlotte Percy, born Sept. 1, 1767, died January 9, 1771.

Hester Percy, born July 4, 1772, died Feb. 19, 1774.

gether at irregular intervals, and with a population of only 207 people. The church<sup>1</sup> dedicated to S. Peter and S. Paul—now beautifully restored, where Percy for so many years ministered, guiding the rustic and the lowly born—is a handsome structure, consisting of nave with side aisles and chancel, and has at the west end one of those beautiful and graceful spires for which Northamptonshire is so famous, earning for it the title of the County of Spires and Squires. From the quiet churchyard a beautiful view of Castle Ashby, the stately seat of the Marquis of Northampton, is obtained, and in a mortuary chapel at the end of the north aisle are some fine monuments of the ancient family of Yelverton, afterwards ennobled by the earldom of Sussex :

And all around on scutcheon rich,  
And tablet rare, and fretted niche,  
Their arms and feats are blazed.

Their old hall used to stand on the north side of the church-yard, but has now been razed to the ground, the family having become extinct by the death of the last Earl of Sussex in 1798, one who ever showed himself a kind friend to Percy. Within the altar rails is the grave of one whose sincere piety and real benevolence have won for him an enduring name on the roll of old England's worthies—Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, who, having been ejected from his see by the parliament, died here in 1659, when acting as tutor in Sir Christopher Yelverton's<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the present age of church restoration it is perhaps undesirable, almost impossible, to preserve unsightly gravestones on the floor; but still, if the inscriptions are not transferred to the new pavement, some proper record of them ought to be preserved. The former is the case at Easton Maudit, for the inscriptions have been literally transferred to the encaustic tiles with which the church is now paved. The restoration is owing to the present Marquis of Northampton, to whom the

manor now belongs.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Christopher Yelverton was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards a judge of the Queen's Bench. He died in 1612, and was succeeded by his son Sir Henry, who became a judge of the Common Pleas in the reign of Charles I. and died in 1630. He was the founder of the library at Easton Maudit, which was rich in legal MSS.—J. P.

family. A humbler sepulchre than one in his own cathedral, so aptly termed the English Zion, which, huge and vast, looks down upon the Wear. It is narrated that on his ejection from his see of Durham, he refused many offers of reception as a guest into the houses of the great, preferring to gain his livelihood by teaching, to existing as a dependent. The following interesting account of his last engagement in the capacity of tutor is thus related by Hutchinson :

As Bishop Morton was riding towards London, with about 60*l.*, which was then his all, he was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton, who being known to the bishop, though the bishop was unknown to him, fell into discourse with him, and asked him who he was. The bishop replied, "I am that old man the bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes," for Sir Christopher had too much complied with the times; whereupon Sir Christopher asked where he was going. To London, replied the good old bishop, to live a little while, and then die. On this Sir Christopher entered into further discourse with him, and took him home to his house at Easton Maudit, where he became tutor to his son, afterwards the very learned Sir Henry Yelverton. This Sir Henry had the affection of a most tender child for the good bishop. There the old man died, and was buried at his own request in the chancel of the parish church. On his deathbed he gave the small remnant of his estate: 40*l.* to one of his servants, who attended him in his last illness; 10*l.* to the poor of the parish of Easton Maudit; and to the church his sacramental chalice and paten. The remainder of his property, not exceeding 100*l.*, was sufficient to discharge his funeral expenses, and to provide a small monument to his memory in the church of Easton Maudit.<sup>1</sup>

In 1756 Percy's income was increased by the gift of the Rectory of Wilby, an adjacent parish, in the patronage of the Earl of Sussex, and in 1759 a change took place in Percy's condition, his marriage to Anne, daughter of Barton Gutteridge, Esq., a fact which is thus recorded by him in the Register at Easton Maudit :

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*, vol. ii.—J. P.

Thomas Percy, Vicar of this Parish, was married April 24th 1759 at the Parish Church of Desborough, near Rothwell, in this County, to Anne, daughter of Barton Gutteridge,<sup>1</sup> of Desborough, Gent., and of Anne (Hill) his wife, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hill, of Rothwell aforesaid.

She was the “harmony of his house,”<sup>2</sup> and is described as a good wife, but indebted for her charms to her husband’s poetical fancy, which has styled her “fairest of the fair.” We are told that “up to the last she continued a favourite with Dr. Johnson,” and that he said “she had more sense than her husband.”<sup>3</sup> The lively Fanny Burney, Madame D’Arblay, calls Mrs. Percy “a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly nurse.”

A retired country home like Easton afforded plenty of leisure for the pursuit and development of Percy’s literary tastes; for, as Gibbon has finely remarked, while conversation enriches the understanding, solitude is the school of genius. The fruits soon began to appear. In 1761 Percy published a Chinese novel, *Han Kiou Chooan*, in four volumes, translated by him from the Portuguese,<sup>4</sup> dedicated to the Countess of Sussex; for this he received 50*l.*, and in the same year he undertook the editing of the works of the Duke of Buckingham.<sup>5</sup> These were printed,

<sup>1</sup> Though on Percy’s tomb his wife’s name is made *Goodriche*, yet, says Mr. H. Smith, the present vicar of Easton Maudit, “In the register it is clearly Gutteridge, in Dr. Percy’s writing, which is so distinct that it cannot possibly be mistaken for Goodriche.”—F.

<sup>2</sup> “Dr. Percy was a most pleasing companion, and to me a steady friend; there was a violence in his temper which could not always be controlled; but he had a wife,  
“Without one jarring atom form’d,  
And gentleness and joy made up her  
being.”

Cradock’s *Lit. and Misc. Memoirs*, vol. i.

p. 239; vol. iv. p. 292, in *Nichols*, vi. 553.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of Dr. Farmer to Percy, in the possession of Percy’s descendants, describing capitally Johnson’s visit to him (Farmer) at Emmanuel. Farmer’s chief complaint against Johnson was his having so much of “the essence of *but*,” detracting from the merits of every one mentioned.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Many of Shenstone’s letters to Percy, still unprinted, relate to the latter’s Chinese books.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *Nichols*, vi. 556. He was to have fifty guineas for his work.—F.

but never published.<sup>1</sup> In 1762 he published *Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese*, in two volumes,<sup>2</sup> dedicated to Barbara Viscountess Longueville; and in 1763 undertook to edit Surrey's Poems, the whole impression of which, with the exception of a few copies privately circulated, was destroyed by a fire which took place in 1808 in Red Lion Passage. In 1763 Percy also published, anonymously, *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry translated from the Icelandic Language*,<sup>3</sup> with a notice that "This little tract was drawn up for the press in the year 1761, but the publication has been delayed by an accident." "It would be as vain to deny, as it is perhaps impolitic to mention, that this attempt is owing to the success of the Erse"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nichols, vol. viii. p. 74. Nichols to Percy, May 22, 1788:

"I many years ago, at your Lordship's request, took into my warehouse the whole impressions of 'Buckingham' and 'Surrey,' which if I had not done, they would have been all burnt in Tonson's old warehouse, as was the case with the two volumes of 'Spectator,' printed formerly under your Lordship's inspection, of which the whole quantity are consumed. If these volumes of 'Surrey,' &c., are at some time to be turned to waste paper, I could wish I had your Lordship's authority for doing so at present, as they really take up room (and have long done so) which I want for other purposes, and put me to some expense."

Vol. viii. p. 76. Percy to Nichols, Nov. 10, 1788:

"Dear Sir,

"I should long since have acknowledged the favour of your letter, but I have been much indisposed with a lingering illness, which has hung on me near two months; but, it now abating, I take up my pen to beg you will continue to give room in a corner of your warehouse to the quires of the unpublished books you mention, till I can come over, as I hope, and complete them; and I will, with the greatest pleasure, pay any demand for warehouse room, or indemnify you to the utmost

for any inconvenience or loss that, as you intimate, may have attended them; and shall besides remain, dear Sir, your much obliged servant,

"Tho. DROMORE."

Vol. viii. p. 289. Percy to Horace Walpole, Aug. 11, 1792:

"I have at length been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about twenty-five years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons, they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both these works aside till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenuous nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Lowndes gives Percy another book in 1762: *The Matrons, Six short Histories, edited by Thomas Percy, Bp. of Dromore.*—F.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix to this Life, vii. —F.

<sup>4</sup> *Fragments of ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and*

fragments" (*Pref.*) It is inscribed to such curious persons as study the ancient languages of the north, and that that study "is not dry or unamusing, this little work it is hoped will demonstrate." Again this industrious writer gave to the public anonymously in 1764, *A New Translation of the Song of Solomon, from the Hebrew, with a Commentary and Notes*; and in the same year he also brought out a *Key to the New Testament*, which became popular, though it is now almost forgotten.<sup>1</sup> It was in the summer of this year that Dr. Johnson,

"May, 1764.

*translated from the Gaelic or Erse language.* Edin. 1760, 8vo., pp. 70. The first Ossianic publication of James Macpherson, the "discoverer" of this poet. Lowndes.—F.

<sup>1</sup> In 1764, too, Percy undertook an edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and in 1765 of the *Tatler* for Tonson, and was evidently much interested in the work. His editorial canons may be seen in *Nichols*, vi. 557–9, with agreements and accounts, from which the following extracts are made:

"Whereas an edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian* is preparing for the press with explanatory notes on many passages, that by length of time are become obscure, and also an account of the names of some of the occasional writers in those books not mentioned in any of the former editions, together with a table of contents to be prefixed to each volume, and new translations of several of the mottoes, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Percy, of Easton Mauduit, in the county of Northampton. . . ."

*Nichols, Illust. of Lit.*, vol. vi. p. 560.

"Account between Rev. Mr. Percy and Messrs. Tonson.

J. and R. Tonson, Drs.

To the Rev. Mr. Percy.

	£ s. d.
1761. June 12. By agreement for an edition of the Duke of Buckingham's Works . . . .	52 10 0
1763. March 24. By an agreement for an edition of Lord Surrey's Poems . . . .	21 0 0
1764. May 5. By agreement for notes to <i>Spectator</i> and <i>Guardian</i> . . . .	105 0 0
	178 10 0
	<i>Ibid.</i>

"March 16, 1765.

"Whereas Thomas Percy, clerk, of Easton Mauduit, in the county of Northampton, is preparing for the press a new edition of the *Tatler*, with explanatory notes, after the manner of his now edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, now printing. . . ."

*Nichols, Illust. of Lit.* vi. p. 561.

These works, says Percy (*Nichols*, vi. 573,) "my becoming Domestic Chaplain and Secretary to the present Duke of Northumberland prevented me from

executing, as my time became appropriated, and his Grace's employment left me not sufficient leisure for so voluminous a piece of authorship." Dr. Calder took the work up; 2 vols. were printed; perhaps some sheets of a third. Nichols was to have reprinted these, and completed the edition with Percy's notes, &c. The *Tatlers* only were brought out in 6 vols. 8vo. 1786 (N. vi. 576). The principal merit of the edition is due to Dr. Calder. *Nichols*.—F.

the great lexicographer, paid his long-promised visit to the Vicarage at Easton Maudit, which was called a dull parsonage, in a dull county, and spent the greater part of the summer months with his friend Percy.<sup>1</sup> No doubt the little study there was the scene of many a learned argument and discussion, and the question concerning the publication of the *Reliques* again and again debated. Often, too, must they have paced the little terrace in the garden,—still called Dr. Johnson's Walk, by the side of which Northamptonshire young ladies now play at croquet,—“in sweet converse” on a subject which was at the time of absorbing interest to the Vicar's mind. For Percy had long before this been engaged on the collection of old ballads, and was on the eve of issuing a book destined not only to raise him to eminence in his profession, but to render his name a “household word” wherever the English language is spoken—the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

The merit of originating the work would seem in the first instance to have been that of the poet Shenstone, who thus writes on March 1, 1761, to a friend<sup>2</sup>:

You have heard me speak of Mr. Percy; he was in treaty with Mr. James Dodsley, for the publication of our best old ballads in three volumes. He has a large folio MS. of ballads which he showed me, and which, with his own natural and acquired talents, would qualify him for the purpose as well as any man in England. *I proposed the scheme to him myself*, wishing to see an elegant edition and good collection of this kind. I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and fixing upon the best readings; but my illness broke off our correspondence in the beginning of winter.

The large folio MS.—that now edited by Messrs. Furnivall

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth while to add, that the latest edition of Anderson's *Life of Johnson* contains several not uninteresting notes concerning the lexicographer, which were communicated to Anderson by Bishop Percy.—A. Dyce.

This refers to the 3rd edit. by Robert Anderson, M.D., editor of the *British*

*Poets*, printed at Edinburgh, 1815, 8vo. Dr. Anderson paid the Bishop three long visits at Dromore, in 1802, 1805, and 1810. See art. Anderson in *Encycl. Brit.* 7th edit.—D. Laing.

<sup>2</sup> See Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 151.—F.

and Hales—is written in a hand apparently of the time of King Charles I.

With a view to the publication of the *Reliques*, Percy had for many years been at work collecting old ballads in every direction, for, comparatively speaking, he has published few out of the old folio MS.; and as his circle of acquaintance embraced some of the most eminent men of the day, materials must have flowed in in considerable quantities, especially as the tastes of many were of a congenial nature. There were in the number Oliver Goldsmith, and David Garrick, the first of actors and a great collector of old ballad literature. Shenstone<sup>1</sup> was to have been co-editor had not death prevented. Thomas Gray, at that time living in the academic shades of Cambridge, found a place in the list. An eminent antiquary and man of great research, too, must not be omitted, Dr. Birch, and also Farmer, then Fellow but subsequently Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, a staunch friend and ally of Percy's;<sup>2</sup> and last not least, must not be forgotten Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Ode to Solitude" and "The Sugar Cane," who on the publication of the *Reliques* expressed the kind wish to the editor, "I hope you will sing yourself into a stall if not into a throne."

With such an efficient staff of friends and correspondents—in fact most of the eminent literati of the day on the list—the mere task of selection from their extensive stores must have been the main difficulty. What frequent and large packets<sup>3</sup> must have come to Easton Maudit under cover to the Squire, my Lord Sussex. And be it recollected that in those times the composition of a letter was far more of a business

<sup>1</sup> Shenstone died on Feb. 11, 1763, and is buried in the quiet churchyard of Hales Owen, in Worcestershire, where his celebrated abode, the Leasowes, is situated.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> Sir David Dalrymple of New Hailes should be added.—D. Laing.

<sup>3</sup> There are several letters to Percy at Easton Maudit in Nichols's *Illustrations*, a collection in which Percy has written part of his own life, but which has not been much worked for this memoir.—F.

and labour than now, the four sides of large quarto paper being carefully filled, and the style punctilioously regarded; for correspondence, like conversation, was then studied as an art.

In February, 1765, after a four or five years' preparation, and when the editor was thirty-six years of age, appeared the first edition, in 3 vols., of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> After all the text of the volumes of the *Reliques* was printed, Percy turned the first volume into the third, shunting the Arthur ballads to make way for Chevy Chase and the Robin Hood ballads. This change he laid on the printer's shoulders—handy things for an editor, often,—but, of course, the change was due to himself or his advisers. The change becomes clear on a comparison of the two volumes, i. and ii. of the *Reliques* in Douce's collection at Oxford, of which Dr. Rimbaud told me, and which Mr. George Parker of the Bodleian has hastily examined for me. These two volumes Douce says he bought "at Dr. Farmer's sale, where they were sold as supposed waste, or imperfect; but they contain many pieces not in the published editions. See Dr. Farmer's notes in some of the pages."

If anyone will turn to pages 87–93 of the *Reliques* as published, he will see that there is no number xix. "The Lady turned Serving-man," p. 87–92, is No. xviii.; "Gil Morrise," p. 93, No. xx.

In Douce's vol. i. p. 92 is taken up with No. xix., "The Song-birds." "The Lady Turned Serving-man" ends with l. 112, "A serving-man to be a queene" (*Rel. l. 136*), and the poem is, as Dr. Farmer says, "Much altered in the Copy publ." For instance, stanza 4 of the Douce copy is,

But there came thieves late in the night,  
They robb'd my bower, and slew me my knight:  
And after that my knight was slaine,  
I could no longer there remaine.  
whereas the published copy reads,  
And there I livde a ladye gay,  
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;

For there came foes so fierce a band,  
That soon they over-run the land.  
They came upon us in the night,  
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;

And trembling hid in mans array,  
I scant with life escapd away.  
So also in p. 323, *Reliques* vol. iii., the version of "The Boy and the Mantle, as revised and altered by a modern Hand," has, in Douce's copy, this verse,

Thus none so oft in Arthur's court  
Had done the deede of shame,  
As [s]he who grudg'd the golden prize  
To Cradock's virtuous dame!

instead of the note in the published copy about the story being taken from that of Tegan Earfron, one of Arthur's mistresses, in some of the old Welsh MSS. Pages 324, 331–2, 333–4, also differ in the two copies, and p. 1–2.

In vol. ii., by turning to pages 309, 318, the reader will see that Nos. x. and xi. are omitted, while No. ix. is "The Heir of Linne," sheet U, of which three pages are signed differently to the others in the volume, having vol. ii. on them. This is explained by turning to Douce's copy, where we find that the original Nos. ix. x. and xi. were "Cock Lorrell's Treat," "The Moral uses of Tobacco," and "Old Simon the Kinge," of which the first and last are printed in the "Loose and Humorous Songs" from the Folio, p. 37, 124.

The music of *Dro gratias* is also slightly altered, and the engraving at the end of Douce's volume ii., instead of being the published rustic sketch, is a coat of arms, over which is a coronet, with a lion and unicorn at the side, with the Percy motto "Esperance en Dieu." This was wisely cancelled, no doubt, as the Countess of Northumber-

dedicated, in an elaborate preface, to Elizabeth Percy,<sup>1</sup> Countess of Northumberland in her own right, and also Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz Payne, Bryan, and Latimer. It is stated in this “that no active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention to the reliques of antiquity. It is prompted by a natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilised, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed.” The Countess was one of the most good-natured, and, as years increased, one of the stoutest of ladies, and had married Sir Hugh Smithson, a north-country baronet of Stanwick St. John, near Richmond in Yorkshire. He was the handsomest man of his time, and the story goes that he had met with a cross in love, which being mentioned to the great heiress of the house of Percy, she expressed the greatest astonishment at any one being able to refuse such a man as Sir Hugh. This having been intimated to him, Sir Hugh made her an offer, which was attended in this instance with success, and he was subsequently created the first Duke of Northumberland in the present peerage.

The sum of 100 guineas was paid to Percy by the publishers for the first edition of the *Reliques*, certainly not a great deal, considering the immense amount of labour, study and correspondence expended on its collection and compilation. Several eminent critics did not receive the work in so kind a manner as might have been expected, amongst whom may be instanced Percy’s great friend Dr. Johnson, and also Warburton and Hurd; Warburton saying that “antiquarianism was to true letters what specious funguses are to the oak,” and enquired sneeringly whether Percy “was the man who wrote about the

land might not then have appreciated  
the compliment of the grocer’s son  
claiming kinship with her.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Percy was the daughter and successor of Algernon Seymour, Earl of Northumberland and Duke of

Somerset, who died 7th of February 1749-50. She was born in 1716, married to Sir Hugh Smithson in 1740, died in 1776, and was buried in St. Nicholas Chapel in Westminster Abbey.  
—J. P.

Chinese" (March 1765). Perhaps Johnson in his own mind classed most of the ballads in the same category with the Poems of Ossian, which Macpherson had brought out, but from deference to the feelings of Percy refrained at any rate on this exceptional occasion from bluntly expressing his conviction.

However, the *Reliques* gradually became popular, and as other editions were in request,<sup>1</sup> so did the sums paid to Percy increase; and best of all, the book attracted the notice of those in a high class, in whose power it was to forward and promote the interests of the editor, painstaking and deserving as he must be allowed to be. He became Chaplain to Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland,<sup>2</sup> the first Duke of the present creation; in 1769, Chaplain to the King, George III.; and before the expiration of the same year he had published *A Sermon preached before the Sons of Clergy*, on the text, S. John c. 13, v. 25, which is in itself an evidence of the position he was holding in general estimation. The account of his next work but one we quote :

The second of his [Percy's] two chief works appeared in 1770, namely his translation of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*. To it we are disposed to attach nearly as much importance as the *Reliques of English Poetry*. Dr. Percy was the first to direct attention to the antiquities and characteristics of the grand Scandinavian north, to make known the sublime and wonderful mythology of the Eddas to English readers, and thus originally to stimulate the study of northern literature, that in our day is producing such valuable fruit. His own learned preface, besides, to Mallet's treatise, is remarkable

<sup>1</sup> A Dublin edition of the *Reliques*, lent to me by Mr. Dixon of Sunderland, but not noticed in Lowndes, appeared in 1766; the 2nd English edition in 1767; the 3rd in 1775; and the 4th, in which several readings of the MS. were restored, in 1794, edited nominally by Percy's nephew, Thomas Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, but really by the Bishop himself, as Dr. Anderson informed Mr. Laing. It is of the third edition that Percy writes to Paton, "North<sup>d</sup> House, Feb. 29, 1776 . . . be pleased to inform me how I can convey a set of

my Ancient Poems to you, of which Dodson has lately published a new edition: and though I have no share in the property of this impression, I have made interest to procure a copy for you." *Letters to Paton*, Edinb. 1830, p. 58. That Percy contemplated a continuation of the *Reliques*, he often stated. A few extracts from his letters about it are added at the end of this memoir.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boyd says that Lord Sussex introduced Percy to the Duke. (*Bellott*, p. 40.)—F.

in the history of ethnological science. In it he, for the first time in this country, clearly pointed out the essential difference between the Celtic and Teutonic races, which had been largely overlooked till then. The opposite hypothesis of the identity of the two, as assumed by Cluverius, and maintained by him with great erudition, and afterwards by such men as Keysler and Pelontier, has long been universally exploded. Let due honour be awarded to him who was the pioneer in this interesting path of ethnological enquiry.—J. J. in *The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*, p. 641.<sup>1</sup>

In 1768 *The Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland in 1512*<sup>2</sup> (*Algernon Percy, 5th Earl,*) at his Castles of Wressle and Leconfield in Yorkshire, was compiled by Percy in compliance with the wishes of his patron Hugh Duke of Northumberland.<sup>3</sup> It is a work which has done perhaps as much for the illustration of Early English domestic life as the *Reliques* have done for that of Early English Literature, and has given rise to the long series of Household Regulations and Accounts<sup>4</sup> which have made every detail of the sovereign's and

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Rimbault kindly gave this reference to Mr. Furnivall, who furnished me with the extract, and the next paragraphs and notes.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> The first Earl of Northumberland who died in his bed, the four former ones having met with violent deaths.—J. P.

<sup>3</sup> But few copies were printed, and these not for sale. Percy wrote twice to Paton, hoping to get him a copy, but never did. October 27, 1772: "I wish it was in my power to give you a copy of the Northumberland Household Book, as they will not be sold: but it is not as yet in my power. His Grace printed few, and the three or four which he allowed me to send to Edinburgh, were chiefly to such as he had some particular reason of his own for sending them to." (Percy to Paton. *Letters*, p. 18. Edinburgh, 1830.) The later copies are dated 1770, says Lowndes; and the book was reprinted entire in the fourth vol. of Grose's *Antiquarian Repository*, 1809, 4to. The second edition was published by Pickering in 1827.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The chief of them are:—

1. *Liber Quotidianus, &c.* The account of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe in the 28th year of King Edward I. (Soc. Antiq. 1787.)

2. A collection of ordinances and regulations for the government of the Royal Household, made in divers reigns from King Edward III. to King William and Queen Mary (also receipts in ancient cookery), published by the Society of Antiquaries in 1790.

3. Illustrations of the Manners and expences of Antient Times in England, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, deduced from the Accompts of Churchwardens, and other authentic Documents, collected from various Parts of the Kingdom, with explanatory Notes [by John Nichols, Dr. Pegge, &c.], 1797.

4. Privy purse expences of King Henry VIII. from November 1529 to December 1532, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1827.

5. Privy purse expences of Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII., from

rich man's home of early days almost as familiar to us as our own humble one now. And thus a third time was Percy the means of lighting the torch of knowledge whose flame instructs and cheers us still. It was in 1770 that Percy took his degree of D.D. at Cambridge, having incorporated himself at Emmanuel College, of which house his friend Dr. Farmer was Master. On November 18, 1770, a domestic calamity visited the little vicarage at Easton Maudit, the death of one of Percy's daughters, Anne Cleveland, who lies buried in the quiet village church ; and almost before the sepulchre was sealed, to it was borne another child, Charlotte, who died on January 10, 1771 ; and in the same vault is buried yet a third child, Hester Percy, who died February 19, 1774. Just at this time (i.e. 1771) Mrs. Percy was appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and father of her present Majesty Queen Victoria ; and on her return from court the memorable ballad<sup>1</sup> was written by her husband—

March 1502 to February 1503. Wardrobe accounts of Edward IV. &c., ed. by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1830.

6. Privy purse expenses of the Princess Mary from December 1536 to December 1544, edited by Sir Frederic Madden, 1831.

7. The Loseley Manuscripts, edited by Alfred John Kempe, 1836.

8. Compota Domestica Familiarum de Buckingham et d'Angouleme 1443-52-63, quibus annexae expense cuiusdam comitis in itinere 1273.—Abbotsford Club, ed. Turnbull, 1836, with 3 pages of Emendations, 1841.

9. Manners and household expenses of England in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, A.D. 1265-1471, edited by Dawson Turner, Roxburgh Club, 1841.

10. Household Books of John Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas Earl of Surrey, temp. 1481-90, edited by J. Payne Collier, Roxburgh Club, 1844.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Knowing Percy's habits, one is not surprised to find that this ballad, for which he has been so much praised, is

little more than a paraphrase of another poem. Of "Ol Nanny," Dr. Rimbault writes: "With regard to its originality we will say nothing, because the following elegant little poem, from a MS. dated 1682, evidently furnished the idea. The same words, with some trifling variations, are found in Nat. Lee's tragedy 'Theodosius, or the Force of Love,' edit. 1697."

#### THE ROYAL NUN.

"Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,  
The world that is devotion's bane,  
Where crowns are toss'd, and sceptres  
hurl'd,  
Where lust and proud ambition reign?  
Canst thou thy costly robes forbear,  
To live with us in poor attire;  
Canst thou from courts to cells repair  
To sing at midnight in the quire?

"Canst thou forget the golden bed  
Where thou might'st sleep beyond the  
morn,  
On mats to lay thy royal head,  
And have thy beauteous tresses shorn?

O Nanny<sup>1</sup> wilt thou gang with me ?  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, and russet gown ?  
 No longer dressed in silken sheen,  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare :  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Miss Matilda Lætitia Hawkins thus comments upon it, and on its occasion, in her "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions."

Recollections of the tenderest kind are called up by the mention of this exquisite ballad, which I have been told was Dr. Percy's invitation to his charming wife on her release from her twelve months' confinement in the royal nursery, in attendance on her charge Prince Edward, the late Duke of Kent. His Royal Highness's temper as a private gentleman did not discredit his nurse, for his humanity was conspicuous. (Vol. i. p. 271.)

Mr., afterwards Archdeacon Nares, Percy's successor in the Vicarage of Easton Maudit, asked him in a letter who set to music this beautiful ballad, but the reply of the Bishop is not recorded. It is not singular that Nares, from his musical

Canst thou resolve to fast all day,  
 And weep and groan to be forgiven ;  
 Canst thou in broken slumbers pray,  
 And by afflictions merit heaven ?

" Say, votress, can this be done ?  
 Whilst we the grace divine implore,  
 The world shall lose the battles won,  
 And sin shall never chain thee more.  
 The gate to bliss doth open stand,  
 And all my penance is in view ;  
 The world upon the other hand  
 Cries out 'O, do not bid adieu !'

" What, what can pomp and glory do ;  
 Or what can human powers persuade ?  
 That mind that hath a heaven in view,  
 How can it be by earth betray'd ?  
 Haste then, oh ! haste to take me in,  
 For ever lock Religion's door ;  
 Secure me from the charms of sin,  
 And let me see the world no more.

Bishop Percy seems also to have been indebted to a ballad entitled 'The

Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy,' in Allan Ramsay's 'Tea Table Miscellany,' edit. 1733, p. 66. The second verse commences,

" O Katy ! wiltu gang wi me,  
 And leave the dinsome town awhile ? "

<sup>1</sup> "Nanny" is a common diminutive of Anne to this day in the counties of Northampton and Buckingham.—J. P. Percy wrote it (as I have always heard and perhaps can prove) "O Nancy wilt thou go with me;" and Tom Carter, who composed the music, took the liberty of altering it to "O Nansy, wilt thou gang;" but he certainly did not alter *sow* and *gown* to *soon* and *goes*, as they are sometimes printed. Of that I am sure, having his copy. It is somewhere stated that Percy did not approve of the liberty Carter had taken with his song, but I forget where.—W. Chappell. Mr. Boyd notes that the ballad has been altered, and claimed as Scotch.—F.

connections, should have made such an inquiry, for his father Dr. James Nares had been an eminent musician and organist and composer to George II. and George III. The ballad was set to music by Thomas Carter, an Irishman, who died in 1804. However, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, even as late as 1847, it is assigned to Joseph Baildon, who died in 1774, and it is there stated by Baildon's grandson that Carter purchased amongst other effects at his grandfather's sale the MS. of this celebrated ballad, and subsequently gave it to the world as his own composition.<sup>1</sup>

The year 1771 also saw the publication of the *Hermit of Warkworth*, which, though it has been severely criticised, yet very aptly describes one of the most unique and interesting places of its kind in the north of England, and very likely was composed by Percy when on a visit to those regions as the guest of his patrons the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. The hermitage is situated on one of the most charming of rivers, the Coquet, and in the old castle of Warkworth many of the ancient ballads had in olden times been sung by the minstrels, celebrating the heroic deeds of the valiant Percys. The little market cross was the spot where, in more recent times, the Pretender had been first proclaimed in England by General Forster in 1715; and for his share in that insurrection the last of a long line resident in the parish of Warkworth (to one of whose ancestors an enduring reputation had been given in the ballad of Chevy Chase), Lord Widdrington, was attainted and deprived of his title.

At length a most tangible promotion came to Percy in the

<sup>1</sup> A scandalous story without an atom of proof. If Nares had only seen a printed copy with music, he would have found Carter's name to it. The claim set up by Baildon's (not Blaidon's) grandson, in 1847, to gain credit for his grandfather in a matter of which he could not speak from any knowledge of his

own, is quite unworthy of notice. Carter was a singer, and a tasteful educated musician, who left Ireland very young, went to Italy, and settled in London. He composed another still famous song, "Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak."—W. Chappell.

shape of the Deanery of Carlisle, which was conferred upon him in 1778<sup>1</sup>; and in 1782 a still higher position, and more increased income<sup>2</sup>, from his appointment to the Bishopric of Dromore in Ireland, worth about 2000*l.* a year, a reward which he had fairly earned by his industry and perseverance. Dromore had a century before been the scene of the labours of an equally good, and perhaps of a man in one sense more talented, Jeremy Taylor, who had held it in conjunction with the adjacent sees of Down and Connor, and whose works *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* can never be forgotten but with the extinction of religion itself. And now the time came for resigning the little Northamptonshire home<sup>3</sup>—where years ago he had brought his bride—the birth-place of all his children, and the burial-place of three of them—where the prime of his life had been spent, and his chief works

<sup>1</sup> In 1779 he writes to Pinkerton from Carlisle, July 2, "I have been extremely ill, even at the point of death." *Pinkerton's Correspondence*, i. 15. In 1780 Percy contributed many notes to Nichols's *Select Collection of Miscellany Poems*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> "I assure you, my good friend, I never knew what it was to want money like what I have done since my great preformity. The laity little know the heavy burdens that overwhelm us ecclesiastics. The moment I entered on my bishopric, I became debtor to my predecessor in the sum of 3200*l.* for a new episcopal house, which, by the laws of Ireland, is charged upon the successor, and must be paid out of the first receipts of the see. In consequence of this I had 1200*l.* to pay at the end of the first year (besides 200*l.* for my patent) when I had only received 900*l.* To add to my burdens, my brother, whose unprosperous affairs had long been a great drawback from my revenue, is now this month become a bankrupt, and has involved me in losses occasioned by my being security for him; and is moreover with his family to be maintained by me into the bargain. So you see that all is not gold that glistens—

that under a mitre there may be heavy cares and grievous disappointments. But of all that I have suffered in consequence of these distresses, none have given me more concern than that I have been prevented by them from fulfilling my kind intentions to poor Mrs. Williams. I had engaged to add 10*l. per annum* to her little annuities, of which I had only been able to advance her five guineas before she was snatched away from me, and all my intentions of making it up to her by greater kindness in future rendered abortive. I wish you would mention this to Dr. Johnson, lest I should have suffered in his opinion from what may have appeared a wanton breach of my engagement, which I believe I entered into with his privity, as indeed it was he that kindly suggested it." Letter to Mr. Allen, Dec. 28, 1783. *Nichols*, vol. vi. p. 578.—F.

<sup>3</sup> "Northamptonshire home." Though appointed Dean of Carlisle in 1778, Percy did not resign Easton Maudit until 1782, as above recorded. It continued to be an occasional residence until his nomination to the Bishopric. He also resigned the Rectory of Wilby at the same time.—J. P.

composed. The circumstance is thus noted in the old Register at Easton Maudit :

April 20th, 1782.—This day the Rev. Dr. Percy resigned this Vicarage into the hands of the Bishop of Peterboro', being promoted to the Bishoprick of Dromore in Ireland.

The following amusing account of the vicarage, church, and country, from a hitherto unpublished letter of his successor, Mr., afterwards Archdeacon Nares,<sup>1</sup> gives a graphic description of the place, and will be read with interest :

(No gilt paper at Easton Maudit.)

VICARAGE, EASTON MAUDIT, June 23, 1782.

For the first time in my life, I sit down in a parlour of my own ; to whom then can I address myself so properly as to the one who is to share my rights in it ? and it is with no small satisfaction that I inform you that the parlour aforesaid is by no means a small one, nor indeed very large, but a comfortable pleasant size, and neatly wainscotted. There is another parlour not quite so large, but a very good one also, which has but one window, while this has two, and sashes all through the house. The building itself is a very neat cottage of stone, and thatched, commands no prospect, but is perfectly snug and pastoral. A good piece of garden, consisting chiefly of grass plots and shrubs, with a kitchen garden quite sufficient for the house, and planted off, so as to be out of sight. We have a brewhouse, and all other things convenient, and within doors several very good bed-chambers, two really capital, a good kitchen, cellar, and so forth.

The church, which is a very pretty one, both without and within, stands very close, but not too much so, and Lord Sussex's gardens join immediately to it. The country about is very pretty, only too rich if anything, for the soil is so deep that the roads are apt to be bad. Within a mile and a half is a fine house<sup>2</sup> and good park, belonging to the Earl of Northampton, very pleasantly situated, the

<sup>1</sup> Robert Nares, educated at Westminster and Christ Church, a Student of the House, was born in 1753, and graduated M.A. in 1778. In 1798 appointed a Canon of Lichfield Cathedral, and in 1800 Archdeacon of Stafford. Died in 1829. A very voluminous writer, but perhaps best known by his "Glossary

or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names and allusions to Customs and Proverbs." See "Alumni Westmonasteriensis" for a full account of his preferments and writings.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> This fine house is Castle Ashby, one of the stately homes of England.—J. P.

country round abounding with villages, and several gentlemen's seats and the like within moderate distances. We are very near a good turnpike road, and have regular communication with London three times a week; or even every day by sending as far as Newport Pagnell, which is but eleven miles.

I think I never saw a more compact little retirement, as much out of the world as if it were three hundred miles from London, and yet sufficiently near to it to get there with ease at any time in one day; it is but sixty miles. I can imagine us here in the most comfortable style imaginable, and if you are at all of Mrs. Percy's mind, you will be much pleased with it, for it was a great favourite of hers to the very last, and she quitted it with great reluctance. If any one tells you that Northamptonshire is a dreary county, with stone walls for hedges, and so forth, tell them that it is no such thing in the neighbourhood of our parsonage, but a fine rich country, full of all the good things that such a soil affords.

I would give no small sum to have you here to talk over plans and schemes, and look about us;—take notice that there is glebe land enough immediately adjacent to feed all our cattle, viz., between eleven and twelve acres. It is mighty clever (*sic*), but do not raise your ideas of it too high, for no place will bear that. It is a snug cottage retirement, but nothing great. . . .

(*Cætera desunt.*)

Percy had not long been located in his new abode at Dromore, when the severest domestic calamity of all happened—the loss of his only and much-loved son Henry, who died in April, 1783, at the early age of twenty, at Marseilles, after wintering at Madeira. The father speaks of him a few years before (1778, see p. xxxiii. below) with pride in a letter to a friend, as “a tall youth of fifteen, at present a King's Scholar<sup>1</sup> at Westminster,” and was at that time, no doubt, looking forward to his election as a Student of Christ Church at Oxford; but “l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Henry Percy was admitted into college at Westminster, at the Election in 1777, at the age of 14. See “Alumni Westmonasteriensis,” p. 407, where “abiiit” is added to his name.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> “Thus with the manly glow of honest pride,

O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sigh'd.  
Thus through the gloom of Shenstone's fairy grove,  
*Maria's* urn still breathes the voice of love.”

*Pleasures of Memory.*—J. P.

And now appears on the stage a great opponent of the Bishop, one Joseph Ritson, who, born at Stockton-upon-Tees, had been articled to a solicitor in that town, and who subsequently settled in London. A man undoubtedly of considerable ability, but most conspicuous for abusive powers and waspish temper. Though admitting that the *Reliques* were “beautiful, elegant, and ingenious,” he boldly denied the very existence of the Folio MS., asserting that all had been ingeniously fabricated, and worst of all, by one of Percy’s profession, and in his position. It is said that in order to refute this charge, the fine portrait of Percy, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, had, in compliance with his own request, the disputed MS. Folio placed in his hand, in order to show that it had an actual existence.<sup>1</sup> The charge of forgery was indignantly repelled, but the admission made “ipsissimis verbis” that his “emendations of old and mutilated ballads were open and avowed.” And now it can easily be seen by a comparison of the present volumes with any copy of the *Reliques* to what an extent in the Ballads printed in them from the Folio MS. this so-called emendation or restoration was carried; or, to use the language of the Prospectus, p. 1, “how much or how little of the different poems was really ancient, how much was sham antique of Percy’s own.” The wish expressed by Sir Walter Scott many years ago, in the Preface to his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, can now be gratified—“it would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr. Percy has used the licence of an editor,<sup>2</sup> and certainly at this period would be only a degree of justice due to his memory.”

Scott pays a tribute to the wonderful stores of antiquarian knowledge and varied information possessed by Ritson, and, to use his own language, says of Ritson, “that he brought forward such a work on national antiquities as in other countries has

<sup>1</sup> Percy exhibited the MS. in Pall Mall.—W. Chappell. <sup>2</sup> Scott used this licence in his *Min-* *stry of the Scottish Border*, far more than Percy.—W. C.

been thought worthy of universities and the countenance of princes."

At Dromore, where Percy now constantly resided, he still continued to devote as much time as could be spared from the graver duties of his profession to the cultivation of literature,<sup>1</sup> though from all accounts it was a place not very favourable for such studies—and must have been to a great extent an expatriation. Letters to him frequently never reached their destination, and he was months in arrear with the last magazine; still under these difficulties the old love of learning continued.

In 1793 he published "An Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, particularly on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare," and the accompanying letter from Edmond Malone to him, hitherto unpublished, will interest Shakspearian readers; it is selected from the correspondence from Malone to Percy in the Bodleian stores.

LONDON, Sept. 21, 1793.

My dear Lord,—

Having been a great wanderer of late, I did not receive your Lordship's obliging favour till my arrival in London, not long since, my servants not knowing where to forward it to me. One line of your little ballad is, I think, somewhere in Shakspeare: "my lady is unkynde perde,"<sup>2</sup> but I do not remember where<sup>3</sup>; perhaps in Hamlet. To the remainder of it I do not recollect any allusion.

<sup>1</sup> *Thomas Campbell to Bp. Percy.*

June 20, 1790.

Your anecdotes will embellish my pages highly, and your picture of Green Arbour-court shall be closely copied; as to the rest, my account of your visit to him there was almost verbatim, from my recollection of your words, what you have set down in your last. But could there be any harm in letting the world know who the visitant was? without the circumstance of the dignity of the guest, the contrast will be in a great measure lost, and the matter will lose its grand authority as to the fact. But in this, as everything else, your wish shall be a command. The anecdote of Johnson I

had recollect, but had forgot that it was at Goldsmith's you were to sup. The story of the *vale de chambre* will, as Lord Bristol says, pin the basket of his absurdities; and really we may have a hamper full of them.

P.S. Your sketch of Sir Richard Poret will come in as an episode towards the conclusion, with good effect; but there, neither that nor anything that can sully shall appear as coming from you. Having Parnell's "Life," I shall return yours safe, and shall be obliged by the dramatic pieces you propose sending by my brother. Nichols, *Illust. of Lit.* vii. pp. 780-781.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *Twelfth Night*, Act iv., Sc. vi.—J.P.

I have been most agreeably (sic) though laboriously employed at Worcester and Stratford-upon-Avon. At Worcester, I found some wills relative to Shakspearians there that I much wanted; and at Stratford I spent two days by permission of the Corporation in rummaging all their stores. I am confident I unfolded and slightly examined not less than three thousand papers and parchments, several of which were as old as the time of Henry the Fourth, and probably had not been opened for two centuries. From the whole mass, I selected whatever I thought likely to throw any light upon the life of Shakspeare, on which I am now employed, and these the Mayor very obligingly permitted me to pack up in a box, and bring with me to London, that I might peruse them at my leisure. They afford several curious matters that concern the state of the town, and its manners in Shakspeare's time, his property, the prices of the various articles of life, &c. I was not fortunate enough to meet with a single scrap of his handwriting, though I have got signatures of almost all his family and friends; but I have found a letter to him when in London, a very pretty little relick (sic) about *three inches long by two broad*. His answer to this letter, the object of which was to borrow some money from him, would have been a great curiosity, and what is provoking is, it ought to have been in the bundle where this was found (a parcel of letters to and from Mr. Quincy, whose son afterwards married the poet's daughter), and this should have been among the papers of Shakspeare's granddaughter, wherever they are. However, "est aliquid prodire tenuis."

No confirmation is yet arrived of the good news of the Duke of York's being victorious at Minan, and having killed 4,000 of the enemy and taken 80 cannon; but it is believed.

I beg you will present my best compliments to Mrs. Percy and your young ladies, and believe me, my dear Lord, with the utmost sincerity,

Your most faithful and most obedient servant,

EDMOND MALONE.

The Percy Correspondence, published by John Bowyer Nichols, is not only interesting, but shows that as age increased so did the Bishop's literary tastes.<sup>1</sup> And not only are his pub-

<sup>1</sup> Take as a specimen of the variety of subjects that interested him, bits of three or four letters, the first to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March 15, 1797,

p. 320, vol. viii.

"Mr. Urban,

As in the course of the next month the return of many of our migratory

lished letters numerous, but the quantity of unpublished correspondence in the possession of his descendants is large,<sup>1</sup> and all of it is written in a singularly clear and neat hand, marking the character of the man. His episcopal functions were most faithfully and efficiently discharged, securing him (as we are told) the respect and love of all denominations; but this is no more than might have been expected from a man of his integrity of character and genuine religious feelings—one who was, in a word, actuated by a high sense of duty.

In 1798 the Irish Rebellion broke out, and during it Percy is recorded to have transmitted to his daughter, Mrs. Isted, a quantity of correspondence and valuable books for safe preservation, and they are said to be still kept amongst the archives of Ecton House, near Northampton.<sup>2</sup> In 1806, Percy's wife, the

birds may be expected, allow me to recall the attention of your readers to this interesting subject, desiring they will carefully observe whether any swallows appear without the long feathers which form their forked tails; for, as it has been ascertained that the last broods, at least, in every summer leave us before they have attained this distinction, if any appear in spring without them, such may be supposed to have passed the winter in a torpid state.

"Let me now communicate a very extraordinary phenomenon concerning another race of birds of passage, the cuckoos, which occurred last summer in the north of Ireland. . . .

"Let me now offer a solution of the difficulty respecting the *fall of stones from the clouds*, which I have heard suggested by a naturalist of great eminence in this country [that lightning, in its ascent from the earth to the clouds, bursts through a rock, &c., and scatters the fragments]."

On Aug. 6, 1799, Percy has been "ascertaining and placing beyond doubt the reality of Round Towers being originally Belfries." *Nichols*, vii. 818.

On April 21, 1801 (*Nichols*, viii. p. 359), Mr. Irwin tells Percy that "the opera (The Bedouins, a comic opera,

London, 1802) is announced for representation on the 29th inst. The interest you have taken in its success makes me regret your Lordship's absence on this occasion, though I believe it to be patronised by the lovers of poetry and music, who have any knowledge of the piece. It might, however, prove of considerable service could your Lordship find time to communicate your opinion of the work to any person in Dublin, whose zeal and influence were likely to promote its success. This would be taking an unpardonable liberty with your Lordship, did I not already lie under more material obligations by the touches the piece has received from your pen."

On Oct. 19, 1808, Percy is writing against the bold and unqualified manner in which Dr. Scully has asserted the universal success of vaccination, where-as it had failed in several instances near him. (*Nichols*, vol. vi.)—F.

<sup>1</sup> I doubt this. The family's letters are mostly to Percy, not from him.—F.

<sup>2</sup> For the edition of Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works* in 1801, Percy contributed materials, and he directed the compilation of the account of the poet's life and writings. This was for the benefit of Goldsmith's niece and poor

companion of his joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, passed away from this earth,<sup>1</sup> after a union with him for the long period of forty-seven years, and one, it may be added, of the happiest nature. Her remains were laid in Dromore Cathedral. About this time, an affliction fell upon the Bishop which no skill might alleviate or remove—a penalty incidental to many scholars, in his case brought on by poring over old MSS. and unremitting study—total blindness.<sup>2</sup> This he is said to have borne with

relations, and his letters show that he took a good deal of trouble to help them, though the publishers treated him badly, he said.

"But the proprietors would have done well to have consulted me in the selection and arrangement, for they have omitted one of the very best productions of Goldsmith, although it had been particularly pointed out in the account of his life—his *Introduction to Brooke's Natural History*—and have only given his 'Preface' to that work, far inferior to the former. This is what they got by quarrelling with me for only supplicating a little assistance in advance to Goldsmith's poor niece, who was staring, for I would have given them every advice and direction gratis; but they carried their ill-humour so far as to refuse to let me see and make some corrections in the MS. Life of Goldsmith, which had been compiled under my direction. They have also omitted noticing that the Epilogue, now first printed in vol. ii. p. 82, is given from a MS. in Dr. Goldsmith's own handwriting, which he had given to me as well as the other, which they have noticed in the note p. 88. I have only just looked into vols. ii. and iv. and immediately stumbled upon these defects; I fear I shall find others.

"I gave them the foregoing original unedited poems of Goldsmith in consideration of their delivering 250 copies for me to dispose of for the benefit of Goldsmith's poor relations, of which 125 might be sold in England, the remainder in Ireland."—Letter to Mr. Nichols, May 19, 1802. Nichols, *Illust. of Lit.* vi. p. 583.

*Bp. Percy to W. H. Browne.*

Nov. 2, 1802.

"When I was last in England I applied to you in behalf of a poor niece of our excellent poet Dr. Goldsmith, the daughter of his brother, to whom he addressed his fine poem, 'The Traveller,' thinking she was a proper object of some charity at your disposal.

"You then rectified my mistake in that particular, but most kindly offered to promote the sale of an edition of her uncle's works, which I was then promoting for her benefit. This was published in 4 vols. 8vo., to which I contributed materials for an improved account of the author's life, and the publishers gave me 200 copies to be disposed of for the benefit of his poor relations."—P. 370.—F.

<sup>1</sup> On Mrs. Percy's death, see *Gent.'s Mag.*, Jan. 1807. She died at Dromore House, Dec. 30, 1806, aged 74.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Jan. 11, 1805.—My eyes are declining so fast that, although I sketched out part of the notes, which I could scarce read when I had written them, yet the rest being committed to a secretary, I must recommend them, as well as what I had written myself, to a careful examination. Nichols, vi. 585.

Dec. 11, 1805.—The failure of my sight, which is nearly approaching to total blindness, and it is with difficulty I transcribe my name, will prevent me from attending Parliament in person. Nichols, vi. 586.

*Percy to Dr. G. Somers Clarke.*

Feb. 26, 1807.

The Bishop of Dromore was duly favoured with Dr. Clarke's obliging

perfect equanimity; and one of his relatives who, as a boy, could just recollect him, informed the writer of this sketch that it was quite a pleasure to see even then his gentleness, amiability, and fondness for children. Every day used to witness his strolling down to a pond in the palace garden in order to feed his swans, who were accustomed to come at the well-known sound of the old man's voice.

And now the time began to approach when Percy's career on earth was to close, and the new life begin. Most of his old contemporaries and friends had passed away, Johnson and Garrick among the number; tutor and pupil, as was meet, finding graves side by side in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua Reynolds had been laid in the crypt of St. Paul's, a sepulchre appropriated to painters; and Gray and Burke had found quiet resting-places, the former in the pretty church-yard of Stoke Pogis, near the distant spires and antique towers of his beloved Eton; the latter in the old church at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire. Percy lingered on until 1811, and on the 30th of September in that year departed in Christian hope. His remains were deposited with those of Mrs. Percy in the transept which he had added to Dromore Cathedral, amidst the regrets of all classes of society. The following epitaph is inscribed on a mural tablet near the grave:

Near<sup>1</sup> this place are interred the remains of the Right Rev.

letter, but with deep regret he is obliged to inform him that he is prevented from entering into a proper investigation of the important subject of it by a failure of sight, which has long been coming on, and is nearly arrived at total blindness. *Nichols*, viii. 385.

Nov. 3, 1807.—The Bishop of Dromore is in excellent health, but his sight has long since totally failed him. H. E. Boyd. *Nichols*, vi. 387.

The complaint seems to have begun in 1803.

April 28, 1803.—Mr. E. Ledwich says, “I was much concerned to hear from Sir Richard Musgrave that your Lord-

ship was affected with the prevalent epidemic. As he informs me it has created a complaint in your eyes, the disorder is more manageable, and I hope will be of short continuance. People . . . laugh at us who think it possesses some quality of the plague; and yet from its universality there are grounds to believe so . . . I know of no one in a most numerous acquaintance who has escaped.” *Nichols*.—F.

<sup>1</sup> The above epitaph is inscribed on a tablet of white marble, on a larger one of grey, and above is a Mitre, surmounting a Bible, and a pastoral staff upon a cushion. Beneath are the arms

Thomas Percy, D.D., Lord Bishop of Dromore, to which see he was promoted in May, MDCCCLXXXII., from the Deanery of Carlisle in England. This elevated station he filled nearly thirty years, residing constantly in his Diocese, and discharging the duties of his sacred office with vigilance and zeal, instructing the ignorant, relieving the necessitous, and comforting the distressed with pastoral affection. Revered for his piety and learning, and beloved for his universal benevolence by all ranks and religious denominations, he departed this life on the 30th day of September, in the year of our Lord MDCCCXI. in the eighty-third year of his age.

In the same grave are deposited the remains of Anne his wife, daughter of Barton Goodriche<sup>1</sup>, Esq., of Desborough, Northamptonshire, whose estimable conduct through life rendered her the worthy partner of such a husband. She died on the 30th of December, MDCCCVI. aged LXXIV. years.

This memorial of dutiful affection is inscribed by their surviving daughters, Barbara Isted and Elizabeth Meade.

Two daughters survived Percy—the one, wife of Archdeacon the Honourable Pierce Meade; and the other, who had married Ambrose Isted, Esq., of Ecton House, in the county of Northampton, not far from the old parsonage at Easton Maudit; and a son of each is still alive (1867).

It may be worth while to mention that three portraits of Percy are supposed to be still in existence; the location of the first, a fine one, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is unknown.<sup>2</sup> It was painted in May, 1773, and represents him habited in a black gown and bands, with a loose black cap on his head, resembling a turban, and in his hand the MS. folio the very existence of

of the see of Dromore, and also a lion rampant for Percy. The cathedral itself is an unpretending structure, consisting of nave without choir, only a northern transept; and at the western end of the building is a large square tower.—J. P.

<sup>1</sup> Aristocratic for *Gutteridge*, as before noticed, p. xxxii.—F.

<sup>2</sup> From the circumstance of no portrait of Percy hanging in Christ Church Hall, *a priori*, it may be concluded that he was not a Student of the House, otherwise one of so distinguished a

man would most likely have had an honoured niche. With the exception of the very old ones, the portrait of no one is permitted there except he has been a Student; could an exception have been made, it would have been to admit that of the late Sir Robert Peel, so distinguished an ornament of Christ Church. It may well excite astonishment to see the number of eminent men who have been on the foundation of that college.—J. P.

which was denied by Ritson. Engravings of this are frequently to be met with. Another, painted by Abbot in 1797, hangs at Ecton House, where is also the portrait of Mrs. Percy, with a scroll in her left hand, on which the ballad "O Nanny" is inscribed. In this he is depicted in the episcopal dress of rochet and chimere, wearing the usual wig; and an engraving of this is prefixed to the Percy Correspondence in Nichols' *Illustrations of Literature*. The artist and location of a third in water colours are not known: it represents the Bishop in his garden at Dromore, when totally blind, feeding his swans. An excellent copy of this is in the possession of his grandson, Edward Meade, Esq.; and a very good engraving of it is to be found in vol. iii. of the *Decameron* of the learned Dr. Dibdin.<sup>1</sup>

The writer of this sketch cannot conclude without thanking his friends, the Rev. Henry Smith, M.A., sometime Student of Christ Church, and now Vicar of Easton Maudit, and also the Rev. William Dunn Macray, M.A., Chaplain of Magdalen College, Oxford, for much valuable information imparted, and great kindness shown, in facilitating his researches.<sup>2</sup>

#### APPENDIX.

I. The following list of the Literary Club, founded by Dr. Johnson and his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1764, and of which Percy was, in 1810, the only survivor of the original members, is extracted from the end of one of Malone's letters to him in the Bodleian Library, and bears the date of April 30, 1810. So exclusive was the Club, that at the time of its formation even David Garrick sought admission into its ranks in vain,

<sup>1</sup> An ignorant pretender, without the learning of a school-boy, who published a quantity of books swarming with errors of every description.—A. Dyce.

The epithet *learned* given to my old friend Dr. D. is not very applicable, although he published much on learned

subjects. It ought to be noticed that in his *Decameron* he gives rather a minute account of the Percy MS.—D. Laing.

<sup>2</sup> To Dr. Rimbault, Mr. Chappell, the Rev. A. Dyce, Mr. David Laing, and Mr. Furnivall my thanks are also due.—J. P.

though ultimately admitted. The English Roscius is reported to have said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "I like it much, *I think I shall be of you.*" "He'll be of us!" exclaimed Johnson when he heard of it, in great wrath; "how does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language!"

1. THE BISHOP OF DROMORE . . . . .	1764	19. DR. VINCENT, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER . . . . .	1800
2. SIR CHARLES BUNBURY . . . . .	1774	20. WILLIAM LOCK . . . . .	1800
3. MR. SHERIDAN . . . . .	1777	21. GEORGE ELLIS . . . . .	1801
4. THE EARL OF OSSORY . . . . .	1777	22. LORD MINTO . . . . .	1802
5. SIR JOSEPH BANKS . . . . .	1778	23. SIR WM. GRANT, MASTER OF THE ROLLS . . . . .	1803
6. RIGHT HON. WM. WINDHAM . . . . .	1778	24. SIR GEORGE STAUNTON . .	1803
7. RIGHT HON. SIR WM. SCOTT . . . . .	1778	25. CHARLES WILKINS . . . . .	1806
8. THE EARL SPENCER . . . . .	1778	26. RIGHT HON. WM. DRUMMOND .	1806
9. EDMOND MALONE . . . . .	1782	27. SIR HENRY HALFORD . . . .	1806
10. DR. BURNET . . . . .	1784	28. SIR HENRY ENGLEFIELD . .	1808
11. JOHN COURtenay . . . . .	1788	29. LORD HOLLAND . . . . .	1808
12. SIR CHARLES BLAGDEN . . . . .	1794	30. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN .	1808
13. JAMES RENNELL . . . . .	1795	31. CHARLES . . . . .	1808
14. HON. FREDERICK NORTH . . . . .	1797	32. CHARLES VAUGHAN . . . .	1809
15. GEORGE CANNING . . . . .	1799	33. HUMPHREY DAVY . . . . .	1809
16. WILLIAM MARSDEN . . . . .	1799	34. REV. DR. BONNEY . . . . .	1809
17. RIGHT HON. JOHN H. FREE- VILLE . . . . .	1800	35. VACANT . . . . .	.

II. The following lines, written by Bishop Percy, have never before been published. They show that the attachment to Mrs. Percy, the "Nanny of his Muse," was of a most permanent kind:

"On leaving — — , on a tempestuous night, March 22, 1788, by Dr. Percy."

Deep howls the storm with chilling blast,  
Fast falls the snow and rain,  
Down rush the floods with headlong haste,  
And deluge all the plain.

Yet all in vain the tempest roars,  
And whirls the drifted snow;  
In vain the torrents scorn the shore,  
To *Delia* I must go.

In vain the shades of evening fall,  
And horrid dangers threat,  
What can the lover's heart appal,  
Or check his eager feet?

The darksome vale the fearless tries,  
 And winds its trackless wood;  
 High o'er the cliff's dread summit flies,  
 And rushes through the flood.

Love bids atchieve the hardy task,  
 And act the wondrous part,  
 He wings the feet with eagle's speed,  
 And lends the lion-heart.

Then led by thee, all-powerful boy,  
 I'll dare the hideous night,  
 Thy *dart* shall guard me from annoy,  
 Thy *torch* my footsteps light.

The cheerful blaze—the social hour,  
 The friend—all plead in vain,  
 Love calls—I brave each adverse power  
 Of peril and of pain.

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### III. *Letters of Percy as to the Continuation of the “Reliques.”*

Alnwick Castle, Aug. 22, 1774.

As in three or four years I intend to publish a volume or two more of old English and Scottish poems, in the manner of my *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, I shall then insert some of these fragments [from a MS. collection of songs Mr. Paton had sent], if the editor will give me leave to transcribe and fill up the deficiencies of some of them in the manner I attempted before.—*Letters to Paton*, p. 48.

*Percy to Pinkerton.*

(*Nichols*, viii. p. 94.)

July 20, 1778.

And now let me again and again thank you for your most obliging present, which was extremely acceptable, both for the ancient poems and the learned and ingenious illustrations which accompanied them. I shall not fail to avail myself of both, as well as of the curious remarks in your letters, whenever I give the additional volumes to the world. The contents of these have long since been collected and arranged, and I flatter myself, in point of merit, are no whit inferior to what the public accepted with so much indulgence in the three former volumes. But the truth is, I

have not so much leisure, and perhaps not quite so keen an appetite, for amusements of this kind as when I was younger. It is near twenty years since I first began to form the preceding collection. I only considered these things as pardonable, at best, among the levities (I had almost said follies) of my youth. However, as I must confess that I have always had a relish for the poetic effusions (even the most sportive and unelaborate) of our ancestors, I have commonly taken up these trifles, as other grave men have done cards, to unbend and amuse the mind when fatigued with graver studies, till they have insensibly grown into a regular series, ready for the press; and now I keep them by me, in order to make a present of them to my son, a tall youth of fifteen, who is at present a King's Scholar at Westminster. And, as he has a strong relish and considerable taste for these compositions, I think to give him the merit of being editor of them as soon as he removes to the University, by way of introducing him into the literary world, and of filling up the vacancies of his academical studies. In the mean time I neglect no opportunity of amending and enlarging the series, and shall certainly much improve them for him by this delay.

And now, Sir, that I have imparted to you what is almost a secret to all my most intimate friends, I must entreat the favour of you that it may continue so, except to Dr. Beattie (or one or two like him), for whom I have ever had the greatest respect.

Carlile (the Deanry), Nov. 27, 1778.

With regard to the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, I have a large fund of materials, which, when my son has compleated his studies at the University, he may, if he likes it, distribute into one or more additional volumes; but I myself shall hardly find a vacancy now from more serious pursuits to carry them forward myself. I find not quite the same relish for these little amusing literary sallies as I did fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the former volumes were digested. (*Letters from Thos. Percy, D.D. &c., to George Paton, Edinb. 1830, p. 76-7.*)

*Bishop Percy to Mr. Robert Jamieson.*

(*Nichols, viii. p. 341.*)

Dromore, Ireland, April 4, 1801.

Sir—Till my nephew has compleated his collections for the intended fourth volume, it cannot be decided whether he may not

wish to insert himself the fragments you desire ; but I have copied for you here that one which you particularly pointed out, as I was unwilling to disappoint your wishes and expectations altogether. By it you will see the defective and incorrect state of the old text in the ancient folio MS., and the irresistible demand on the editor of the *Reliques* to attempt some of those conjectural emendations which have been blamed by one or two rigid critics, but without which the collection would not have deserved a moment's attention. When your book is published, I shall be one of the first purchasers, but till then I must beg to postpone the subject ; and remain, with best wishes for your success, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

THO. DROMORE.

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IV. *Note on the Builder of the House in which Percy was born:* p. xxviii. n.

This old mansion was built by Richard Forester,<sup>1</sup> and was called "Foresters Folly." Richard Forester built it in 1580, that being the year of its completion. Part of an ancient oak partition or screen taken from the house now remains, with the date 1581 and the letters R F carved upon it. Anne, the daughter of this Richard Forester, was married in 1575 at Sutton Maddock to Richard Baxter, ancestor of William Baxter the antiquary mentioned by Mr. Bellett at page 183 of the *Antiquities of Bridgnorth*. A narrow passage from the Cartway to the River Severn, near the old house, is still called "Fosters Load." The name of this family seems to have been occasionally spelt and pronounced Forester, Forster, and Foster. Anthony Forster, mentioned in *Kenilworth* by Sir Walter Scott, who there spells the name *Foster*, was descended from the Forster who owned Evelith Manor, near Shifnal, in the county of Salop ; and as he also owned lands in the parish of Sutton Maddock, in the same county, and bore the same arms as the Foresters, there is little doubt that they belong to the same family.

Dec. 1867.

HUBERT SMITH.

The house now belongs to one of our subscribers, Mr. Austin of Birmingham.—F.

<sup>1</sup> The "For" on the house shows that the builder spelt his name *Forster*.—F.

V. *The Proof that Bishop Percy's Father was a Grocer.*

Since referring to the "Freeman's roll of the Borough of Bridgnorth," which only shows the occupation of Arthur Piercy, the grandfather of Bishop Percy, I have found an entry in the minutes of a "common hall" held on August 12, 1755, which refers to the occupation of Mr. Arthur Low Piercy. These minutes state that it is ordered and agreed that Arthur Piercy of Birmingham, the son of *Arthur Low Piercy of Bridgnorth, GROCER,* shall be admitted a burgess. The Arthur Piercy so admitted a burgess was the brother of Bishop Percy. At a subsequent "common hall" held on September 21, 1768, the Rev. Thomas Piercy (the Bishop) was also admitted a burgess of Bridgnorth as the son of "Arthur." In this minute no mention is made of the occupation of Bishop Percy's father, who is only entered in the name of "Arthur," and not "Arthur Low;" but in some instances the second christian name of the father had been before omitted. The family surname, like other family names, has also been from time to time variously spelt. This branch of the Percy family seem to have sought wealth in Bridgnorth, and to have thriven; and from the position they held in the administration of the public affairs of the town, they were evidently much respected. Such facts leave no possibility of doubt as to the occupation of the grandfather and father of Bishop Percy. Nor is it surprising that two of his ancestors were engaged in trade, when such opportunities of gaining wealth have been the means of resuscitating many a noble family,<sup>1</sup> and of placing others in the highest positions in the state; nor will the Bishop's fame shine with less lustre from such circumstance, nor his works be less appreciated; nor will the inhabitants of the town of his birth be less proud of the honour he reflects on Bridgnorth. The great attainments and private worth of Bishop Percy, which called forth a meed of praise from Dr. Johnson, when he mentions him as "a man out of whose company he never went without learning something," must ever receive public recognition.

JAN. 6, 1868.

HUBERT SMITH.

<sup>1</sup> The nobility of Percy's family would require very strong proof to any one knowing his inventive talents, and capability of adapting. He drew out his own pedigree from one of our kings; and if it were true, a note in *Nichols* (see next page) says that he was Earl of Northumberland. Was Percy the man not to have claimed his dignity

had he believed in its being his? Let those who like, believe it. I expect that he treated his pedigree as he did his ballads; filled up the gapse, and made it go smoothly. Had it been necessary to carry it back to Adam, it would have gone there without a check, under the Bishop's hands, we may be sure.—F.

VI. *Percy's Pedigree.*

Note † in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vi. 552. Dr. Percy took great pains in the investigation of his descent, a pedigree of which he communicated to Dr. Nash (see the *History of Worcestershire*, vol. ii. p. 318). It will there be perceived that it was his aim to identify his family with that of the descendants of Ralph, younger brother to the third Earl of Northumberland; and about 1795 he printed on a broadside a pedigree of the Earls of Northumberland, in which he introduced "the Worcester branch," as his own family is styled, *taking for granted the connection presumed in the History of Worcestershire*. Supposing the descent capable of proof, the Bishop was decidedly Earl of Northumberland; but he left no relation to inherit his claims.

In 1765 Percy contemplated writing *The History of the House of Percy* for his patrons, but Grainger dissuaded him from doing so. Nichols, *Illust.*, vii. 288.

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VII. *Percy's Pieces of Runic Poetry.*

In his *Select Icelandic Poetry*, the Hon. W. Herbert says (notes on *The Death of Hacon*) "An English prose translation from the Latin version of Peringskiold has been published by Percy in his *Runic Poetry*, which is not quite so inaccurate as the rest of that book; his translation of Regner Lodbroc's *Ode* teems with errors, and, indeed, scarce a line of it is properly interpreted." Nichols, vii. 128. Percy defends himself slightly at p. 130, and says that his translation was compared with the original by Lye, the author of the *Anglo-Saxon Lexicon*, &c.

## NOTES.

(Professor Child's notes are signed —Ch., and Mr. Dyce's —D.)

- p. 1, on Robin Hood, see Mr. Joseph Hunter's pamphlet, 1850.—H. (=W. C. Hazlitt.)
- p. 2, *the Robin Hood ballads, &c.* The *Lytel Geste* is merely a few of the then most popular incidents in Robin Hood's life, woven into a consecutive narrative.—H.
- p. 4, l. 18. '1678.' The *Nolle Birth* appeared in prose in 1662. Mr. Thoms reprinted the 1678 edition.—H.
- p. 16, l. 30, *shade*. "It has been suggested that this ought to be *brake*, and not *shade*."—Jamieson, ii. 61.
- p. 18, l. 64, for *me* read *the*.—Ch.
- p. 20, l. 14, *spray*, not *scray*: Sax. *sprec*—spray, sprig.—Ch. *Scray* is, I think, right. It has some relation to *scrob* or *scrog*, a north-country word for a bush or a piece of land covered with bushes. There was until a few years ago a place near Gainsbro', Lincolnshire, called Corringham Scrogs. It is shown on the Ordnance map. In the court roll of the manor of Kirton in Lindsey, Nov. 8, 6 Hen. VIII., this place is called "Coryngham Scrobsse." The late Mr. Beriah Bottfield has the following passage in an article in the *Collec. Archaeol.*, vol. i. p. 10:
- "It is probable that Pengwern, or the hill of alders, was first covered with the rude dwellings of the Britons. . . . If they found it a hill of alders, they left it nearly in the same condition, as the Saxons termed it *Scrobbesburyng*, meaning thereby a bury or general eminence overgrown with scrubs or shrubs."
- John Leyden in his ballad of Lord Soulis says:
- Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree  
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;  
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,  
*A scrog* bush thee beside.
- Scott's *Mistress of the Scottish Border*, ed. 1861, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 253.  
Land covered with bushes is still called *scroggy* land in this county (Lincolnshire).—E. Peacock.
- p. 21, l. 46, read *itt time* for *time itt*.—Ch.
- p. 22, l. 59, *garde*, used like Old French *garder*—regard.—Ch.
- p. 23, l. 77, read *whigh[?]est*.—Ch.
- p. 27. Artillery used to mean bows and arrows. See authorised version of Bible: "Jonathan gave his *artillery* to the lad." 1 Sam. xx. 40.—E. Peacock.
- p. 29, l. 47, read [a] whole *convent*.—Ch. and D. A soldier would have said "regiment": a friar says "convent".—H. H. Gibbs.
- note 1, l. 4, read *Lilly*.—Ch.

- p. 30, l. 52, read *sute* for *late*.—Ch.  
 l. 64, read *over gods forbott.*—Ch.
- p. 32, *Robin Hood & the Pindar of Wakefield*. See Halliwell's *Descriptive Notices*, 1848, p. 8-9, No. 7, "The History of George a Green, Pindar of the Town of Wakefield, &c." "Had you heard of Bevis of Southampton, the Counter-suffle, Sir Eglamore, John Dory, the *Pindar of Wakefield*, Robin Hood, or Clem of the Cluff; these no doubt had been recommended to the Vatican without any *Index Expurgatorius* or censure at all." Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 21, *ib.*—F.
- "the two old plays of the 'Downfall and Death of Robert Earle of Huntington,' 1601." *The Downfall* was written by Anthony Munday; *The Death* by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle.—D. (= A. Dyce.)
- p. 33, "George a Green" and "The Pinner of Wakefield." These are undoubtedly one and the same play: it may be found, with a tolerably amended text, in both my editions of the *Works of Robert Greene*.—D.
- l. 4. Mr. Hazlitt believes that an earlier copy of the prose history of *George a Green* was printed before the play acted on Dec. 28, 1593, because "dramatists, being usually necessitous persons on the look out for saleable themes, availed themselves of subjects which had already taken possession of the public. The one exception is the novel on the history of Pericles, by George Wilkins the younger, 1608, 4to, a prose narrative formed out of a drama, not as it was printed, but as it was performed." But why could not the ballad have been the original of the play?—F.
- p. 34. Making a path over corn was considered a very grave crime, much greater than the mere destruction would account for. Our Lincolnshire people still think a man very much more wicked who walks or drives cattle over corn than if he did a piece of waste to a similar amount in another manner. See *Mirk*, p. 46, l. 1503. E. E. Text Soc. 1868.  
 "Art thou I-wont over corn to ryde,  
 When thou myghtest haue go by syde."—E. Peacock.
- p. 36, *bentbowe*, note, should be *dead-bow*, not *bent-bow*. He'd be a bad Bowman who bore a *bent* bow, except when shooting. A *bend-bow* would mean a bow which one bends.—H. H. Gibbs. I am pretty sure it is a crossbow, and that I've seen it in inventories.—E. Peacock.
- p. 37, *Robin Hood & Quene Katherina*. In some of the modern collections this is called "Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow."—H.
- p. 38, for V. 56 read V. 65.—D.
- p. 39, l. 14, *Westchester*. Camden gives the Roman, British, and Saxon names of the town, and adds "Nos contractius *West Chester*, ab occidentali situ." *Britannia*, edit. 1607, p. 458. So called in contradistinction to Chester-le-street, Chester Magna, Chester Parva, Chesterfield, Chester-ton, and a hundred other Chesters throughout England. *Notes & Queries*, June 7, 1851, vol. iii. p. 459-60. "1566-7. Rd. of Thomas purfoote, for his lyicense for pryntings of a balett intituled *Weste chester abundeth w<sup>e</sup>.* humble benedictions, iiii<sup>4</sup>." *Collier's Extracts*, from Registers of Stationers' Comp. i. 155.—F.
- p. 45, l. 117. It is a law of the Catholic church that mass should not be said after twelve at noon. The point here is that the bishop has been made to do a thing contrary to ecclesiastical law.—E. Peacock.
- p. 48, l. 21, fare = "go on."—Ch.
- p. 53, "Le Morte de Robin Hode" is not in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, but in his *Year-Book*, July 6, p. 403, Tegg's reprint. The old collection of songs from which it is printed, is not stated to be in the possession of the editor (Hone), but of his correspondent, J. F. R. I don't believe, however, a

word about such a collection. It is clearly a modern forgery written since Percy's time. The article before it, a poem, is called "An Adventure in Sherwood Forest," and is signed by the same or another J. F. R., who dates from *Walsworth*. There can be no doubt they are both by the same hand.—E. Peacock.

p. 54, l. 18, read *nor [no] man*.—Ch.

l. 25, note to *shotten* certainly wrong: cf. "Robin Hood & Monk," l. 39-50.—Ch.

p. 55, note 2, say rather *bisnan* (i.e. *be-bisnan*) without the proposition *be*.—Ch.

p. 57, *shop window* is surely *shot* window, a little window to shoot out of, or a little window with a sliding door. In my book on *Church Furniture*, you will find, p. 208, in the inventory of the goods of St. Mary's Gild, Boston: "a stondyng awmery with dyvers boxes to *shots* in & owt with evidences." This, I take it, was a Flemish cabinet full of small drawers.—E. Peacock. Fr. *volez*: m. . . a shut, or wooden window to shut over a glasse one (as *Contre-fenestre*), t.i. A wodden window (on the outside of a glasen one). Cotgrave.—F.

l. 73, *shot* windowe, certainly, as in *Adam Bel.*—Ch.

l. 75, *grounden*.—Ch.

l. 85, 86, is it possible that mood should be [the] *rood*? I hardly think it.—Ch.

note 2, why spear-head?—Ch.

p. 60, l. 7, read *doigt* for *doight*.—Ch.

l. 13 from bottom, end of paragraph, read thus:

Cwmmert . . . Jérusalem et per . . . Constantia noble per vere . . .  
Sagas af Karla Magnuse og Koppum hans.

(It has been printed Hoppum repeatedly, which has no meaning. Koppum (i.e. Kappum from Kappi)—heribus). The title was originally given by Hickes, *Thesaurus*, iii. 314).—Ch. *Hoppum Hans*—His Hope or Jumps! The right title is: *Karlamagnus-Saga ok Kappa Hans* (= Saga of Charlemagne and his Champions) of C. R. Unger (=edited by C. R. Unger—a most excellent editor, by the way), Christiania, 1860.—Anon.

last line but five, *decatio* (not *Elevatio*).—Ch.

p. 62, l. 32, read *rived*, a Chaucerian word.—Ch.

p. 64, l. 72, is gone.—Ch.

p. 66, l. 122, *goome* beyond question, I should say.—Ch.

p. 68, n. 1, l. 6, read *solidit*.—Ch.

p. 69, l. 185, read *he had*, for *had he*.—Ch.

p. 75, l. 12, a *graine*. Percy is, I think, clearly wrong here: the lady was sitting in the *graine* of a tree, that is in the fork of the branches. It is, I presume, the same word as *groin* (see Richardson, *sub voc.*), the part that divides or separates. It is a word of constant use in Lincolnshire; my work-people use it to me almost every time I talk of trees—e.g., the gardener said, "You must tell Miss Florence, sir, that the misseltoe-thrush has begun to build in the *graine* of the Hesle pear tree." The word frequently becomes (by corruption, I think) *graising*—e.g., "If you cut the cherry-tree top off above the *graining* it will be sure to grow; if you go below them, it will be sure to die."—E. Peacock.

p. 76, l. 25, read *swies* for *misies*.—Ch. and D.

l. 35, De la Pryme, who wrote a *Hist. of Winterton*, co. Linc. in 1703, printed by me in the *Archæologia*, vol. xl. p. 230, says: "Now William ye Conqueror haeving ye whole nation at command, began to estableish himself how he might gratify his favourites."—E. Peacock.

- p. 76, l. 40, read *mee doe*.—Ch.
- p. 79, *Captaine Carre*. See Shenstone's letter (24 Sept. 1761) in Nichols's *Illustr.* vii. 220-2; "His [Percy's MS.] will, however, tend to enrich *Edom of Gordon* with two of the prettiest stanzas I ever saw, beside many other improvements."—F.
- p. 81, l. 30, read *lands*?—Ch.
- p. 83, l. 76, *Buffe* is certainly a blunder for *Buske*.—D. and Ch.
- p. 92, l. 35, read *you tow*?—Ch.
- l. 56, *hawtinge* = *hawtane* (*hawtane in ky*, exceedingly haughty, Golag. & Gaw. 954).—Ch.
- p. 93, l. 81, read *pall*.—Ch.
- p. 94, l. 89, *I maruell hauie*, ? *I maruell sair* (sore)?—D.
- l. 93 (and l. 284), why not read *may*?—Ch.
- p. 95, l. 128, 138, *yare* = *ere*, of course.—Ch.
- p. 96, l. 155, read *gods*.—Ch.
- l. 165, "to my pay," i.e. "to my satisfaction."—D.
- l. 172, read *theo fall*: cf. p. 107, l. 29.—Ch.
- p. 97, l. 192, *bray* = *Sax*, *bregðan*, jactare.—Ch.
- l. 196, read *mo*: l. 181, comma after *good*: 182, : after *play*.—Ch.
- p. 98, l. 199, *chynnry*, see Way's note on Fomerel, *Promptorium*, p. 169. He says that the Fomerel was "kind of lantern, or turret open at the sides, which rose out of the roof of the hall, and permitted the escape of the smoke: the 'lovir or fomerill, where the smoake passeth out,'" *Witkal's Dict.* The term chimney seems not to have been originally synonymous with fomerel, but to have signified an open fire-place or chaser, such as the "chymneye with charecole," in the pavilion, in the *Aventyrs of Arture*. Cecilia de Homildon in 1407 bequeaths "unum magnum camisum de ferro, Abbathise de Durham."

Damesele, loke ther be  
A ffuyre in the *chymney*,  
ffagattus of fyre tre  
That fetchyd was jare.

*Sir Isumbra*, l. 1378, p. 234, *Thornton Rom.*—F.

There is an ancient "lovir or fomerill" of this kind yet remaining *in situ* on the roof of the hall of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The following note from a scarce and very learned book is perhaps worth reprinting:

"The fire was at this period [1362], and for three centuries afterwards, generally made upon the hearth-stone, upon a level with the floor; and that it was a fire indeed, is abundantly proved from the wide chimney-ranges which may still be seen in our ancient houses. Occasionally, however, an iron grate was used by the higher classes: this, which they call their iron chimney, was not a fixture attached to the wall like our modern fire-grates, but loose and moveable from room to room. The iron chimney was so important an article of furniture, that it is frequently entailed by will upon son after son in succession, along with the Flanders chest and over-sea coverlid." Rev. James Raine, D.C.L., *Hist. of North Durkham*, p. 101.

The same book informs us that in 1616 Margaret Crane had a suit against Jane Gates, in the Tweedmouth Manor Court, for wrongfully detaining her chimney. *Ibid.*, 243.

Chimney-backs were frequently ornamented with the legends of holy scripture or the heathen mythology. Sometimes they had coats of arms in them. I possess the back of one which was removed many years ago from

the Old Hall at Gainsbro'; it is dated 1658, and charged with the arms of Hickman, *Party per pale indented impaling a saltire couped*. The tinctures are of course not shown. The second coat is meant for Nevill, but has been blundered either by the person who drew the design or the man who executed it.—E. Peacock.

- p. 98, l. 290, bowles—*bailes*, handles.—Ch.  
 p. 99, l. 232, read [in] *invisible g[r]ay*.—Ch.  
 l. 238, *Stiddie* must be certainly *stithy* (or *stiddie*) a very common northern word for *Smithy*.—H. H. Gibbs.  
 note 4, for *walling* read *welling*.—D.  
 p. 101, l. 284, *mayd* should be *may*.—D.  
 l. 301, threat, apparently without words. Icelandic *þraeta*=verbis contendere, &c.—Ch.  
 p. 104, l. 13, read *dish-water*.—Ch.  
 p. 105, "Sir Steven, mentioned in v. 115," read "in v. 116."—D.  
 p. 106, l. 5, read, "And there he hath with [him] Queene Genever." See the preceding line but one.—D. and Ch.  
 p. 116, l. 168, that's *but skill?* but reason.—Ch.  
 p. 119, "And in the *Varietie*, 1649." The reader ought to have been told that this is a comedy by William Duke of Newcastle.—D.  
 p. 121, l. 18, read 'Musgrave.'—Ch.  
 l. 27. Mold. ? Wold.—H.  
 p. 122, l. 43, *heathen* can't be right. The reference is to an *unborn* child, as is obvious from "God be with them all three."—Ch. *Heathen* means 'unbaptised.'—Karl Blind.

- p. 123.           I haue bin at *Musselborow*,  
                  At the Scottish feeld. . .

1579, *The Marriage of Wit & Wisdom*, p. 41, l. 5, ed. 1846.

See Cotton MS. Cleopatra, A. xi.: "Recit de l'Expedition en Ecosse l'an 1547, et de la bataille de Musselberg ; par le sieur Berteville: dedié au roy Edward VI."—F. Muscleborow Feild is referred to in Tottel's Miscellany 1557. The Protector Somerset was accompanied to this battle (September 10, 1547) by William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh; this was Cecil's first piece of known service.—Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, ed. 1779, i. 6.—Hazlitt.

- p. 124, last line, is *cawt* right?—Ch.  
 p. 131, l. 21, read *plague*.—Ch.  
 l. 25, rhyme requires *never had*.—Ch.  
 l. 29, rhyme requires *children & race*.—Ch.  
 l. 30, rhyme requires *an end I make*.—Ch. and D.  
 p. 132, l. 7, read *Hildebrand*: l. 9, *Gamle*.—Ch.  
 p. 133, l. 6, *m&assalliance*.—Ch.  
 p. 134, l. 20, read *on one*.—Ch.  
 p. 137, l. 20, *dele by*: cf. l. 24.—Ch.

- p. 142. *Sir Launfawll*. For notices of three other MS. copies of Sir Launfal (besides that here printed) see Halliwell's "Mythology of A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1845. The fabliau or romance of *Launfal* is printed in Le Grand's *Fabliaux et Contes*, ed. 1829; and an English paraphrase of it appeared in "Tales of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," translated from the French of Le Grand (? by George Ellis) 1796.—H. See Appendix.

- p. 144, l. 6, Percy's note ought to be corrected.—Ch. *Wide where* is common in the sense *far and wide*.—Skeat.
- p. 147, l. 75, read *bastin*.—Ch.  
 l. 95, read *is* much fairer.—Ch.  
 l. 98, the rhyme requires *star*, which is *sense*.—Ch.  
 l. 97, ? "as far a deale."—D.
- p. 148, l. 121, *Ermine?*—Ch.  
 l. 131, belongs with 132 rather than with 130.—Ch. ? read *her hair* for *for it*.—F.
- p. 149, l. 152, *your* should be *you* (cf. 92, v. 35): is it not meant for *you* in MS.? —Ch.
- p. 151, l. 204, qy. *eft* we mee<sup>t</sup>e?—Ch.  
 l. 206-8 should be pointed:  
 "And thus he ryds thorrowout the citte,  
 While (*untill*) he came there (*where*) he shoulde have bee:  
 A merryer man they neere had seene."—Brockie.
- l. 215, 216, *wote*, *gott*, are impossible, and clearly slips of the pen.—Ch.
- p. 152, note 1, no doubt about *large* meaning liberal: common in French, and in this poem.—Ch.  
 l. 283, why not spell *Madam* right?—Ch.
- p. 153, l. 281. Mr. Halliwell's fragment has "And without ye Juge ryght."—F.  
 l. 282, *yenders night*—*order night*. *Ender-day* is common enough, in the sense of past, or passing, day.—Ch.
- p. 154, note 2, *clepas* is not common: *cleopias*, *clipias*, is the ordinary form.—Ch.
- p. 155, l. 382. The Douce fragment reads:  
 "The day was set her in to bryng."—F.
- p. 157, l. 414, *evermoe*, as in l. 392 also.—Ch.
- p. 159, l. 462, *of* soe rich a wise.—Ch.  
 l. 475, *at Lamwell by*. l. 477, *so* tarrying (*&* caught from tarry).—Ch.
- p. 161, l. 541, *Knight* should be *King*.—Ch.
- p. 165, l. 13, read *Gamle Folkeviser*.—Ch. *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser* (*Denmark's Old Popular Songs*) is a well known book by S. Grundtvig—published not many years ago.—Anon.
- p. 166, l. 2, read *Gunder*.—Ch.
- p. 167, l. 13, *the Lazar*. In his edition of *The Romance of the Emperor Octavian*, Percy Soc. 1844, Mr. Halliwell compares with the *lazar* put by Aldingar in the Queen's bed, the cook's knave sent by the Emperor's mother to the Empress's bed, in order to persuade the Emperor that his wife's twins are not his too.—F.
- p. 168, l. 47, more probably *laddie love*, as Percy has it: cf. l. 59.—Ch.
- p. 171, l. 126, *his nest*.—Ch.
- p. 172, l. 160, *seemest* as bigge.—Ch. *Foder* means a "wine-tun" (German *Fuder*), and is applied to Aldingar for his obesity. The hope that "God will send us to auger" carries out the idea of an auger being used to tap a cask, and implied that the "little one" hopes to let out Aldingar's life-blood.—W. L. Blackley.
- p. 173, l. 202. *Castis wall*, read *wold* or *mold*.—H.
- p. 177, l. 49, read *landles feir* for *Land seifer*.—Ch.
- p. 178, l. 79, read *Scoes*.—Ch.
- p. 182, for *Green Slaves*, read *Greensleeves*, a famous tune, mentioned by Shakespeare and many others.—D.

- p. 182, l. 8. Guilpin's book appeared in 1598.—H.  
 p. 185, l. 87, read *ever alacke*, (see p. 169, l. 65, 67).—Ch.  
 l. 100, I think Percy right in *twise*.—Ch.  
 p. 187, l. 143, read *fals steward* (*at* taken from steward).—Ch.  
 p. 192, l. 272, *knes* ought to be *eye*, see l. 268.—Ch.  
 p. 197, l. 416, *I-wis*—certainly; no question about it. Where is there a case of *I-wis*—I know?—Ch. In "as I wis," *John de Reuse*, l. 627, p. 563, vol. ii.—F.  
 p. 203, Dr. Wm. Knight's account of Flodden is in Ellis's *Original Letters*, 3rd series, vol. i. p. 163.—Ch.

Lesley's account of Flodden is as follows: "In this meane tyme the Erle of Surrey come fra the New castell with ane army of xl thousand men, and marcheit our the watter of Till toward Flowdown hillis, quhair the King lay; quhair thair wes harrald send one every syd, and the day of the battell appointit, to meit on the watter of Till the ix day of September; quhair the King tuik his camp and preairt him self redie for the battell, placeand his ordinancis and artillarie for the same, and send his quarell in wrift to the said Erle with Ilay the harrald, on the nycht precedeing the battell, beiring thir wordis:

"Quhair it is alleged that we are cum in Ingland aganis oure band and promeis, thairto we answer; Our brodir wes bound als far to us as we wer to him; and quhen we sware last befoir his ambassade in presens of oure counsall, we expressit speciallie in oure aithe, that we wald keip to our brodir gif oure broder keipit to us, and noct ellis. We suer our brodir brak first to us, and sen his brek we haif required diverse tymes him to amend, and laitlie we warnit oure broder, as he did noct us or he brak. And this we tak for oure quarell, and with Godis grace sall defend the same at your defixit tyme, quhilke we sall abyd."

"And quhen the day of the feild wes cumin, and the King marchand forwart toward the place quhair his enemye did camp the nycht precedeing, quhair he had the avantage of the grund, he wes schortlie advertised of the craft of the Inglis men, quha had that morning raierset thair camp, and marcheand about diverse hills and straitis, passit betuix the King and Scotland, thinckand to haif invaidit thame on thair backis, bot maid continewance to pas in Scotland, and burnit the Merse; sua the King wes maid to beleif be ane Englishman callit Giles Mousgraef, quhilke wes his famelier and espy, that the same wes done for ane policie, to caus the King and his army to leif the strentre and com doun fra the hill callit Flowdoun; and in his doun cummin the Inglis ordinaunce schot fast and did greit skaithe, and slew his principall gunnaris; bot the Kingis artillarie did small skaithe; be reson of the hicht quhair they stude, they shote over the Inglis army. They marched forward; the Erle of Huntly haveand the vanguard, the Lord Hwme and his frindes beand with him. The Erles of Crawford and Montrois had the reirgard, and the King him self wes in the gret battell, and with him the Erles of Argile, Lennox and dyvers utheris. One the Inglis syd, the Erle of Surreys eldest sonne had the vanguard, and Sir Edward Stanly, knyght, had the reirgard, and the Erle of Surry had the gret battell."

"The Scottis vanguard feirlie sett on with speris and lang weaponis, and certane horseman, and threw the maist part of the said vanguard of Ingland to the erd, slew mony of their folkis, and the uthers fled; yit thay quha did eschape joynit thame selfis to thair greit battell; quhilke the King persevand, believing all to be his awin, and that the ennemis had givin bakkis, avanceit forduart the battell, noct abyding the reirgard, him self being on fute with thame, set encourageouslie on the Erle of Surreis battell, quhair, estir mony arrowis schott on everie syde, and greit skaith done

thairwith, the said Sir Edward Stanley with his reigard come fireselie down of the hill of Brankistoun upon the back of the Kingis army, quhaein thay faucht cruellye one baith syds lang space; at last the victory inclinit to the Englis men, and mony of the Scottis men slane or takin prisoneris; yit nochtheles thair wes in that battell ane grter nombre of the Inglis men slane nor of the Scottis men. In this feild wes slane the King, the bischop of St. Androis his bastard sonne, the Erles of Crawford, Montrois, Eroll, Athole, with dyverse otheris, lordis and baronis.

On the morin the Inglis men caused seik the of Kinge James, body quhilk thay allegit thay gat, and carrieit to Berwyk and fra that to Richemond. Bot it is haldin for truth that the same wes the body of ane vther Scottis man callit the laird of Bonehard, quha wes slane in the saide feild. And it wes affirmit be sindre that the Kinge wes sene that same nycht levand at Kelso, and wes commonlie haldin that he wes ynt levand, and past in other contrries, speciallie to Jerusalem and the hally graif, to dryfe furth the rest of his dayis in pannence for his bygane and former offenceis. Bot howevir the matter come, he appeirit noct in Scotland esfir as King, no more than Charles Duik of Burgonye did appear in his cuntrieis esfir the battell of Nantsi; quhowbeit his pepill hald that vane opinione that he escapit fra that disconfiture alyve, and wald retorne againe.

This battell done, the Inglis men being sa soir handilit thairat, and as mony of thair folkis slane, thay wor glaid to retorne within thair cuntrey without farder invasiooun of Scotland, and sua the bourdouris wes at greit quietnes all the nixt yeir thairestir.

This battell wes callit the feild of Flodoun be the Scottis men, and Brankistoun be the Inglis men, becaus it wes striken one the hillis of Flodoun beyyd ane townn callit Brankistoun, and wes strikin the ix day of September 1513, at fore esfire none. The King deit thane in the xxv yeir of his regne, and xxxix yeir of his aige.—*Lesley's Historie of Scotland*, p. 94-96.

- p. 211. The epitaph in Flamborough Church was printed by me in the *Gent.'s Mag.* 1864, vol. i. p. 93. It had several times appeared in type before, but never accurately. I have not Weber's book to consult, but your quotation is not quite accurate. You may trust my imprint, for I copied it myself from the tomb. I send you a correction of the misprints, that if you should ever reprint it, you may make it *quite* right :

- 1. 8, for first *This* read *That*.
- 1. 11, small *n* for *northe* folke.
- 1. 21, strickith not strickteth.
- 1. 25, yow for you.—E. Peacock.

1. 8. See Greene's James IV., 1598; *La Rotta d' Scocesi*; Ritson's Ancient Ballads, &c., 1829, ii. 70-1. The piece in Harl. MS. 3526 is a superior copy of what was printed in 1664 and in 1674.—H.

- p. 212. In the 1829 edition of Ritson's *Anc. Songs* it is said that, though in the Catalogues, the MS. appears to have been lost or mislaid.—H.

1. 15, . after *Captaine*.—Ch.

- p. 213, l. 18-19, punctuation wrong: (needs correction in other parts of this poem.)—Ch.

p. 216, l. 86, read *lords*, *I you hate*.—Ch.

p. 217, note 5, read *glōa*.—Ch.

- p. 218, l. 111, read (probably) *call'd a carle*, but not necessarily: for *wold* is was in 111, 114.—Ch.

l. 112, read *doughtye* was, cf. l. 27.—Ch.

- p. 219, l. 135, note, Percy's absurd derivation of Kethericke from the Saxon should be noticed.—Ch.
- note 8, I wanted to express the fact that *light* is from Saxon *hleitan*, to cast lots: the phrase "light att a lott" — sortiti sunt sorte.—Ch.
- p. 220, l. 155, why not read, *with those?*—Ch.
- l. 186, read *be they mached* (*m* was caught from mached).—Ch.
- p. 221, l. 170, *sacdech* is an unlikely form: better *skatell* (=injurious) as in *Lyme MS.* l. 243.—Ch.
- p. 222, l. 200, *sett* again (l. 86) for *hete*.—Ch.
- p. 223, l. 228, Percy's explanation is ridiculous.—Ch.
- p. 225, l. 254, 257, read *fettled*, *settle*, for *settled*, *settle*.—Ch.
- p. 226, l. 269, *lanke is their loose* = meagre is their fame, would be good sense, but in l. 336 we have lost *is* (not in) their *loofe*, which, as a Saxon word, is more likely to be used than a French one. This makes me incline to "lanke is their *loose*" in 269.—Ch.
- l. 280, *wold with* (not *witt*) = *wold [go] with*: p. 392, l. 1204.
- p. 237, l. 298, read *fersly* for *freshly*.—Ch.
- p. 238, l. 315, *saugh*, not *saugh*.—Ch.
- p. 239, l. 330, *Cheshire for the shire*.—Ch.
- l. 335, common meaning of *forward* is good enough.—Ch.
- l. 336, *lost is*: note, Sax. is *lof*, not *lofe*.—Ch.
- p. 233, note 4, why l. 151?—Ch.
- p. 237, l. 39, 43, *bookes* should be *cookes*, see l. 55.—Ch.
- l. 52, let me never thee.—Ch.
- p. 248, l. 4, "where cappe and candle yode." That the true reading is—"where cuppe and candle stode" is *certo certius*. The quotation in the note about *cup* and *can* is a very unhappy one.—D.
- Dyce would read with Percy, *cawdle*, and says (*Skelton's Works*, ii. 267), "after the manner of great persons:" he is commenting on—
- Where you were wonte to haue  
cawdels for your hede,  
Nowe must you mouche  
mammockes and lumpes of bred.  
*Magnyscence*, l. 2034; *Skelton's Works*, i. 291.
- Cp. the ironical "Madame, I bileyue now that your straunge knight shall haue yet, or it be nighte, grete nede of some softe bedde to lye in your chambre, by that tyme my brother hath brewed a *cawdel* for his heed." Lord Berners's (translation of) *Arthur of Lylle Brytayne*, ed. 1814, p. 94.—F.
- p. 253, "The pamphlet was dramatised by Robert Greene." See his "Friar Bacon and Friar Bangay" in my two editions of his *Works*.—D.
- p. 266, l. 15, "shall gaine me favor from." An accidental transposition. Read, "shall gaine favor from me," or rather "shall favor gaine from me."—D.
- p. 268, *Eavies off Chester*. In the Harleian MS. 2149, fol. 198 back (or 179 b. in the Catalogue), is "A note of the dowings of Randle blundevile, E. of Chester, partly out of a manuscript in the handdes of m<sup>r</sup> bostock of Tathall, but put in verse by him, 1628." It is our *Eavies off Chester*, less the first 250 lines, and with a few additions of lines here, omissions there, and differences of wording. Its first two lines are
- Randle surnamed Blundevile  
the paragon of all the Ile.
- Between lines 272 and 273, p. 282, it introduces

in leicestershire he had much land,  
as well as men at his Comand.

and for lines 349 and 350, p. 285, it has :

but at the last the king returned  
to-ward his land with fame full great.  
By fraud of the Archduke he was  
tooke prisoner, who for him layd wayd.

On the other hand, it omits lines 341-2, 363-4, 356. To our l. 291, p. 283, it has a side-note, "Acon is Ptolomias." Line 264, it reads as Cole's MS. does :

of Earldomes made a mighty mass.

And it has a few variations in the wording of some lines, as

<i>Folio</i> , p. 283, l. 316,	all the holds they had gott before
<i>Bostock</i> ,	the houlds which they had won before
<i>Folio</i> , p. 285, l. 348,	the prisoners changed, & covenants kept
<i>Bostock</i> ,	the prisoners changed, & sheur wach kept
<i>Folio</i> , p. 286, l. 398,	as scandal was to the estate
<i>Bostock</i> ,	& scandalize vnto the state
<i>Folio</i> , p. 287, l. 409-10,	about Douer : but with inward greife
	or surfett, John departs this life
<i>Bostock</i> ,	about this tyme by poysone rife
	king John departed from this life.—F.

p. 272, l. 17, read *Pots[ies]*.—Ch.

p. 280, l. 219, insert . after *worth*, and connect the next verse with the following stanza.—Ch.

p. 282, l. 257, read [was] this younge Erle.—Ch.

l. 264, read *a mass for us in a see* (as in Cole's MS.)—Ch.

p. 291, l. 539, read *prince there hath*.—Ch.

p. 292, *Earle of Westmorlande*. See the Surtees Society's volume, No. 21, "Depositions respecting the Rebellion of 1669," &c., ed. by Dr. Raine.—H.

p. 294, *Earl of Westmoreland in Scotland*. See in notes to v. ii. the note on *John a Side*, ii. p. 203, last line but four, from Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 182-3.—F.

p. 296, l. 18, *a writer*. Lord Burleigh.—H.

p. 300, l. 6, *England free?*—Ch.

l. 8, *me fife*.—Ch.

p. 303, l. 79, read *middest of itt*: note 5 is wrong; *sitt* is a song, and in no other sense a "part" of a poem.—Ch.

p. 304, l. 83, *Civill Land*, should be explained *Seville*.—Ch.

p. 311, l. 293, read *markt*.—Ch.

p. 318, *Flodden Field*. The short ballad printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 117, and Weber's *Flodden Field*, 1808, has been reprinted by Mr. Maidment in his *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, p. 106.—F.

p. 325, l. 391, *mcrydden* should be *menradden* (or *menretten*, as in B), *Sax.* = vassalage, homage.—Ch. A.-S. *menræden*, state of a vassal, homage. Bosworth.—F.

p. 328, the note in column second should be marked "5."—D.

p. 343, l. 6, the *tayl* of the *zong* *tamlene*, and of the *bald braband*, the *ryng* of the *roy Robert*, *syr eyar and syr gryme*—*Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 99.—F.

p. 344, last line but three, called "romantic," read *call* "romantic."—D.

note 1, "Taylor's *Works*, 1634, folio, sign. Bb. 2," ought to be "Taylor's *Works*, 1630, folio, sign. Bb. 3."—D.

p. 354, l. 7, "a daughter younge." Here, no doubt, the author wrote "a daughter

- yinge.*" The same misspelling (*younge*) occurs afterwards, p. 427, l. 137, p. 429, lines 223, 230, and elsewhere.—D.
- p. 354, l. 26, *bachlow*, read *bachelere* (which we find in the next page, l. 42).—D.
- p. 355, last line but one of marginal synopsis, read *and* despoiled.—Ch.
- p. 357, l. 112, "was a steere," i.e. "was a-steere, on-steere, a-stir." In p. 363, l. 298, and in p. 374, l. 630, is *on steere*. And see Jamieson's *Dict.* in "*Asteer*."—D.
- p. 360, l. 179, *sore foughten*, read *forsfoughten*, i.e. "exhausted with fighting." See Jamieson's *Dict.* in "*Forfoucht*." I have often heard the common people in Aberdeenshire use the word *forsfoughten* in the sense of "over-wearied, quite knocked up."—D.
- p. 361, l. 222, *meetier* = need, Old French *mestier*: see l. 230.—Ch.
- p. 362, l. 246, *neare-hand*, Sax. *neah-hand*, almost.—Ch.
- p. 375, l. 672, *lowte*. Note, "perhaps *flowte*?" No: *lowte* is quite right: see my *Glossary to Shakespeare*.—D.
- p. 385, l. 1001, *possibly* (out of *stray*) *stray* is from F. *estrir*, and the meaning is the same as in the next line.—Ch.
- p. 391, l. 1182, *more* = bigger, here.—Ch.
- p. 392, l. 1197, for *soe soe rounde*, read *soe astounds*.—Ch.
- p. 395, l. 1310, *steven* = appointment (as in Chaucer).—Ch.
- p. 398, l. 1400, *fere* does not mean company, at any rate: probably ought to be *fare*, and the meaning is 'expedition' = escort.—Ch.
- p. 399, l. 1454, for 10 *children*, read 15 *children*.—D.
- l. 1455, 10 should of course be 5 (or 10 in l. 1454 15, less likely).—Ch.
- p. 412, l. 8. This Arthur ballad, like all the other Arthurian pieces in the *Barzaz Breiz*, is M. de Villemarqué's own invention, says M. le Men, in his preface to Lagadeuc's *Catholicon*, ed. 1867. Let no one trust M. Villemarqué an inch except when he is confirmed by other scholars.—F.
- p. 431, l. 284, *Vortiger* should be *Anguish*.—Ch.
- l. 285, *he [is] peace*: *must* = might, as often elsewhere.—Ch.
- p. 433, l. 341, *sooth* should be *same* or *safe*; no doubt caught from *southe* in the line before: never saw a case of *sooth* = very; it would be an odd coincidence.—Ch.
- note 6 is superfluous.—Ch.
- p. 434, l. 373, read *blive* for *blitke*.—Ch.
- p. 435, l. 401, read *sithen* that all was?—Ch.
- p. 443, l. 689, [of] or [with] some, etc.?—Ch.
- l. 671, *ever mo* (again).—Ch.
- p. 444, l. 698, *deane* = Sax. *dyne*, noise, as at p. 366, l. 371.—Ch.
- p. 450, l. 304, *against the law* should be *against the ley*.—D.
- p. 454, l. 1034, *wenne* = hope; a good Saxon word.—Ch.
- p. 456, l. 1086, *sende* (should be *send*) is the participle *sent*: note seems to have no meaning.—Ch.
- p. 467, note 5, *rēm*, *rēm*, is Saxon for cream.—Ch.
- p. 468, l. 1601, *warysd* is very like Sax. *warð*, *tristis*, etc.—Ch.
- p. 470, l. 1535, *verwone* = great way round about, Old French *viron* (in *environ*).—Ch.
- l. 1565, *skys* = demon; Gothic *stokel*, Sax. *scuccos*, Ger. *gesackecke*.—Ch.
- p. 471, l. 1582, *wynne* = minni, Icel. compar. of *litill*.—Ch.
- p. 472, l. 1604, cf. l. 1024, above; without hope (beyond peradventure).—Ch.

- . 473, no occasion for Percy's note (2); we have *young* and *found* in 1640-1.  
—Ch.
- p. 475, 476, l. 1709, l. 1757, ought not *he* to be *the*? *he*=Sax. *hi* does not occur elsewhere in the book.—Ch.
- p. 494, l. 2315, read [by] *Pendragon*.—Ch.
- p. 506, l. 227, "And then Kings sword then threw hee," read "And *the* Kings sword then threw hee."—D.
- p. 513, l. 182, *dole but*.—Ch.
- p. 516, l. 1, "Percy says that it is evident that Mary Ambree is the virago designated by Butler under the title of 'English Moll'; but this is a mistake. The 'English Moll' of Butler was the notorious Mary Carlton, sometimes called English Moll, or Kentish Moll, and commonly known as the German Princess. See Butler's *Poems, Annotated Ed.*, i. 96." Bell's *Early Ballads*, 1856, p. 158.
- p. 517, l. 34, *Ancynts*, i.e. *standards*. The explanation in the note is quite from the purpose.—D.

*CORRIGENDA.*

- p. 32, l. 7 from foot, *for late* read *lute*.
- p. 33, l. 4 from foot, *for Bexby* read *Burby*.
- p. 60, l. 9–10 from foot: *for Sagum of Karlamagnus og Hoppum Hans* read  
“Karlasmagnus-Saga of Kappa Hans” (af C. R. Unger), the Saga of Charle-  
magne and his Knights, (edited by C. R. Unger).
- p. 132, l. 10, *for Samle* read *Gamle* (*old*).
- p. 142, l. 5–6, the print, with the exception of one single page . . . has perished.  
*This is wrong. See the Appendix to vol. i. p. 520.*
- p. 158, l. 444, *for att,* the Halliwell Fragment has answered. *After att, insert doubt*  
*or strife.*
- p. 165, l. 15, *for Samle Folkevise* read *Gamle Folkeviser* (*old popular songs*).
- p. 172, l. 160, *fooder* is *Germ. fuder*, a *wine-tun*. *See notes.*
- p. 182, l. 6, *for Slaves* read *Sleeves*.
- p. 239, l. 342, *for will;* read *willm.*
- p. 338, note<sup>1</sup>, col. 2, *for ' read ^.*
- p. 359, l. 174, *for than* read *then*.
- p. 360, l. 176, *for and* read *&*.
- p. 364, l. 302, *for be* read *bee*.  
l. 304, *for would* read *wold*.
- p. 414, l. 8 from foot, *for 1857* read *1847*.
- p. 416, l. 11 from foot, *for Fables* read *Falles*.
- p. 469, l. 1533, *for as* read *was*.
- p. 516, l. 1, *for cold daunte* read *cold [not] daunte*.

## NOTES INSIDE THE COVER OF THE MS. BY PERCY.

Curious Old Ballads which occasionally I have met with.

Johny Faa, the Gypsie Laddie,  
"The Gipsies came to our good Lord's gate.

*Tea-Table Miscellany*: 1753, p. 427.<sup>1</sup>

N.B. This Vol. contains near 40,000 verses.

Reckoning 520 Pages, about 75 Lines to a Page, 39,000.

N.B. When I first got possession of this MS. I was very young, and being in no Degree an Antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it; which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its Margin. and in one or two instances for even taking out the Leaves to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful.

T. P.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE  
Nov: 7<sup>th</sup>, 1769.

Memdem

This very curious Old Manuscript in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn &c., I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend Humphrey Pitt Esq., then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Priorslee, near that town; who died very lately at Bath (viz. in Summer 1769). I saw it lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y<sup>e</sup> Parlour: being used by the Maids to light the fire. It was afterwards sent, most unfortunately, to an ignorant Bookbinder, who pared the margin, when I put it

into Boards in order to lend it to Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Pitt has since told me, that he believes the Transcripts into this Volume, &c. were made by that *Blount* who was Author of *Jocular Tenures*, &c. who, he thought, was of Lancashire or Cheshire, and had a remarkable Fondness for these old things. He believed him to be the same Person with that Mr. Thomas Blount who published the curious account of King Charles the 2<sup>d</sup> escape, intitled *Bocobet*, &c. Lond. 1660, 12<sup>m</sup>o which has been so often reprinted. As also The Law Dictionary, 1671, folio. & many other Books, which may be seen in Wood's Athene, II. 73, &c.

A Descendant or Relation of that Mr. Blount, was an Apothecary at Shiffnal, whom I remember myself (named also Blount). He (if I mistake not) sold the Library of his said predecessor Tho: Blount, to the abovementioned Mr. Humphry Pitt: who bought it for the use of his Nephew, my ever-valued friend the Rev<sup>r</sup> Rob<sup>r</sup> Binnel. Mr. Binnel accordingly had all the printed Books; but this MS., which was among them, was neglected and left behind at Mr. Pitt's House, where it lay for many years.

T. Percy.

N.B. Upon looking into Wood's Athene, I find that Tho: Blount, the Author of y<sup>e</sup> *Joc. Tenures*, was a Herefordshire Man; He may however have spent much of his time in Cheshire or Lancashire: or after all this Collection may have been made by a relation of his of the same Name.

<sup>1</sup> Also in Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, p. 143; and another version in Sheldon's *Min-*

*stry of the English Border*, p. 339; Child's *Engl. and Scot. Ball.*, iv. 263.—F.

# Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

## Ballads and Romances.

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### INTRODUCTION TO THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS.

THERE are already in print ballads dealing with the several subjects of the following Robin Hood ballad fragments. But they all differ, in a greater or less degree, from these. On the death of Robin Hood the piece here printed is certainly the most interesting known. Percy well calls it "a curious old song."

A few words may be said on the general question of the outlaw's personality. *Adhuc sub iudice lis est.* There are who represent him to have been simply a famous robber chief-tain, a great prince of outlaws—"latronum omnium humanissimus et princeps," to quote Mair's words—"prædonum mitissimus" in Camden's version of these words. Others insist that he was a great political leader, carrying on a perpetual guerilla warfare against his enemies, and finding refuge on occasion in the tangled labyrinths of the forests. A third theory denies him existence. According to it he is a mere creation of the Teutonic mind—a flesh-and-blood-less fancy. These are the three leading views entertained about him. The facts of the matter are, that he is first mentioned in literature in the "Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman," written probably

about 1362, and is there mentioned as the well-known hero of well-known popular songs. Says Sloth :

“I kan nocht parfitly my pater-noster  
As the priest it syngeth,  
But I kan rymes of *Robyn Hood*  
And Randolph Erl of Chestre.”

(Wright's P. P. 3275-8.)

His next mention is in Wyntoun's “Scottish Chronicle,” written about the year 1420. Wyntoun, writing of the year 1284, says:

Lytel John & *Robyn Hude*  
Waithmen ware commendyd gude ;  
In Yngilwode & Barnysdale  
Thai oysyd all this time thare trawale.

Some thirty years afterwards one of the additions to Fordun's “Scotichronicon” (such, and not of the original work, Mr. Wright has shown the passage to be), speaking of the De Montfort period, informs us : “Hoc in tempore de exhereditatis et bannitis surrexit et caput erexit ille famosissimus sicarius *Robertus Hode* et Littill Johanne cum eorum complicibus, de quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in coñœdiis et tragediis prurienter festum faciunt et super ceteras romancias mimos et bardanos cantitare delectantur.” (Goodall's “Forduni Scotichronicon, &c.” Edinb. 1769. ii. 104.) Sir John Paston, in Edward IV.'s time, lets us know that games in honour of Robin Hood were then zealously celebrated. “I have kepyd hym,” he writes of one of his servants, “thys iii yer to pleye Seynt Jorge, and *Robyn Hood* and the Shryf of Notyngham ; and now,” he adds complainingly, “when I wolde have good horse, he is goon into Bernysdale, and I without a keeper.” Towards the end of the fifteenth century the Robin Hood ballads were collected and woven together into one long poem known as the “Lytel Geste,” printed by Wynken de Worde somewhere about 1490, reprinted in Scotland in 1508. At least two ballads relating directly to Robin Hood—to say

nothing of several that allude to him--are found in MSS. of a certainly not later date than the oldest edition of the "Lytel Geste," viz.: "Robyn Hode and the Potter," first printed by Ritson from a MS. among Bishop More's collections in the Cambridge University Library, and "Robin Hood and the Monk," first printed in Jamieson's "Popular Ballads" from a MS. in the same library, and, according to Mr. Wright, possibly as old as Edward II.'s time, but certainly not so old as the ballad which is, or is the basis of, the Fourth Fit of the "Lytel Geste," as the spoiling of the monk there narrated is referred to in it. (See v. 93.)

In 1521 appeared Mair's "Historia Majoris Britanniae tam Angliae quam Scotiae," which may be said to contain the *locus classicus* on Robin Hood, inasmuch as the passage in it concerning him—whatever its sources—furnishes the earliest full description of him, and is adopted with scarcely any variation by Grafton and Stow and Camden, and along with the "Lytel Geste" forms the basis of that life in the Sloane MSS. No. 715 of which Ritson made so much use. Mair's therefore memorable words are: "Circa hæc tempora [Ricardi Primi], ut auguror, *Robertus Hudus Anglus, et Parvus Joannes latrones famatissimi* [not famosissimi, as sometimes quoted] *in memoribus latuerunt, solum opulentorum virorum bona deripentes*. Nullum nisi eos invadentem vel resistentem pro suarum rerum tuitione occiderunt. Centum sagittarios ad pugnam appetissimos Robertus latrocinis aluit, quos 400 viri fortissimi invadere non audebant. Rebus hujus Roberti gestis tota Britannia in cantibus utitur. Fœminam nullam opprimi permisit nec pauperum bona surripuit, verum eos ex abbatum bonis sublati opissare pavit. Viri rapinam improbo, sed latronum omnium humanissimus et princeps erat." About the middle and through the latter part of the sixteenth century and thenceforward allusions to Robin Hood abound.

Especially worthy of note are Latimer's complaint, in his sixth sermon before Edward VI., how, when he proposed preaching in some country church, "one of the parish comes to me, and says 'Sir, this is a busy day with us. We cannot hear you. It is *Robin Hood's* day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for *Robin Hood*. I pray you let them not,'" and the full description of the merry outlaws in Drayton's "*Polyolbion*," Song 26, and the notice given of Robin by Fuller in his "*Worthies*" in connection with Nottinghamshire. His story, we may add, was revised, and augmented again and again. The yeoman of the older ballads is transformed into an earl in the newer ones. A sentimental colour is given him. Maid Marian appears, and becomes a leading, absorbing part of the company. The fresh breezes of the greenwood are tainted with artificial odours. By Charles I.'s time the ballad-writers have all, like sheep, gone astray. They have improved away the genuine old picture. In 1670 was published the first known edition of the "*Garland*." In 1678 appeared a prose version of it, with the title "*The Noble Birth and gallant atchievements of that remarkable outlaw Robin Hood, together with a true account of the many merry and extravagant exploits he play'd, in twelve severall stories . . . Newly collected into one volume by an Ingenious Antiquary.*" (Reprinted in Mr. Thoms' "*Early English Prose Romances*.") Poor Robin's character sank sadly in the following century. He fell amongst mere thieves. About the middle of it came out "*The lives and heroick atchievements of the renowned Robin Hood and James Hind, two noted robbers and highwaymen.*" Nor did he recover his proper status till the year 1795, when Ritson put forth his hand and lifted him out of the mire. Ritson's "*Robin Hood*" is still the great treasure-house on the subject of the great outlaw. Not much of importance has been added to what his vigorous researches compiled some seventy years ago.

We know, then, nothing whatever of Robin Hood before he is the well-established favourite of the people. He is already a full-grown, most popular "fabula" when the first mention of him occurs. The first details about him are given some 150 years after the time at which they represent him to have lived. We cannot therefore attempt to make out from general literary or other sources the biography of Robin Hood. Some writers have essayed to eke it out with the assistance of the "Lytel Geste." They have taken the last "Fytte" of that string of ballads to be a more or less sober historical narrative. We cannot praise them. Such treatment of the old ballads seems quite unjustifiable. But if it were not so, there is nothing whatever in any one of the ballads to countenance the theories that Robin Hood was the last of the Anglo-Saxons, or one of the Dispossessed (exheredati) of the battle of Evesham days, or one of the Contrariantes (the Lancastrians) of Edward II.'s time. There is no touch of political faction or national antagonism in any one of them. Robin's controversy is with the rich as rich, not as Normans. On the other hand, we are not inclined to deny the existence of Robin Hood. There is a certain local precision and constancy in the ballads. We can well believe that Hood existed as actually as the Earl of Chester, with whom he is coupled in the "Piers Ploughman"—that some outlaw of the name did make himself famous in the North Country, *i.e.* the country to the north of the Trent, and especially about Barnesdale, in or just before the thirteenth century—that his fame spread, and grew, and was fed from a thousand sources utterly disconnected with its origin, till his name became a household word, and himself the universal darling of the common people. Of a circumscribed renown to begin with, he was presently sung of throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was adopted as the hero of the people, and they delighted to honour

him. In the darling of their fancy they soon forgot the original forester of the West Riding. He was made what they would have him be—a man after their own hearts. He was set up as their idol, and costumed and tricked out, no doubt, with ornaments and robes torn from the shoulders of less fortunate demigods. He absorbed the fames of his rivals. According to the poet,

. . . Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sint hominum corporuscula.

But death sometimes makes the opposite confession. In Robin Hood's case his insignificance ended with his life. When that his body did contain a spirit, a single district was room enough, but afterwards a kingdom for it was too small a bound. Thus the outlaw of Barnesdale grew to be the acclaimed hero of the English commons.

He became the hero of the commons as King Arthur of the higher classes. As the aristocratic period passed away, and the third estate advanced in power and importance, the great yeoman rivalled the great knight. Robin Hood with his merry men of the greenwood, Little John and Scarlet and Much, displaced King Arthur with his Knights of the Round Table, Lancelot and Gawain and Tristram. The archery meeting presently superseded the joust as the national pastime. The lance is shivered, so to speak; the longbow wins the day. This great transition is taking place rapidly in Chaucer's time. He gives a full picture, not only of the knight but of the yeoman,—of the typical heroes of both times, the old and the new,—of the nobles' darling and of the people's. The older ballads speak of Robin Hood especially as the yeoman, and connect him with the yeomanry, as in “Robin Hood and the Potter :”

Herkens, god yemen,  
Comley, corteyasse, and god,  
On of the best that never bar bon,  
Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hode was the yemans name,  
That was boyt corteys and fre.

and again :

God haffe mersey on Robyn Hodys solle,  
And saffe all god yemanrey.

and in the "Lytel Geste : "

Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,  
That be of frebore blode;  
I shall tell you of a good yeman,  
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robin, then, is the people's hero. He is the ideal champion of their cause—the helper of their extreme necessities—their great knight-errant and avenger—the representative freeman who spurns at the harshness of the laws, especially the Forest laws, and stoutly upholds his independence—the more equal distributor of riches, transferring from the opulent to the indigent.

The widow in distress he graciously relieved,  
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved.

Observe the instructions he gives his men in the "Lytel Geste : "

"Mayster," than said Lytell Johan,  
"And we our borde shall sprede,  
Tell us whether we shall gone,  
And what lyfe we shall lede;

Where we shall take, where we shall leve,  
Where we shall abide behynde,  
Where we shall robbe, where we shall greve,  
Where we shall bete and bynde."

"Thereof no fors," said Robyn,  
"We shall do well ynough;  
But loke ye do no housband harme,  
That tylleth with his plough;

No more ye shall no good yeman,  
That walketh by grene wode shawe,  
Ne no knyght ne no squyer,  
That woldes be a good felowe,

These byshoppes and these archebishoppes  
 Ye shall them bete and bynde;  
 The hye sheryfe of Notynghame,  
 Hym holde in your minde."

" This word shall be holde," sayd Lytyll Johan,  
 And this lesson shall we lern."

We cannot wonder at the fond pious wish of the last stanza of the poem :

Cryst have mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode!  
 For he was a good outlawe,  
 And dyde pore men moch god.

Not insignificant is the connection of him in one ballad with Jack Cade's daughter. The people, groaning and travailling, rejoiced to picture in him their great friend and succourer.

This hero of the people is, as we have said, a man after the people's own heart. He reflects the popular character, and is in this way most interesting and important. He is open-handed, brave, merciful, given to archery and venery, good-humoured, jocular, loyal, woman-protecting, priestcraft-hating, Mary-loving, God-fearing, somewhat rough withal, caring little for the refinements of life, and fond of a fight above all things. Such are the lineaments of the portrait handed down to us.

Besides the one of which we have spoken, there were two other respects in which Robin Hood was dear to the English people—viz. as the great archer, and as the great forester.

To archery the people were passionately attached. The longbow was the special weapon of the people. To it the most brilliant victories achieved in the French campaigns of the fourteenth century were due; and the faithful arm in battle was also the great domestic delight. Peace had its victories no less renowned than war. The butts were the constant resort in every town. Bowyers, and fletchers, and stringers, and arrow-head makers abounded. We were a great nation of archers.

Horace's Geloni did not deserve better to be styled quiver-bearing. Chaucer tells us of the yeoman :

A shef of pocock arwes bright and kene  
Under his belte he bar full thriftily.  
Wel cowde he dresse his takel yomanly ;  
His arwes drowped nought with fetheres lowe.  
And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.  
. . . . .  
Of woode-craft cowde he wel al the usage  
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer.  
. . . . .  
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene ;  
A forster was he sothely, as I gesse.

"In my time," says Latimer, in a well-known passage, "my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn me any other thing; and so I think other men did their children : he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with strength of arms, as divers other nations do, but with strength of the body : I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it; it is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, much commended in physic." As the practice fell into desuetude, strenuous efforts were made to revive it. The old artillery gave way to the new very slowly. It died hard, so to say. As late as in Charles II.'s time we find the fraternity of bowmen flourishing and rejoicing in the patronage of a queen. Robin Hood was the ideal archer. He is as constant to his archer's implements as Apollo :

Nunquam humeris positurus arcum.

He is as regularly represented as a shooter as St. Sebastian in the old pictures is as a shootee. He is the great "patron of archery"—a very quivered saint. His ballads never tire of describing his skill. In the shooting at Nottingham in the "Lytel Geste," set forth with much *gusto*,

Thryes Robyn shot about,  
 And always he slist the wand,  
 And so dyde good Gylberte,  
 With the whyte hande.

Lytell Johan & good Scatheloke  
 Were archers good & fre ;  
 Lytell Much & good Reynolde,  
 The worse wolde they not be.

When they had shot aboute,  
 These archours fayre & good,  
 Evermore was the best  
 Forsoth, Robyn Hode.

Hym delyvered the goode arōw,  
 For best worthy was he.

In "Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham,"

" I'le hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,  
 By the leave of our lady,  
 That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod  
 And I'le cause a hart to dye."

Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,  
 And a broad arrow he let flye,  
 He hit the mark a hundred rod,  
 And he caused a hart to dye.

Some say hee brake ribs one or two,  
 And some say he brake three ;  
 The arrow within the hart would not abide,  
 But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, & the heart did leap,  
 And the hart lay on the ground.

Shortly afterwards, with the same fatal weapon, he brings down fifteen foresters who treated him badly ; and when

The people that lived in fair Nottingham  
 Came running out amain,  
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood  
 With the foresters that were slain,

Some lost legs, & some lost arms,  
 And some did lose their blood ;  
 But Robin hee took up his noble bow,  
 And is gone to the merry green wood.

In his extreme hour, according to the "Garland,"

"Give me," says Robin, "my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up  
There shall my grave digg'd be."

"Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet;  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet."

Lastly, Robin Hood was dear to the English imagination as the representative of the forest life—as the joyous tenant of the greenwood—the spirit not to be cribbed and cabined in towns and cities, but rejoicing in entire unrestraint and the wildest freedom. For him too, in his rough way—

ἀδύ τι τὸ φιθύρισμα καὶ πίτυ, αἰρόλε, τῆν  
ἀποταῖς παγασί μελοθεται.

The greenwood is the home of his heart. The ballads that celebrate him are redolent of it. They are inspired by the breath of its breezes. They re-echo with the songs of its birds. They rejoice with a great joy in its abundant beauty. There is nowhere in our literature a heartier delight in the woodland than in these ballads. Take the opening lines of "Robin Hood and the Monk:"

In somer when the shawes be sheyne,  
And leves be large & longe,  
His is full merry in feyre foreste  
To here the foulys song,

To se the dore draw to the dale,  
And leve the hilles hee,  
And shadow him in the leves grene,  
Under the grenc-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide  
Early in a May mornynge,  
The son up faire can shyne,  
And the briddis mery can syng.

*"This is a mery mornynge," said Litulle Johnne,  
"Be hym that dyed on tre;  
A more mery man than I am one  
Lyves not in Christianté.*

*Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,  
Litulle Johnne can sey,  
And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme,  
In a mornynge of May."*

What bright, healthful happiness in a May morning ! "Oh evil day, if I were sullen !" says with all his heart this outlaw of the fourteenth century. No wonder if Robin Hood came to be the type of such happiness; and that Shakespeare, when portraying it with an exquisite grace and sympathy in the sweetest of all pastoral poems, recalls him to mind, and makes Charles the Wrestler answer in this wise Oliver's question, "Where will the old duke live ?" "*They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.*"

## Robin Hood, A Beggar, & the Three Squires.<sup>1</sup>

[Printed from this MS. in Jamieson's "Popular Ballads," ii. 49.]

No other copy exactly like this is known. There are, besides it, two other ballads known as "Robin Hood and the Beggar." One of them tells how Robin Hood was severely beaten and left for dead by a beggar, and how his followers, who pursued the maltreater of their master to punish him, were ludicrously foiled. It has nothing to do with the present ballad. The second Part of the other of them, and that of the present ballad, are substantially the same; and with these second Parts may be compared "Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Three Sons," and "Robin Hood rescuing the Three Squires." The first Parts differ in that here the beggar is an old man, whereas in the other ballad the beggar is "brave and stout," as jolly a beggar as Robin Hood ever beheld with his eye, whose "mickle long staffe" proves more than a match for the great outlaw's "nut-brown sword;" and the exchange of clothes is made only after some hard and sore fighting.

Extracts from the black-letter copy of "Robin Hood and the Beggar" in Anthony à Wood's collection are printed below. The tune assigned by Dr. Rimbault (Musical Illustrations of Robin Hood, in Gutch's Ballads) to "Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Son" is another version of "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor" (see Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music," v. 2, p. 390).

<sup>1</sup> Our title. Percy's is, "Fragm<sup>t</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> Ballad of Robin Hood & the Old Man, or rather the Beggar." He adds, "But see Ritson's 2nd vol. No. xxiii. p. 151."—F.

[one line perished]

Robin Hood  
proposes to  
change  
clothes with  
an old  
beggar.

' in faith thou shal[t<sup>2</sup>] haue mine,  
& 20<sup>l</sup> in thy pursse  
4 to spend att ale and wine."

[page 5 of MS.<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> The corresponding ballad to this, (though differing from it as above said) in Ant. à Wood's collection 401, fol. 23 b, and *Robin Hood's Garland*, London 1670, sign. C. 2, may supply the introductory verses. It begins thus—

#### ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR:

Shewing how *Robin Hood* and the Beggar fought: and how he changed Clothes with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to *Nottingham*: and how he saved three Brethren from being hang'd for stealing of *Deer*.

To the tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

Come light & listen you Gentlemen all,  
*hey down, down, an a down,*  
That mirth do love for to hear,  
and a story true, Ile tell unto you,  
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment was,  
*hey down, &c.* †  
And Archery was holden good,  
there was an Out-law, as many did  
know  
Which Men called *Robin Hood*.

Vpon a time it chanced so,  
*hey down, &c.*

Bold *Robin* was merry disposed:  
his time to spend, he did intend  
Either with Friend or Foe.†

Then he got vp on a gallant brave Steed,  
*hey down, &c.*

The which was worth angell<sup>s</sup> ten,  
with a Mantle of green, most brave to  
be seen,  
He left all his merry-men.

\* The later Pepys copy of the Garland (in vol. iii. of *Penny Merriments*) prefixes *With a.*  
† with a key, &c.—*Garl.* 1670, and throughout  
the same, except in verse five, see note 1 below.  
‡ Foe.—*Garl.* § Angels.—*Garl.*

And riding towards fair *Nottingham*,  
*hey down, &c.* ||

Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a jolly Beggar  
As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old patcht coat the Beggar had one,  
*hey down, &c.*

Which he daily did vse for to wear,  
and many a bag about him did wag,  
Which made *Robin Hood* to him repair.

God-spēd, God-spēd, said *Robin Hood*, ¶  
*hey down, &c.*

What Country-man, tell to\*\* me,  
I am *Yorkeshire* sir, but ere you go far  
Some Charity give vnto me.

Why what wouldst thou have, said *Robin Hood*,

*hey down, &c.*  
I pray thee tell vnto me,  
no Lands nor Livings, †† the Beggar  
he said,  
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said *Robin Hood* then,  
*hey down, &c.*

But a Ranger within the Wood,  
I am an Out-law as many do know,  
My name it is *Robin Hood*.

[The fight follows. After it, the ballad continues]

Now, a change, a change, cri'd *Robin Hood*,  
*hey down, &c.*

Thy Bags and Coat give me,  
and this Mantle of mine, ile to thee  
resign,

My Horse and my braverie.

[For the perished line above, we may read]

[Though thy clothes are ragged and torn,]

\* a piece torn out of the MS.—F.

† The pages are called folios. The

; with a key, &c.—*Pepys.* derry derry down.—  
*Garl.*

¶ said *Robin Hood* then.—*Garl.*

\*\* unto.—*Garl.*

†† living.—*Garl.*

"Though your<sup>1</sup> clothes are of light lincolne  
green,

The old man  
thinks he is  
mocking  
him;

& mine gray russett and torne,  
yet it doth not you beseeme  
8 to doe an old man scorne."

"I scorne thee not, old man," says Robin,  
"by the faith of my body:

Robin says  
no.

12 doe of thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine  
for it may noe<sup>2</sup> better bee."

But Robin did on this old mans hose,  
thé<sup>3</sup> were torne in the wrist<sup>4</sup>;  
"when I looke on my leggs," said Robin,  
16 "then for to laugh I list."

They change  
clothes ; and  
Robin,

But Robin did on the old mans shooes,  
& thé were cliitt<sup>5</sup> full cleane :  
"now, by my faith," sayes Little Iohn,  
20 "these are good for thornes keene."

Little John,  
and Scarlett  
joke over  
Robin's new  
costume.

But Robin did on the old mans cloake,  
& it was torne in the necke :  
"now, by my faith," said w<sup>m</sup> Scarlett,  
24 "heere shold be set a specke.<sup>6</sup>"

first was numbered 7, and then turned into 5. The following pages to p. 14 have been also similarly treated; there the alteration stops, and so p. 15 follows p. 12. The word *folio* in MS. numbering has undergone an unhappy change. The scribes of the grand Vernon MS. and its incomplete duplicate in the British Museum, rightly called the two leaves of their MSS. opened before them a *folio*, just as a modern bookkeeper does the left- and right-hand pages of his open ledger. Afterwards the meaning of the term *folio* was altered to the leaf in our modern sense, the front and back sides or pages of the same piece of paper,

and then *recto*, and *verso* or *back*, had to be added to it.—F.

<sup>1</sup> The expansions or extensions of the contractions in the MS. are printed in italics.—F.

<sup>2</sup> now, q.—Percy.

<sup>3</sup> They is often written *the* in the MS. To prevent a check in reading, such *the's* are printed "thó"; but there is never any accent in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> twist, q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> One of the *i's* only is dotted in the MS. The word doubtless means *clouted*, as in "Little John, the Beggar, and the three Palmers," l. 12, p. 48 below.—F. <sup>6</sup> slit, q.—P. <sup>6</sup> speck, patch.—F.

But Robin did on this old mans hood,  
itt gogled<sup>1</sup> on his crowne :  
“when I come into Nottingham,” said Robin,  
28                   “ my hood it will Lightly downe.

Robin gives  
his men their  
instructions.

“ But yonder is an outwood,” said Robin,  
“ an outwood all, and a shade,  
& thither I reede you, my merrymen all,  
32                   the ready way to take,

And when you heare my litle horne blow,  
34                   come raking all on a rowte”<sup>2</sup>

[*half the leaf gone, as all the half-leaves up  
to page 58 inclusive are gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> To *goggle* is thus like *coggle* or *joggle*,  
to be unsteady, to roll to and fro.  
“ Then passed they forth *gogeling* with  
their hedis.” Chaucer, Prol. March-  
aundes 2nd Tale. Wedgwood.—F.

<sup>2</sup> To fill up the gap in the story,  
take this from Wood’s Ballad 401, and  
the *Garland* of 1670 :

When *Robin* had got the Beggars cloaths  
with a *key*, &c.  
He looked round about,  
methinks, said he, I seem to be  
A Begger brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my Bread,  
with a *key*, &c.  
So have I another for Corn,  
I have one for Salt, and another for  
Malt,  
And one, for my little Horn.

And now I will a begging go,  
with a *key*, &c.  
Some charity for to find,  
And if any more of *Robin* you’ll know,  
In this second part it’s behind.\*

### [Part II.]

Now *Robin* he is to *Nottingham* bound,  
*key down*, &c.  
With his bags hanging down to his knée,  
his staff & his coat, scarce worth a  
grant,  
Yet merrilie passed he.

As *Robin* he passed the Streets along,  
*key down*, &c.  
He heard a pittifull cry,  
thré Brethren† deer, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to‡ dye.

Then *Robin* he highted to the Sheriffs, ||  
*key down*, &c.  
Some Reliefs for to seek,  
he skipt and leapt, and capored full  
high,  
As he went along the street.

But when to the Sheriffs doore he came, ¶  
*key down*, &c.  
There a Gentleman fine and brave,  
thou Beggar, said he, come tell vnto me,  
What is it that thou wouldest have?

\* its known.—*Carl.* 1670. behind.—*Pepys’*  
copy.

† printed *Bredred.*

‡ for to.—*Carl.*

§ printed *Robin*.—*Carl.*  
|| hited to the Sheriffs house.—*Carl.*

¶ When to the Sheriffs house he came.—  
*Pepys.*

[then Robin set his] horne to his mowth,  
a loud blast cold h[e] blow,  
ffull 300<sup>d</sup>, bold yeomen  
came rakinge all on a row.

[page 6.] His men appear at his summons.

38

But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread,  
soe did he his staffe with a face,  
& in a doublet of Red veluett  
42      this yeoman stood in his place.

Robin throws off his disguise

42

But Robin he lope, & Robin he threw,  
he lope over stocke and stone;  
but those that saw Robin Hood run,  
46      said he was a liuer<sup>l</sup> old man.

“But bend your bowes & stroke your strings,  
set the gallow tree aboute,  
& christe cursse on his heart,” said Robin,  
50      “that spares the Sheriffe & the sergeant<sup>3</sup>!”

and bids his men not spare the Sheriff and the Sergeant.

When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold shoote,  
he held vp both his hands,  
sayes, “ask, good Robin, & thou shalt haue,  
54      whether it be house or land.”

The Sheriff gives way.

No meat nor drink, said *Robin Hood* then,  
*key down*,<sup>\*</sup> *gc.*  
That I come here to crave,  
but to beg the lives of Yeomen throe,  
And that I fain would have.

There was many a weeping eye,  
O hold your peace, said *Robin* then,  
For certainly they shall not dye.

That cannot be thou bold Beggar,  
*key down*, *gc.*  
Their<sup>t</sup> Fact it is so elder,  
I tell to thee, hang'd they must be,<sup>†</sup>  
For stealing of our Kings Deer.

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *detire de sa personne*: com. An active nimble wight, whose joints are not tyed with points; one that can wield his limmes at pleasure.—Cotgrave, A.D. 1611. I waxe nymble or, *delyver* of my ioyntes. *Je me assoupis*.—Palgrave, A.D. 1530.—F.

But when to the Gallows they did come,  
*key down*, *gc.*

<sup>2</sup> For sergeant Jamieson would read his route.—F.

\* printed poem.  
† That.—Pepys.

‡ they hanged must be.—Geri.  
§ Robin Hood.—Pepys.

Robin insists  
on the  
release of the  
three squires.

"I will Neither hane house nor land," said Robin,  
"nor gold, nor none of thy ffee,  
but I will hauie those 3 squires  
to the greene florest with me."

They are the  
King's  
felons, says  
the Sheriff.

"Now Marry, gods<sup>1</sup> forbott,<sup>2</sup>" said the Sheriffe,  
that euer *that* shold bee;  
for why, they be the kings ffelons,  
they are all condemned to dye."

Release them  
or be hanged  
yourself,  
says Robin.

"But grant me my askinge," said Robin,  
"or be me faith of my body  
thou shalt be the first Man  
shall flower this gallow tree."

"But I wi[ll] hauie t]hose 3 squires<sup>3</sup>  
[half a page gone.]

<sup>1</sup> This may be "god." To many of the final *d*'s is a tag, which often means nothing, and often means *s*. Here it is longer than usual, as also in "Eger and Grine," l. 230. *Forbott* I take to be a noun, the "Godys *forbode!* quoth his felowe" of Piers Plowman's Creed, l. 825; and so the phrase is like the old "Gods Mercie."—*K.*

<sup>2</sup> Forebedyng (or *forbode*, or fore-fendyng). *Prohibicio, inhibicio.* Promptorium, ab. A.D. 1440.—*F.*

<sup>3</sup> The common Aldermary-churchyard version in Ritson, ii. 216, ends with—

"O take them, O take them," says great master sheriff,  
"O take them along with thee;  
For there's never a man in fair Notting-ham  
Can do the like of thee."

The ballad from Wood's collection 401 and *Robin Hood's Garland* 1670, quoted above, ends thus—

shoot East, shoot West, said Robin then,  
And look that you spare no man.

Then they shot East, and they shot West,  
*key down, &c.*

Their arrows were so keen,  
the Sheriffe he, and his companie,  
No longer must<sup>\*</sup> be seen.

Then he stept to these Brethren thrée,  
*key down, &c.*  
And away he had them tane,<sup>†</sup>  
but<sup>‡</sup> the Sheriff was crost & many a man lost,  
That dead lay on the Plain.

& away they went into the merry green-wood,  
*key down, &c.*

And sung with a merry glée,  
and Robin<sup>§</sup> took these Brethren good,  
To be of his Yonandriée. *T. R.*

*London, Printed for Francis Grove, on Snow-hill. Entered according [to] Order.*

The later York *Robin Hood's Garland* version of the Rescue of the Widow's Three Sons, as given by Child, has—

They took the gallows from the slack,  
They set it in the glen,  
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,  
Releas'd their own three men.

\* could.—*Pepys.*  
† As them had tane.—*Carr.*

<sup>‡</sup> no but in Pepys copy.  
<sup>§</sup> *Robin Hood.*—*Pepys.*

## Robin Hood and the Butcher.<sup>1</sup>

[Another version in Ritson's "Robin Hood," ii. 27. Child, v. 33.]

THE present copy is like no other in diction, though in substance it is a compound of "Robin Hood & the Potter," and "Robin Hood & the Butcher." In the First Part Robin Hood meets with his match in a Butcher, as elsewhere in a Beggar, in a Tinker, in a Tanner, in a Pinder, in a Potter. This incident does not appear in the common version of "Robin Hood and the Butcher." Nor in it is the Sheriff's wife mentioned except in the line,

"O have me commended to your wife at home."

But Robin he walkes in the g[reene] fforrest [page 7.]  
 as merry as bird on bughe,  
 but he that feithches good Robins head,<sup>2</sup>  
 4 heele find him game enoughe.

Robin's head  
will be some  
trouble to  
get.

But Robine he walkes in the greene fforrest  
 vnder his trusty tree,  
 sayes "hearken, hearken, my merrymen all,  
 8 what tydings is come to me :

The Sheriffe he hath Made a cry,  
 heele have my head I-wis,<sup>3</sup>  
 but ere a tweluemonth come to an end  
 12 I may chance to light on his."

The Sheriff  
says he'll  
have it;  
  
Robin thinks  
not.

<sup>1</sup> Title from Percy, who prefixes  
"Fragm' of."—F.

<sup>2</sup> The d has a tag to it.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> A.S. *gewis*, certainly.—F.

He spies a  
butcher

16

Robin he marcht in the greene forrest,  
vnder the greenwood spray,<sup>1</sup>  
and there he was ware of a proud bucher  
came driuing flesh by the way.

with a dog,  
which flies  
at Robin's  
face, and is  
slain by him.

20

the Bucher he had a cut taill dogg,<sup>2</sup>  
& at Robins face he flew;  
but Robin, he was<sup>3</sup> a good sword,  
the buchers dogg he slew.

The butcher  
waxes wroth

24

"Why slayes thou my dogg?" sayes the bucher,  
"for he did none ill to thee;  
by all the saints that are in heaven  
thou shalt hane buffets 3."

and graps  
his staff.

28

He tooke his staffe then in his hand  
& he turnd him round about,  
"thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head,  
good fellow, thoust<sup>4</sup> haue it letten out."

<sup>1</sup> spray?—P. ? roof, from Scotch *scraws*, "thin turfs, pared with flaughter-spades, to cover houses." *Gall. Encycl.* in Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> "Curtail-Dog. Originally the dog of an unqualified person, which, by the forest laws, must have its tail cut short, partly as a mark, and partly from a notion that the tail of a dog is necessary to him in running. In later usage, *curtail-dog* means either a common dog, not meant for sport, or a dog that missed his game."—Nares. Fr. Bertauder. To *curtail* a horse: to cut off his ears and taise; also, to notch, or cut the haire unevenly. Cot.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ware?—P.

A Nottingham friend near Southwell told me that this form in *st* had died out of his part of the county, and suggested inquiry in "Robin Hood's haunts, which were principally on the Yorkshire side." The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, of Danby, Yarm, North Riding, writes: "thoo's for thou shalt, and he's for he shall, is usual enough here. And we have a common idiom for the expression

of necessity laid upon one, which often takes as much a future as an obligatory sense. Thus when a farmer is paying wages, a man leaving him, and told to send another in, will say to his fellow-workman, 'Jossey, thou's t' gan in te t'Maaster.' This may be your *thoust*. It is simply an abbreviation of *thou is to*." *Is* in the early Northern dialect was an indeclinable present, as is well known; but for the common use of the *'st* for *'ll* we must look to Lancashire. See in Waugh's *Sketches of Lancashire Life*, 1857, "Theast have a quart o' th' best ale i' this hole i' the lives till the comes deawn again," p. 27; "Theast have a quart ov ale," p. 28; "Theast have a saup oth' best brawns ale as ever lips did seawk" [from Samuel Bamford], p. 49; and for *I shall*, at p. 205, "But then ew'et come to 't [old age and giving up work] in a bit, yo know'n—aw'st come to 't in a bit." The *Tyneside Songster* has, "I 'se tip you a sang," p. 76; "aw'll knock oot yur e'e; if aw don't aw'll be kist," p. 46. The Rev. Mr. Hunt, rector of Sutton, near Retford, Notts, says he

“ He that does that deed,” sayes Robin,  
 “ Ile count him for a man,  
 but that while will I draw my sword,  
 32      and fend it<sup>1</sup> if I can.”

But Robin he stroke att the bloudy Bucher  
 in place were he did stand,

Robin de-fends him-self.

[half a page gone.<sup>2</sup>]

“ I [am] a<sup>3</sup> younge bucher,” sayes Robin,  
 “ you fine dames am I come amongo ;  
 but ouer I beseech you, good M<sup>r</sup> Sheriffe,  
 38      you must see me take noe wronge.”

[page 8.] Robin, disguised as a butcher, calls at the Sheriff's house.

“ Thou art verry welcome,” said Master Sherriffs  
 wife ;  
 “ thy inne hcere up<sup>4</sup> take :  
 if any good ffellow come in thy companie,  
 42      hecest be welcome for thy sake.”

The Sheriff's wife wel-comes him.

Robin called ffor ale, soe did he for wine,  
 and for it he did pay :  
 “ I must to my markett goe,” says Robin,  
 46      “ for I hold time itt of the day.”

After drink-ing ale and wine, and paying therefor,

But Robin is to the markett gone  
 Soe quickly & belieue,<sup>5</sup>

Robin goes to market,

“ cannot call to mind ever having heard  
 the ‘z for ‘ll used, either where he now  
 lives or in another part of Notts, quite  
 in Sherwood Forest, where he used to  
 reside.”—F.

<sup>1</sup> fend it (defend his head).—P. “ To  
 fend a stroke, to ward off a blow.”  
 Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Wood's ballad No. 401, folio 19 b,  
 yields nothing to fill up the gap, but—

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
 with key, &c.

his Butchers trade for to begin,  
 With good intent to the Sheriff he went,  
 and there he took up his Inn.

In “ Robin Hood & the Potter ” (Child, v. 20-2) Robin is beaten by him, rescued by Little John and his fellows, changes clothes with the Potter, and goes into Nottingham to sell his pots. He doesn't lodge at the Sheriff's, but is asked to dinner by that functionary's wife.—F.

<sup>3</sup> I am a.—P.

<sup>4</sup> to ?—P.

<sup>5</sup> believe, suddenly.—F.

undersells  
the other  
butchers,      50      he sold more flesh for one peny  
                        then othe[r] butchers did for .5.

and is  
crowded  
with cus-  
tomers till  
all his stock  
is sold.      54      Thé drew about the younge bucher  
                        like sheepe into a fold,  
                        yea neuer a bucher had sold a bitt  
                        till Robin he had all sold.

But his re-  
ceipts are  
small.      58      When Robin Hood had his markett made,  
                        his flesh was sold and gone,  
                        yea he had receiued but a litle Mony,  
                        but 30<sup>v</sup> pence and one.

The other  
butchers  
propose to  
drink with  
him.      62      Seaven butchers, thé garded Robin Hood  
                        ffull many time & oft,  
                        sayes " we must drinke with you, brother bucher,  
                        its custome of our crafte."

He appoints  
the Sheriff's  
hall for that  
purpose.      66      " If that be the custome of your crafte,  
                        as heere you tell to me,  
                        att 4 of the clocke in the afternoone  
                        at the sheriffs hall I wilbe.<sup>1</sup>"

[half a page gone.]

<sup>1</sup> From Wood's ballad No. 401, fol. 20,  
we can supply here:—

But when to the Sheriff's house they  
came,  
with key down, down, an a down  
to dinner they hied space,  
And Robin he, the man must be,  
before them all to say Grace.

Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,  
with key, &c.  
and our meat within this place,  
A Cup of Sack so good, will nourish our  
blood,  
and so I do end my Grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,  
with key, &c.

let us merry be while we do stay,  
For wine and good cheér, be it never so  
dear,  
I vow I the reckning will pay.

Come brother be merry, said jolly Robin,  
with key, &c.  
let us drink and never give ore,  
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
if it cost me five pounds and more.

This is a mad blade, the Butchers then  
said,  
with key, &c.  
saies the Sheriff he is some Pro-  
digal,  
That some Land has sold for silver and  
gold,  
and now he doth mean to spend all.

“if thou doe like it well,  
yea heere is more by 300<sup>m</sup>  
70      then thou hast beasts to sell.”

[page 9.] The Sheriff makes an injudicious display of his wealth.

Robin sayd naught, the more he thought,  
“Mony neere comes out of time;  
if once I cacth thee in the<sup>1</sup> greene fforest,  
74      that mony it shall be mine.”

Robin says nothing, but thinks the more.

But on the next day 7 butchers  
came to guard the sherife that day,  
but Robin he was the whighest<sup>2</sup> man,  
78      he led them all the way.

Next day the Sheriff, with a guard of seven butchers, guided by Robin,

He led them into the greene fforest,  
vnder the trusty tree;  
yea, there were harts, & ther were hynds,  
82      & staggs with heads full high.

visits the forest.

Yea, there were harts and therow were hynds,  
& many a goodly fflawne:  
“Now praised be god,” says bold Robin,  
86      “all these they be my owne.

Robin shows him his cattle.

“These are my horned beasts,” says Robin,  
“Master sherriffe, which must make the stake.”  
“but euer alacke, now,” said the sheriffe,  
90      “that tydings comes to late ! ”

The Sheriff is troubled.

Hast thou any horn beasts, the Sheriff  
replid,  
with key, &c.  
good fellow to sell unto me?  
Yes that I have good Master Sheriff,  
I have hundreds two or three.

And a hundred aker of good free Land,  
with key, &c.  
if you please it to see,

And Ile make you as good assurance  
of it,  
as ever my Father made me.

<sup>1</sup> MS. “cacth in thy.” The spelling *cacth* is retained, because it occurs again in “The Fryar and Boy,” line 244 (Loose Songs), and in *match* for *match*, “Scottish Field,” l. 316. It may be a provincial peculiarity.—F. thee in the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> nimblest, Sw. *tig*.

At Robin's  
signal his  
men appear

Robin sett a shrill horne to his mouth,  
& a loud blast he did blow,  
& then halfe a 100<sup>4</sup> bold archers  
came rakeing on a row.

94

and welcome  
him back.

But when th  came befor bold Robin,  
even there th  stood all bare,  
“you are welcome, Master, from Nottingham !  
98 how haue you sold your ware ? ”<sup>1</sup>

[half a page gone.]

100

it proues bold Robin Hood.

(page 10.)

The Sheriff  
groans over  
his losses.

They would  
have inclu-  
ded his head,

“ Yea, he hath robbed me of all my gold  
& siluer *that enuer I had :*  
but that I had a verry good wife at home,  
I shold haue lost my head.

104

<sup>1</sup> “Robin Hood and the Potter” (Child, v. 30) from MS. More, Ee. 4, 35 in the Cambr. Univ. Libr. has for l. 97-8 of our Percy MS. text—

“Master, how haffe you far yn Not-ynggam ?

How haffe yow sole yowr war ? ”

then makes Robin rob the sheriff of his horse and all his other gear, “hother ger,” and send him back on foot, with a present of an ambling horse to his wife from Robin. He tells his wife how he has been served; she laughs at him, and says—

“Now haiffe yow payed for all the pottys  
That Roben gaffe to me.”

Wood’s ballad of “Robin Hood and the Butcher” ends thus:—

What is your will, then<sup>\*</sup> said little John,  
with key, &c.  
good Master<sup>†</sup> come tell it to me,  
I have brought hither the Sheriff of Not-  
tingham  
this day to dine with thee.

He is welcome to me, then said little  
John,  
with key, &c.

I hope he will honestly pay,  
I know he has gold, if it be<sup>‡</sup> but well  
told,  
will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his  
back,  
with key, &c.  
and laid it upon the ground,  
And out of the Sheriff’s Portmantle  
he told th e hundred pound.

Then Robin he<sup>§</sup> brought him thorow the  
wood,  
with key, &c.  
and set him on his dapple gray,  
O have me commended to your wife at  
home,  
so Robin went laughing away.

London, Printed for F. Grove on Snow  
Hill. Entered according to Order. Finis.  
T. R.

\* Master.—Pepys.

† I pray you.—Pepys.

‡ were.—Pepys.

§ no he in Pepys.

But I had a verry good wife at home  
which made him gentle cheere,  
& therfor pro my wifes sake

108      I shold haue better favor heere.

“ But such favor as he shewed me  
I might haue of the devills dam,  
that will rob a man of all he hath,  
112      & send him naked home.”

“ That is very well done,” then says his wiffe,  
“ itt is well done, I say,  
you might haue tarryed att Nottingham

116      soe fayre as I did you pray.”

“ I haue learned wisdome,” sayes the sherriffe,  
“ & wife, I haue learned of thee,  
but if Robin walke east, or he walke west,

120      he shall neuuer be sought for me.”

but for  
his wife's  
hospitable  
treatment of  
Robin.

His wife  
says, “Did'nt  
I tell you  
so ? ”

The Sheriff  
acknow.  
ledges his  
wife's  
superior  
wisdom.

ffins.

## Robine Hood & firper Tucke.

[A different version in Ritson's "Robin Hood," ii. 61.]

THE story is much the same with that of "Robin Hood and the Curtall Friar" in Ritson ; but the narration is quite different. Ritson prints his version "from an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood, corrected by a much earlier one in the Pepysian Library (Vol. 1, No. 37), printed by H. Gossen about the year 1610, compared with a later one in the same collection." The full title is "The famous Battell betweene Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer. To a new Northern tune." (Imprint : "Printed at London for H. Gossen :" no date.) The tune is printed in Chappell's "Popular Music," v. 1, p. 393, and he says, "This chant was found by Dr. Rimbault, written in a contemporary hand, on the fly-leaf of a copy of 'Parthenia,' which was printed in 1611."

BUT how many merry monthes be in the yeere,  
there are 13 in May,  
the Midsummer Moone is the Merrycast of all  
next to the merry month of May.

In May when mayds beeene fast weepand,  
young men their hands done wringe<sup>1</sup>

[half a page gone.]

<sup>1</sup> To supply the part lost, take the following from Gossen's ballad above mentioned, collated with one in Wood's collection, 401, fol. 15, b.:—

"No . . . pe . . . . .  
over may noe man for villanie;  
Ile never eate nor drinke " Robin Hood sa[id]  
10      " till I that cutted<sup>1</sup> friar see."

[page 11.] Robin vows  
he will see  
the Friar.

He builded<sup>2</sup> his men in a brake of fearene  
a little from that Nunery,  
sayes, "if you heare my little horne blow,  
14      then looke you come to me."

He poests his  
men in  
ambush, and  
bids them  
await his  
signal.

When Robin came to fontaines abey  
wheras that fryer lay,  
he was ware of the fryer where he stood,  
18      and to him thus can he say:—

He finds the  
Friar at  
Fountains  
Abbey.

The famous Battle between Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer. To a new Northern tune.

[Picture]

In summer time when leaves grow  
greene,  
and flowers are fresh and gay,  
Robin Hood and his merry men  
were disposed to play.

Then some would leape and some would  
runne,  
and some would use artillery.\*  
Which of you can a good bow draw,  
a good archer for† to be?

Which of you can kill a Bucke,  
or who can kill a Doe,  
Or who can kill a Hart of Greece  
five hundred foot him fro?

Will Scadlock he kild a Bucke,  
and Midge he kild a Doe,  
And little John kild a Hart of Greece  
five hundred foot him fro.

Gods blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,  
that hath such a shot for me,  
I would ride my horse a hundred<sup>‡</sup> miles  
to find one could match thee.

That caus'd Will Scadlock to laugh,  
he laught full heartily,  
There lives a curtall fryor in Fountains  
Abby  
will beate both him and theo.

That curtall Fryer in Fountains Abbey  
well can a strong bow draw,  
He will beat you and all your<sup>§</sup> Yeomen,  
set them all a on|| a row.

Robin Hood he tooke<sup>¶</sup> a solemne oath,  
it was by Mary frée,  
That he would neither eate nor drinke  
till the Fryer he did seo.

<sup>1</sup> with smock cut short. Cf. Chaucer's "Upon that other syde to speke of the horrible disordinat scantnes of clothynge, as ben these *cuttid* slops or anslets, that thurgh her schortnes ne covereth not the schamful membre of man." *Persones Tale*. *De superbia*, p. 193, col. 2. ed. Wright. The Franciscan friars wore short habits conformably to the injunction of their founder (*Illustrations of Shakespere*, i. 60, 8vo, 1807). Douce quotes Staveley's *Romish Horsedeck* to prove that Franciscans were so called. *Chappell*, v. 1, p. 393. See note to l. 44 here.—F.

<sup>2</sup> for hilded, i.e. concealed.—Percy.

\* Artillary in Wood.

† No for in Wood.

‡ hundred.—Wood.

§ and your.—Wood.

|| all on.—Wood.

¶ Hood took.—Wood.

His dress.

A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman had on,  
 his coppe<sup>1</sup> all shone of steele,  
 a fayre sword & a broad buckeler  
 besceemed him very weell :—

22

Robin askes  
him to carry  
him over the  
water.

“ I am a wet weary man,” said Robin Hood,  
 “ good fellow, as thou may see,  
 wilt beare [me] over this wild water  
 ffor sweete Saint Charity ? ”

He does so.

The fryer bethought him of a good deed,  
 he had done none of long before,  
 he hent up Robin hood on his backe  
 and over he did him beare.<sup>2</sup>

30

He makes  
Robin carry  
him back.

But when he came over *that* wild water,  
 a longe sword there he drew :  
 “ beare me backe againe, bold outlawe,  
 or of this thou shalt have enoughe.”

Robin does  
so,

Then Robin Hood hent the fryar on his back,  
 and neither sayd good nor ill ;  
 till he came ore that wild water,  
 they yeoman he walked still.

38

and bids the  
Friar carry  
him back  
again.

Then Robin Hood wett his fayre greene cze[n?] <sup>3</sup>  
 a span aboue his knee,  
 s[ay]s “ beare me ore againe, thou cutted f[ryer]<sup>4</sup> ”

[half a page gone.]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. head. See *Reliques*, ii. 5, ver. 38.—P.

<sup>2</sup> he him bore.—P.

<sup>3</sup> hose : qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Gossom's ballad has for l. 39 &c.

Lightly leapt the Friar off Robin Hoods  
 backe,

Robin Hood said to him againe,  
 Carry me over this water, thou curtail  
 Fryer,

or it shall breed thee thy paine.

The Fryer tooke Robin Hood ons backe  
 againe,

and sttep up to the knoe,  
 Till he came at the middle streme,  
 neither good nor bad speake he.

*The second Part, to the same tune.*

And comming to the middle streme,  
 there he throw Robin in,  
 And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,  
 whether thou wilt sincke or swim.

. . . . . good bowmen [page 12.]

43 [C]ame raking all on a rowe.

“ I beshrew thy head,” said the cutted<sup>1</sup> ffriar,  
 “ thou thinkes I shall be shente ;  
 I thought thou had but a man or 2,  
 47 & thou hast whole comment.<sup>2</sup>

The Friar  
is surprised  
at the  
number of  
Robin's  
retinue.

“ I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne,  
 now giue me leaue to whistle another,  
 I cold not bidd thee noe better play  
 51 & thou wert my owne borne brother.”

He asks  
leave to  
whistle.

*Robin Hood* swam to a bush of broome,  
 the Fryer to a wigger wand,  
 Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to shore,  
 and tooke his Bow in his hand.\*

One of his best arrowes under his belt  
 to the Fryer he let fly,  
 The curtail Fryer with his steele buckler,  
 he put that arrow by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,  
 shoot on as thou hast begun,  
 If thou shoot here a Summers day,  
 thy marke I will not shun.

*Robin Hood* shot † passing well,  
 till his arrowes all were gane,  
 They tooke their swords and steele buck-  
 lers,  
 they fought with might and maine.

From ten of clock of ‡ that day,  
 till four of th' afternoone,  
 Then *Robin Hood* came to his § knées,  
 of the ¶ Fryer to beg a boone.

A boone, a boone, thou curtail Fryer,  
 I beg it on my knee,  
 Give me leave to set my horne to my  
 mouth,  
 but ¶ to blow blasts threē.

That will I doe, said the curtail Fryer,  
 of thy blasts I have no doubt,  
 I hope shoult blow so passing well,  
 till both \*\* thy eyes fall out.

*Robin Hood* set his horne to his mouth,  
 he blew but blasts three,  
 Halle a hundred†† Yeomen with bowes  
 bent,  
 came raking‡‡ over the lee.

† Short-frocked. Compare  
 “ O cutted hae they their green cloathing  
 A little abune their knee.”

Rose the Red, and White Lilley; Child's  
 Ballads, v. 176. And

“ tucked he was as is a frere aboute.”  
 Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, Prol. of the Reve.  
 And “ Robin Hood's Death,” l. 69 here.  
 Staveley, in *The Romish Horsdeelech*,  
 p. 214, speaking of the Franciscans, says,  
 “and experience shews that in some  
 Countrys, where Friars used to wear  
 short Habits, the Order was presently  
 contemned, and derided, and men call'd  
 them curtaile'd Friars.”

Cp. Cotgrave's “ *Moucher la queue d'un  
 cheval*, to curtail a horse.”—F.

‡ ? MS. couenant.—F.

\* in hand.—Wood.

§ no his in Wood.

\*\* boh.—Wood.

† shot so.—Wood.

¶ the.—Wood.

†† hundred.—Wood.

‡ l' th' Clock.—Wood.

|| and.—Wood.

‡‡ ranging.—Wood.

Robin bids  
him whistle  
away.

"Now fate on, fute on, thou cutted fryar,  
I pray god thou neere be still ;  
it is not the futing in a fryers fist  
that can doe me any ill."

The Friar  
does so, and  
100 bandogs  
appear.

The fryar sett his neave<sup>1</sup> to his mouth,  
a loud blast he did blow,  
then halfe a 100<sup>d</sup> good bandoggs  
came raking all on a rowe.

He sets dog  
against man,  
and himself  
against  
Robin.

63 bis { "Enery dogg to a man," said the cutted fryar,  
"and I my selfe to Robin Hood."

Robin  
objects.

"Ever gods<sup>2</sup> forbott," said Robin Hood,  
"that euer that soe shold bee ;  
I had rather be mached with 3 of the tikes<sup>3</sup>  
ere I wold be matched on thee.

He proposes  
peace and  
friendship.

71 "But stay thy tikes, thou fryar," he said,  
"and freindshipp Ile haue with thee ;  
but stay thy tikes thou fryar," he said,  
"and sauе good yeomanry."

The Friar  
whistles  
again, and  
the dogs lie  
down.

75 The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth,  
a lowd blast he did blow,  
they doggs the coucht downe euery one,  
they couched downe on a rowe.

The Friar  
and Robin  
negotiate.

"What is thy will, thou yeoman," he said,  
"haue done & tell it me."

<sup>1</sup> i.e. fist.—P. Mezzil-face . . . seet at t' black swarify tyke [man] weh bwoth neaves." Tim Bobbin, in Waugh's

"Lanc. Sketches," p. 118.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> ? god, MS., see note<sup>1</sup>, p. 18.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> A Yorkshire word for Dogs.—P.

"if that thou will goe to Merry greenwood!"

79 . . . . .

[half a page lost.]

<sup>1</sup> Gosson's ballad makes Little John shoot so many of the dogs that the Friar asks him to hold his hand, and he will agree with his master. Robin Hood's offer is—

If thou wilt forsake faire \* *Fountaines*  
dale,  
and *Fountaines* Abbey frē,  
Every Sunday thorowou the yeere  
a Noble shall be thy fée.

And every holiday through† the yeere  
changed shall thy garment be,

If thou wilt goe to fair *Nottingham*,  
and there remaine with me.

This curtall Frier had kept *Fountaines*  
dale  
seven long yeeres and‡ more,  
There was neither Knight, Lord, nor  
Earle,  
could make him yeeld before.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson.—F.

\* no /sire in Wood.

† throughout.—Wood.

‡ or.—Wood.

## Robin Hood and the Pinder<sup>1</sup> of Wakefield: a Fragm<sup>t.</sup>

[Percy's title.]

HERE again the story, so far as it can be gathered from the surviving fragment, is much the same as that of the common versions, but the narration differs. It is a line of this ballad—or rather of the one like it quoted below—that Master Silence sings shortly before he is carried to bed, “And Robinhood, Scarlet, and John?” (2nd Part of “Henry IV.” act v. sc. iii.). Falstaff too may refer to it in his “What say you Scarlet and John?” in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” act i. sc. i. “Several lines of it are quoted,” observes Ritson, “in the two old plays of the ‘Downfall and Death of Robert Earle of Huntington,’ 1601, 4to, black-letter, but acted many years before.” “It is sometimes quoted as ‘Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;’ sometimes as ‘The Pinder of Wakefield’ (a pinder being the pen- or pound-keeper for impounding stray cattle), and the tune occasionally entitled *Wakefield on a green*, from the ditty. Two copies are to be found, under that name, among the late manuscripts (said to be Dowland’s) in the Public Library, Cambridge (D. d. ii. 11, and D. d. iii. 18); a third is contained in a manuscript volume of original music of the time of Queen Elizabeth, now in the possession of Dr. Rimbault.” (Chappell, “Popular Music,” pp. 393–4, where, at p. 394, the tune is printed.) At p. 390 Mr. Chappell says, “Dr. Rimbault, in his Musical Illus-

<sup>1</sup> “Pyndare of beestrs (pynnar). *Inclusor.*” *Promptorium.* “*Inclusor*, a pynder.” Nominale MS., Halliwell.—F.

trations of Robin Hood, appended to Mr. Gutch's edition of the ballads, has printed the air of *The Bailiff's Daughter* (ante, p. 203) as one of the tunes to which 'Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield' was sung."

"The Downfall" quotes :

"At Michaelmas cometh my covenant out,  
My Master gives me my fee.  
Then, Robin, I'll wear thy Kendall green,  
And wend to the greenwood with thee."

This ballad is referred to also in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," act v. sc. iv. The oldest mention of it is in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. "155 $\frac{1}{2}$ , To Mr. John Wallye and Mrs. Toye these ballettes followynge, that is to say . . . . . A ballett of Wakefield and a grene." (See Mr. Collier's extracts from the said Registers.) But the fame of the Pindar is not confined to this ballad and the allusions to it. He gave his name to and was the hero of a play. "A play," says Mr. Thoms in one of the Introductions in his "Early English Prose Romances," "entitled George A Green was played on the 28th of December 1593 by the Lord Strange's company, and The Pinner of Wakefield, which seems to be a different play, on the 8th of January 1593-4." The difference in the titles does not justify this conjecture that there were two plays in the Pindar's honour, as the following title shows: "A pleasant conceyted comedie of George A Greene the Pinner of Wakefield, as it was sundry times acted by the servants of the Right Honourable the Earl of Sussex. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford for Cuthbert Bexby, & are to be sold at his shop neare the Royal Exchange, 1599, 4to." (Reprinted in Dodsley's "Old Plays," vol. vi.) Richard Braithwaite speaks of George as one of the lions of Wakefield. Ralpho tells Sir Hudibras,

when the worthy knight suggests that his man shall be beaten in his stead :

“ Were y’ as good as George A Green  
I shall make bold to turn agen.”

In 1632 was published a prose history of this famous fellow. Mr. Thoms, who refers to that publication, reprints “ The history of George A Green, Pindar of the town of Wakefield, his birth, calling, valour, & reputation in the country, with divers pleasant as well as serious passages in the course of his life & fortune. London. Printed for Samuel Ballard at the Blue ball in Little Britain. 1706.”

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[page 15.]

“ ‘but hold y . . hold y . . .’ says Robin,  
2        my merrymen, I bid yee,

Robin is  
charmed  
with the  
Pindar.  
He asks him  
for meat for  
himself and  
his men.

“ for this [is] one of the best pindars  
that euer I saw with mine eye.  
but hast thou any meat, thou Jolly pindar,  
6        for my merrymen and me ? ”

<sup>1</sup> The part wanting may be supplied from the ballad in Wood’s collection, No. 401, fol. 61, b., which is as follows :—

#### THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD, WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

In *Wakefield* their lives a jolly Pinder,  
in *Wakefield* all on a green,  
in *Wakefield* all on a green.

There is neither Knight, nor Squire,  
said the Pinder,  
nor Baron that is so bold,  
nor Baron that is so bold,

Dare make a trespass to the town of  
*Wakefield*,  
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold,\* &c.

All this heardon three witty young men,  
'twas *Robin Hood, Scarlet and John*, &c.

With that they espyed† the jolly Pinder,  
as he sat under a thorn, &c.

Now turn again, turn again, said the  
Pinder,  
for a wrong way you have gone, &c.

For you have forsaken the Kings High-way,  
and made a path over the Corn, &c.

O that were great shame, said jolly *Robin*,  
we being throe, and thou but one, &c.

The Pinder leapt back then thirty good  
foot,  
'twas thirty good foot and one, &c.

\* Pynfolde, *Inclusorium*. Prompt. *Pinfold*, a Place to pen up Cattel in.—*Phillips.*

† spoyed.—*Pepys* (his copy of the *Garland*).

" but I haue bread & cheese," sayes the pindar,

" and ale all on the best."

" that's Cheere good enoughe," said Robin,

10 " for any such vnbidden guests.

The Pindar  
offers bread  
and cheese,  
which is  
accepted.

" but wilt be my man ? " said good Robin,

" & come & dwell with me ?

and 2<sup>o</sup>: in a yeere thy clothing be changed

14 if my man thou wilt bee ;

Robin offers  
him a place  
in his  
service.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
aud [sic] his foot against a stone, &c.

And there he fought a long summers day,  
\*a summers day so long, &c.

Till that their† swords on their broad  
bucklers  
were broke fast unto their hands, &c.

[Here the Fragment in the Text begins.]

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said *Robin Hood*,  
and my merry men every one, &c.

For this is one of the best Pinders  
that ever‡ I try'd with Sword, &c.

And wilt thou forsake thy Pinders craft,  
and live in green wood with me, &c.

At *Michaelmas* next my Cov'nant comes  
out,  
when every man gathers his fee, &c.

I'le take my blow blade all in my hand,  
and plod to the green wood with  
thee, &c.

Hast thou§ either Meat or Drink, said  
*Robin Hood*,  
for my merry men and me, &c.

I have both Bread and Beef, said the  
Pinder,  
and good Ale of the best, &c.

And that is meat good enough, said  
*Robin Hood*,  
for such unbidden Guest, &c.

O wilt thou forsake the|| Pinder his craft,  
and go to the Green-wood with me, &c.

Thou shalt have a livery twice in the  
year,  
the one green, the other brown, &c.

If *Michaelmas* day was¶ come and gone,  
and my Master had paid me my fee,  
and my Master had paid me my fee,

Then would I set as little by him,  
as my Master doth by me,  
as my Master doth by me.

The opposite leaf seems to have been  
printed with the above ballad; it begins

The Noble Acts Newly found,  
Of *Arthur* of the Table Round.  
To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

WHEN *Arthur* first in Court began,  
and was approved King.\*  
&c.

\* and a.—Pepys.      § no shoe in Pepys.

† Till their.—Pepys.      || thy.—Pepys.

‡ every.—Pepys.      ¶ were once.—Pepys.

\*\* There is another black-letter copy of this

ballad (Wood, 402, fol. 42), entitled "The Jolly  
Pinder of Wakefield;" it contains slight varia-  
tions, and is on a single leaf. It is printed for  
F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. G[il]lerson.

“The tone shall be of light lincolne greene,  
     the tother of Picklory ;  
     att Michallmas comes a well good time,<sup>1</sup>  
 18       when men hau gotten in their ffee.”

The Pindar  
agrees.

“ Ile sett as little by my *Master*  
     as he now setts by me ;  
     Ile take my benbowe<sup>2</sup> in my hande,  
 22       and come into the grenwoode to thee.”  
     ffins.

<sup>1</sup> That the autumn in early England was “a good time” for yeoman, beggar, and labourer, as well as the landlord referred to here, see the striking picture in *Piers Ploughman*, when “newe corn

cam to chepyng” (ed. Wright, vol. i. p. 135-6), as contrasted with the pinching time before.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? bent bow.—F.

## Robin Hood & Quene Rath[erine].

HERE for a third time is a different narration of the common story. Ritson prints his copy from an old black-letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony à Wood. The full title is given below. The tune assigned to this ballad by Dr. Rimbault is, says Mr. Chappell, the tune of "The Three Ravens," in "Popular Music," vol. i. p. 59.

It will be remembered that Henry V.'s consort was our first Queen Katherine. Three of Henry VIII.'s wives—and in his reign ballad poetry greatly flourished—were so called.

A later Catherine, Charles II.'s consort, was associated with archery. She "was probably much pleased," says Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes," "with seeing the pastime of archery practised; for in compliment to her a badge of silver weighing 22 ounces was made for the marshal of the fraternity of bowmen, having upon it the representation of an archer with his bow drawn in the action of shooting, and inscribed with her name."

Great archery matches were common enough in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. See, for instance, "A new Yorkshire song intituled Yorke Yorke for my money, 1584" (in Mr. Halliwell's "Yorkshire Anthology" and elsewhere). As to the scene of the match here, see "Stow's Survey" by Strype, ii. 237, or Ritson's note to his copy of this ballad.

V. 97. Ritson has faith that there was such a place as Loxley, though even his research can discover no signs of it. Mr. Spencer T. Hall, in his "Forester's Offering," 1841, discovers it in Yorkshire near Sheffield, "where the romantic river Loxley

descends from the hills to mingle its blue waters with the Rivilin and the Don." The Sloane MS. puts it "in Yorkshire or after others in Nottinghamshire." A very recent writer confers the honour on Warwickshire, and exults to find that Loxley in that country "was actually in the possession of a family named Fitz Odo or Fitzooth in the twelfth century." As some ingenious spirits have hinted at a connection between Robin Hood and Apollo, we wonder Locksley and Loxias have not been shown akin.

V. 56. "Lincoln Green :" see Ritson's note in his "Life of Robin Hood."

V. 85. See the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford." Herefordshire seems to have been particularly famous for its Morris dances, as is shown by the tract "Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian, & Hereford towne for a Morris Daunce, or 12 Morris Dauncers in Herefordshire of 12 hundred years old. 1609." Hence, perhaps, was suggested to some ballad-writer the idea of connecting Robin Hood and the Bishop of a city so remote from the outlaw's beat.

NOW list you, lithe you, gentlemen,  
a while for a litle space  
and I shall tell you how queene Katterino  
4 gott Robin Hood his grace.

Gold taken from the kings harvengers<sup>1</sup>  
6 seldome times hath beene seene<sup>2</sup>

[half a page gone.]

<sup>1</sup> the letter printed *v* in *harvengers* is more like *v* than the *b* with a looped top.—F.

collection enable this gap to be filled up satisfactorily. The first (401, fol. 31 b.) is—

<sup>2</sup> Neither of the ballads in Wood's

"queene Katherine, I say to thee."

[page 16.] The King  
and Queen  
lay a wager.

"thats a princly wager," quoth queene Katherine,

9      " betweene your grace & me.

" Where must I haue mine archers ? " says queene Katherine,

The Queen is  
to choose her  
archers from  
out all  
England.

" you haue the flower of archery."

" Now take your choice, dame," he sayes,

13     " thorow out all England free :

" Yea from Northwales to westchester,  
and also to cauentry ;

The King is  
confident of  
winning.

& when you haue chosen the best you can,

17     the wager must goe with mee."

" If that proone," says queene Katherine,  
" soone that wilbe tride & knowne ;

We shall see,  
says the  
Queen.

many a man counts of another mans pursse,

21     & after looseth his owne."

The queene is to her palace gone,

She calls her  
page,

to her page thus shée can say,

" come hitherto me, dicke Patrinton,

25     trusty & trew this day ;

#### RENNOWNED ROBIN HOOD: OR,

His famous Archery truly related, with  
the worthy exploits he acted before  
Queen Katherine, he being an Out-law-  
man, and how she for the same obtained  
of the King, his own, and his fellows  
pardon. To a new Tune.\*

[Picture] [Picture]

GOLD tane from the Kings Harbengers,  
*down, a down, a down,*

As seldom hath been seen,  
*down, a down, a down,*  
And carried by bold Robin Hood,  
for a Present to the Queen,  
*down, a down, a down.*

If that I live a<sup>t</sup> year to an end,  
thus gan Queen Katherine say:  
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend  
and all thy Yeomen gay.

It then goes on with l. 22 above, al-  
tered; but we get the terms of the wager  
stated below in note†.

\* There is another black-letter copy of this ballad (Wood, 402, fol. 10, b.), London, Printed for F. Grove on Snow Hill, with slight variations. The second part begins with the verse—

What is the wager, said the Queen,  
that must I now know here?  
Three hundred tan of Renish Wine,  
three hundred tan of Beer.

† one.—Pepys (in his copy of the *Garland*).

and instructs  
him to find  
her archers,

"Thou must bring me the names of my archers  
all,  
all strangers must they bee,  
yea from north wales to west chester,  
& alsoe to Couentreie.

29

to command  
her to Robin  
Hood and  
his fellows,

"Commend me to Robin Hood," says queene  
Katherine,

"and alsoe to litle John,  
& specially to will<sup>1</sup> Scarlett,  
ffryar tucke & maid Marryyan :

33

to change  
their names,

"Robin Hood we must call loxly,  
& little John the Millers sonne ;  
thus wee then must change their names,  
they must be strangers every one.

37

and to bid  
them be  
present in  
London on  
St. George's  
day.

"Commend mee to Robin Hood," saycs queeno  
Katherine,  
" & marke, page, what I say,  
In London they must be with me

41

[upon St. George's day]<sup>2</sup>

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> The line that runs through the *ll* in the MS. may be meant, as in early MSS., as a mark of contraction, so that "william" should be in the text.

<sup>2</sup> Copied in by Percy from the stanza following, l. 44. Wood's ballad 401 has:

And as thou goest to *Nottingham*,  
search all those *English* Wood,  
Enquire of one good Yeoman or another  
that can tell thee of *Robin Hood*.

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran  
as fast as he could win,  
And when he came to *Nottingham*  
there he took up his Inne.

And when he came to *Nottingham*,  
and had took up his Inne,  
He call'd<sup>\*</sup> for a Pottle of Rhenish  
Wine,  
and drank a health to his Qu'en.

There sate a Yeoman by his side,  
tell me sweet Page, said he,  
What is thy businesse or thy cause  
so far in the North-Country.

This is my business, and the † cause,  
sir, I'll tell it you for good;  
To inquire of one good Yeoman or an  
other  
to tell me of *Robin Hood*.

\* calls.—Pepys.

† my.—Pepys.

"these words hath sent by me,  
att London you must be with her

[page 17.]

He does her  
bidding,44 Vpon s<sup>t</sup> Georgs day :<sup>1</sup>

"Vpon s<sup>t</sup> Georgs day att Noone  
att London needs must you bee ;  
Shee wold not misse your companio  
for all the gold in cristinty.

48 "Shee hath tane a shooting for your sake,  
the greatest in Christentic,  
& her part you must needs take  
52 Against her prince Hencry.

"Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring  
a trew token for to bee;  
&, as you are banisht man,  
56 shee trusts to sett you free."

and gives  
her gay gold  
ring as a  
token.

"And I loose that wager," says bold Robin hooode,  
"Ile bring mony to pay for me,  
& wether that I win or loose,  
60 on my queenes part I will be."

Robin  
promises to  
be with her.The 2<sup>d</sup> part.<sup>2</sup>

IN sommer time when leaues grow greene

Robin decks  
himself and  
his men  
bravely,

&amp; flowers are fresh &amp; gay,

then Robin Hood he deckt his men

64 eche one in braue array;

Ile get my horse betimes in the morn,  
by it be break of day,  
And I will show thee bold Robin Hood  
and all his Yeomen gay.

She bids you Post to fair London Court,  
not fearing any thing,  
For there shall be a little sport,  
and she hath sent you her Ring.

When that he came at Robin Hoods place  
he fell down on his knee :  
Quene Katherine she doth greet you well,  
she greets you well by me.

<sup>1</sup> April 23 ; but this hardly suits the  
"summer time" of l. 61.—F.

<sup>2</sup> in the left margin of the MS.—F.

He deckt his men in lincolne greene,  
himselfe<sup>1</sup> in scarlett red,  
fayre of theire brest then was it seene  
when his siluer armes were spread.

and makes  
for London.

68 with hattis white and fethers blacke,  
& bowes & arrowes keene,<sup>2</sup>  
& thus he ietted<sup>3</sup> towards louly London  
72 to present<sup>4</sup> queene Katherine.

He and they  
kneel before  
the Queen.

But when they cam to louly London  
they kneeled vpon their knee ;  
sayes, " god you sauе, queene Katherinc,  
76 and all your dignitie ! "

[half a page missing.<sup>5</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> for himself. One stroke of an *im*,  
*nn*, &c. is often missing in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Palsgrave has, " Heed your arowes  
with Straunde heedes, for they be beest,  
*ferrez vos fleches de ferre faictz a Strandc,*  
*car ilz sont les meilleurs*, p. 582, col. 2.  
—F.

<sup>3</sup> I iette with facyon and countenaunce  
to set forth the myselfe, *Je bragge*. I iette,  
I make a countenaunce with my legges,  
*Je me jamboye*. Palsgrave, 1530 (ed.  
1852).—F.

<sup>4</sup> for "present himself to." I present  
a person or a thyng unto ones presence.  
*Je presente*. Palsgrave.—F.

<sup>5</sup> To supply it take the following from  
Wood's ballad—

And when he came at *Londons Court*,  
he fell down on his knee,  
Thou art welcom *Locksley* said the Quēen  
and all thy Yeomen thrie.\*

The King is † into *Finsbury-field*,  
*down, a down, a down,*  
marching in gallant ray, †  
*down, a down, a down,*  
And after follows bold *Robin Hood*,  
and all his Yeomen gay,  
*down, a down, a down.*

\* Yoondree.—Pepys.  
King's gone.—Pepys.

† battle array.—Pepys.  
‡ now.—Pepys.

¶ Rhenish of.—Pepys.  
|| said.—Pepys.

*The Second Part to the same Tunc.*

Come hither *Tepus* (said the King)  
*down, a down, a down,*  
Bow-bearer after me :  
*down, a down, a down.*  
Come measure me out with this line,  
how long our mark shall be.  
*down, a down, a down.*

What is the wager said the Quēen ?  
that must I needs § know here,  
Thrēe hundred Tun of Rhenish || Wine,  
three hundred Tun of Beer.

Thrēe hundred of the fattest Harts  
that runs on *Dallom-Lee* :  
That's a Princely wager said tho King,  
that needs must I tell thee.

With that bespake one *Clifton* then,  
full quickly and full soon,  
Measure no mark for us most Sovereign  
Liege,  
we'll shoot at Sun and Moon.

Full fifteen score your mark shall be,  
full fifteen score shall stand,  
I'll lay my Bow quoth ¶ *Clifton* then,  
I'll cleave the willow-wand.

. . . . . of my guard,"  
thus can king henry say,  
“ & those that wilbe of queene Katerines side,  
80      they are welcome to me this day.

[page 18.]

“ Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,<sup>1</sup>  
thou art a knight full good,  
well it is knownen ffirom thy pedygree,  
84      thou came from Gawiins<sup>2</sup> blood.”

The Queen  
calls on Sir  
Richard Lee  
to take her  
side,

“ Come hither, bishopp of hereford,” quoth queene  
Katherine,—  
a good preacher I watt was hee,—  
“ & stand thou heere vpon a odd side,  
88      on my side for to bee.”

and on the  
Bishop of  
Hereford;

“ I like not that,” sayes the bishopp then,  
“ by faikine<sup>3</sup> of my body,  
for If I might haue my owne will,  
92      on the kings I wold bee.”

but the  
Bishop  
prefers the  
King's,

“ What will thou be against vs,” says Loxly then,  
& stake it on the ground ? ”  
“ that will I doe, fine fellow,” he says,  
96      & it drawes to 500<sup>th</sup> pound.”

and at  
Loxly's  
challenge  
stakes 500.  
on the King's  
side.

“ There is a bett,” says Loxly then ;  
“ weele stake it merrily ; ”  
but Loxly knew full well in his mind  
100      & whose that gold shold bee.

With that the Kings Archers led about,  
while it was three and none :  
With that the Ladies began to shout,  
Madam your game is gone.

A boon, a boon, Quen Katherine cries,  
I crave on my bare knée,  
Is there any<sup>4</sup> Knight of your privy  
counsel  
of Quen Katherines part will be.

<sup>1</sup> See “ Lytel Geste,” the Syxte Fytte, st. 15, “that gentyll knyght, Syr Rycharde at the Lee;” also st. 7 and 57 of the Seventh Fytte.—H.

<sup>2</sup> Gower's. Wood's ballad 401.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Quasi I'feekin.—P. Scotch *Gude faikins*; *My faiks*, by my faith. Jamie-son.—F.

The shooting. Then the queenes archers they shot about till it was 3 and 3.

Then the ladys gane a merry shout,  
104 says " woodcocke,<sup>1</sup> beware thine eye."

A tie.      " Well, gam & gam," then quoth our king,  
                the third 3 payes for all ; "  
then Robine rounded <sup>2</sup> with our queene,  
108      says, " the kings part shall be small."

<sup>3</sup>Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,  
110 he shott it vnder hand,  
                        s vnto . . .

[half a page missing.]

[page 19.] . . . . .

"for once he vndidd mee;  
if I had thought it had beene bold Robin Hood  
113 I wold not haue betted one penny.

<sup>1</sup> I take this to refer not to a bird shot at (see willow-wand in the note above), but to the King and his party: "Among us in England, this bird is infamous for its simplicity or folly, so that a woodcock is proverbially used for a simple, foolish person." Willoughby, *Ornithol.* III. i. § 1., in Nares. Fr. *Becasse*, Gullied, abused, woodcockised, made a woodcocke. Cot.-F.

\* whisper'd.—P. A.-S. *rūnian*, to whisper.—F.

\* Wood's ballad 401 goes on—

*Robin Hood* he led about,  
he shot it under-hand,  
*And Clifton* with a bearing Arrow,  
he clave the Willow-wand.

And little *Midge* the Millors Son.  
    he shot not much the worse,  
He shot within a finger of the prick ;  
    now Bishop beware thy purse.

A boon, a boon, Queen Katherine crys,  
I crave on my bare knée;

That you will angry be with none,  
that is of my party.

They shall have forty days to come,  
and forty days to go,  
And thrée times forty to sport and play,  
then welcome friend or foe.\*

Then thou art welcome *Robin Hood* said  
the Queen,  
and so is little *John*,  
So is *Midge* the Millors Son,  
thrice welcome every one.

Is this *Robin Hood*, the King now said?  
for it was told to me,  
That he was slain in † *Pallacc-Gate*,  
so far in the *North-Country*.

Is this *Robin Hood*, said the Bishop  
then?  
as I see § well to be,  
Had I thought it | had been that bold  
Out-law,  
I would not bet one penny.

\* every one.—Pepys.  
† in the.—Pepys.

{ quothe.—Pepys.  
} as it seems.—Pepys.

I know he.—Perry.

" Is this Robin Hood," says the bishopp againe,

" once I knew him to soone,

he made me say a masse against my will

117 att 2 a clocke in the afternoone;

The Bishop  
recalls a  
previous  
interview  
with Robin.

" He bound me fast vnto a tree,

Soe did he my merry men,

he borrowed 10*l*<sup>l</sup> against my will,

121 but he neuer paid me againe."

" What & if I did ? " says bold Robin Hood,

of that Masse I was full faine ;

in recompence, befor King & queene

125 take halfe of thy gold againe."

Robin offers  
semi-  
restitution.

" I thanke thee for nothing," says the bishopp,

" thy large gift to well is knowne,

that will borrow a mans mony against his will,

129 & pay him againe with his owne."

The Bishop  
thanks him  
for nothing.

" What if he did soe," says King Henery,

" for that I loue him neuer the worsse ;

take vp thy gold againe, bold Robin Hood,

133 & put [it] in thy pursse :

The King  
defends  
Robin.

" If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes

and come & dwell with me,

then I wold say ' thou art welcome bold Robin Hood,

137 the flower of archery.' "

and invites  
him to live  
at court.

" I will not leaue my bold outlawes

for all the gold in Christentie ;

in merry Sherwood Ile take my end,

141 vnder my trusty tree ;

Robin will  
not leave his  
bold outlawes  
and merry  
Sherwood,

' Wood's ballad 401 ends here with  
the following stanza :—

Now nay, now nay, says little John,  
*down, a down, a down.*

Master, that may not be ;  
*down, a down, a down.*

We must give gifts to the Kings Officers  
that Gold will serve thee and me.  
*down, a down, a down.*

but he will  
always hold  
himself at  
the Queen's  
service.

"And gett your shooters,<sup>1</sup> my leeig, where you will,  
for in faith you shall haue none of me,  
& when queene Katherine puts up her f[inger]  
att her graces commandement Ile bee."

145

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *tireur*, a shooter. Cotgrave.—F.

## Little John, the Beggar, and the three Palmers.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad differs slightly from "Little John and the Four Beggars." There Little John's comrades provide him with "a palmer's weed, with a staff and a coat and bags of all sort;" and the churls whom he presently chastises and plunders are four beggars. Here he procures his beggar's attire by an exchange, and the tramps who pay so dear for their insolence are three palmers.

---

. . . . .  
2 beggar," he sayes,  
2      "with none such follows as thee."

[page 20.]

I am not in Iest," said little John,  
" I sweare all by the roode ;  
change with mee," said little John,  
6      " & I will giue theo some boote.<sup>3</sup>"

Little John  
persuades an  
old beggar

<sup>1</sup> Our title. Percy's is "Fragm' Little John & the four Beggars."—F.

<sup>2</sup> By way of opening we can only copy the following verses from Antony à Wood's ballad 401, fol. 34, "A new merry song of Robin Hood & Little John, shewing how Little John went a begging, & how he fought with the four beggars. The tune is Robin Hood, and the Begger."

All you that delight to spend some time  
With a key down, down, a down, down,  
A merry Song for to sing,  
Unto me draw neer and you shall hear  
how little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forrest along,  
\* And all his Yeomanree,  
Sayers Robin, some of you must a begging  
go,  
and little John, it must be theo.

Sayers John, if I must a begging go,  
I will have a palmers weed,  
With a staff and a Coat, and bags of all  
sort,  
The better that † I shall speed.

\* amends, compensation, A.-S. *bit.*  
—F.

• With a key, &c.—Pepys's copy of the *Garland*.

† then.—Pepys.

to change  
clothes with  
him

- But he has gotten on this old mans gowne,  
it reacht not to his crest:  
"christes curse ons hart," said little Iohn,  
10 "that thinkes my gowne amissee."

and to give  
him a lesson  
in begging.

- But he has gotten on this old mans shoes  
are clouted 9 fold about;  
"beshrew his hart," says Little Iohn,  
14 "that bryer or thorne does doubt.<sup>1</sup>

- "Wilt teach me some phrase of thy beggning?" says  
Iohn,  
"I pray thee, tell it mee,  
how I may be as beggar-like  
18 as any in my companie."

- "Thou must goe 2 foote on a staffe,  
the 3<sup>d</sup> vpon a tree;  
full loud that thou must cry & fare,  
22 when nothing ayleth thee."

John walks  
towards  
Nottingham

- But Iohn he walket the hills soc high,  
soe did [he] the hills soe browne;  
the ready way that he cold take  
26 was towards Nottingham towne.

and meets  
three  
palmers.

- But as he was on the hills soc high,  
he mett with palmers 3,  
sayea, "god you sauе, my brethren all,  
30 now god you sauе and see !

They villify  
him.

- "This 7 yeere I hane you sought;  
before I cold neuer you see!"  
said they, "wee had neuer such a cankred carle  
34 were neuer in our companie."

<sup>1</sup> fear. "I dowte, I feare, or drede a person. *Je craings.*" Palgrave.—F.

But one of them tooke little Iohn on his head,  
the blood ran over his eye;

One strikes him.

37 little Iohn turnd him 2<sup>d</sup> about

[half a page missing.<sup>1</sup>]

"If I . . . .

as I haue beene but one day,

[page 21.]

I shold haue purcchased 3 of the best churches

41 that stands by any highway."

fins.

<sup>1</sup> Wood's ballad 401, fol. 34, goes on with—

Nay said little John Ile not yet be gone  
for a bout will I have with you round.

Now have at you all then said little John,  
*with a key,*  
If you be so full of your blows,  
Fight on all four and nere \* give ore,  
whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb and made him to  
rore  
*with a key:*  
And the blind that could not see.  
And he that a Cripple had been seven  
years  
he made them run faster then he.

And flinging them all against the wall,  
*with a key.*  
With many a sturdie bang  
It made John sing to hear the gold ring  
which again the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the beggars Cloak  
*with a key.*  
Thrē hundred pound in gold,  
Good Fortune had I then said little  
John  
such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in a beggars bag  
*with a key,*  
But three hundred pound and three,  
If I drink water while this doth last  
then an ill death may I dye.

And my begging trade I now will give o're  
*with a key, &c.*

My fortune hath ¶ bin so § good,  
Therefore Ile not stay but I will away  
to the Forrest of merry Sherwood.

But when to the Forrest of Sherwood he  
came,  
*with a key,*  
he quickly there did see  
His Master good bold Robin Hood  
and all his company.

What news, what news, then I said Robin  
Hood,  
*with a key.*  
Come little John tell unto me,  
How hast thou sped with thy beggars  
trade,  
for that I fain would see.

No news but good, then I said little John,  
*with a key,*  
With begging ful wel I have sped,  
Six ¶ hundred and three I have here for  
thee  
in silver and gold so red.

Then Robin Hood took little John by \*\*  
yo hand,  
*with a key,*  
And danced about the Oak tree,  
If we drink water while this doth last  
then an il death may we die.

So to conclude my merry new Song  
*with a key,*  
All you that delight it ¶ to sing,  
Tis of Robin Hood that Archer good,  
and how little John went a begging.

\* never.—Pepys.

† against the walls cry.—Pepys.

¶ it hath.—Pepys.

§ printed so.

|| no then in Pepys.

¶ Three.—Pepys.

\*\* the.—Pepys.

¶ no it in Pepys.

## Robin Hood his death.

This is a curious old song, and not in print.—*Percy*.

THIS version of the last moments of the great outlaw's life differs in both incident and language from all the current ones. The novelty and the vigour of it make its fragmentary state especially deplorable. The opening scene, which gives an interesting picture of the affection and the independence of the merrymen towards their master, is new. The black water, and the plank across it, and the old woman kneeling on the plank and cursing Robin Hood as he with Little John approaches, and the other dark presage that meets them, are all new. What passes at the Priory is here given more fully and with a more life-like presentment. The part which Red Roger took in the murder, just referred to and no more elsewhere, is here described fully, with the just vengeance that followed it. In a word, this version, tattered and torn as it is, must be counted a very valuable addition to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads.

The oldest, probably, of the current versions is that of the “*Lytel Geste*” (printed by Wynken de Worde, but probably composed a century before his time : see Introduction to Robin Hood Ballads) :

Yet he was begyled, i-wys,  
Through a wycked woman,  
The prioressse of Kyrkesly,  
That nye was of hys kynne;

For the love of a knyght,  
Syr Roger of Donkestér,  
That was her owne speciall,  
Full evyll mote they fare.

They toke togyder theyr counsell  
 Robyn Hode for to sle  
 And how they myght best do that dede  
 His banis for to be.

Then bespake good Robyn,  
 In place where as he stode,  
 "Tomorow I muste to Kyrkesley,  
 Craftely to be leten blode."

Syr Roger of Donkestere  
 By the pryoresse he lay,  
 And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,  
 Through theyr false playe.

Cryst have mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode!  
 For he was a good outlaw.  
 And dyde pore men moch god.

The “*Lytel Geste*,” as has already been said, is made up of many old ballads about Robin Hood, strung together and assorted by some editor of Henry VII.’s time. Its account of his death (which reads very much like an epitome) is probably founded on some older ballad. That older ballad may have been the one now for the first time printed in our text.

The life in the well-known Sloane MS. is mainly based on the “*Lytel Geste*.” Its story of the death is as follows: “Dystempered with could and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted. Therfore to be eased of his payne by letting bloud he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, wh some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood & waying howe fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse & all others by letting him bleed to death. The buried him under a greate stone by the hywayes side. It is also sayd that one Sir Roger of Dancastre, bearing grudge to Robyn for some iniury, incited the priores wth wheme he was very familiar in such manr to dispatch him.”

In "Robyn and Gandelyn" (Sloane MS. No. 2593) to Robyn  
"in grene wode bowndyn,"

There came a schrewde arwe out of the west,  
That felde Robert's pryde.

The fatal arrow is shot by one Wrennok of Doune, who, in return, has his heart cleft in twain by Gandelyn's shaft. But, as Ritson points out (see his "Ancient Songs and Ballads," i. 81), this Robyn is probably one Robyn Lyth, who gives his name to the cave at Flamborough Head. The ballad belongs to the Robin Hood cycle, as Mr. Wright remarks in his reprint of it (see "Songs and Carols," No. 10), but it does not relate to the central hero of it.

In Martin Parker's somewhat insipid "True Tale of Robin Hood," written in Charles I.'s reign, a revolt amongst his followers (the poetaster is thinking of things contemporary, no doubt) brings on a fever.

He hied him with all sped  
Unto a nunnery, with intent  
For his health's sake to bled !

A faithless friar did pretend  
In love to let him blood ;  
But he by falsehood wrought the end  
Of famous Robin Hood.

The prioress is mentioned only as burying him.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," 1662, writing of Robin, wonders "how he escaped the hand of justice, dying in his bed, for ought is found to the contrary. But it was because," he says, "he was rather a merry than a mischievous thief, complementing passengers out of their purses, never murdering any but deer, and this popular Robber feasted the vicinage with venison."

In "Robin Hood's Garland" (of which the earliest known edition appeared in 1670, containing sixteen ballads) Robin goes alone to

Kirkley. When he finds himself bleeding to death in the solitary room in which his cousin has locked him, he summons Little John by three blasts of his horn, and then shoots the arrow whose fall is to mark his grave. Red Roger is not heard of.

In "Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight," Robin falls ill in the greenwood.

He sent for a monk to let him blood,  
Who took his life away.

In "Le Morte de Robin Hode," a quite modern piece printed in Hone's "Every-day Book," from an odd collection of MS. songs in the editor's possession, the prioress is represented as the outlaw's sister, and as poisoning him.

This brief mention of these other accounts of Robin's end will serve to show the preciousness of the present version.

V. 3. Cf. Drayton's "Polyolbion," of the Calder.

It chanced she in her course on Kirkley cast her eye  
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie.

(He was buried near the scene of his death.) Dr. Stukeley, in the second vol. of his "Itinerarium Curiosum," gives an engraving of "The prospect of Kirkleys Abbey, where Robin Hood dyed," which Mr. Gutch reproduces in his "Lytel Geste of Robin Hood," (2 vols. London, 1847).

V. 21. Cf. "Robin Hood and the Monk," vv. 39-66, where Robin gives odds.

“I WILL neuer eate nor drinke,” Robin hood said,  
“nor meate will doo me noe good,<sup>1</sup>  
till I haue beene att Merry church Lees  
my vaines for to let blood.”

Robin must  
needs go to  
Kirkles to  
be bled.

<sup>1</sup> Cp. “Mete ne drynk shall do me [no] good ar I se the dye.” *Sir Degrevant,* L. 1739-40.—F.

Scarlet urges  
him to go  
escorted,

"That I reade not," said will scarlett,  
"Master, by the assente of me,  
without halfe 100<sup>d</sup> of your best bowmen  
8       you take to goe with yee ;

for fear of  
Red Roger.

"For there is a good yeoman doth abide,  
will be sure to quarrell with thee,  
and if thou haue need of vs, master,  
12     in faith we will not flee."

Robin  
refuses;

"And thou be feard, thou william Scarlett,  
att home I read thee bee,—"  
"and you be wrothe, my deare Master,  
16     you shall Neuer heare more of mee :—"

will take no  
one but  
Little John.

"for there shall noe man with me goe,  
nor man with mee ryde,  
and little Iohn shall be my man,  
20     and beare my benbow by my side."

"Youst<sup>1</sup> beare your bowe, Master, your selfe,  
nor shoote for a peny with mee."  
"to that I doe assent," Robin Hood sayd,  
24     "and soe, Iohn, lett it bce."

Robin and  
John set off.  
They come  
to a black  
water, with  
a plank  
across it,

28     They 2 bolde children shotten<sup>2</sup> together  
all day theire selfe in ranke  
vntill they came to blacke water,  
& over it laid a planke.

<sup>1</sup> You must, you'll have to. Still used in Lancashire. The nearest use of 't', *is to, art to*, in Yorkshire (see p. 20, note ') is, that if one labourer gave another his master's order, "thoo's t' gau t' Stowsley Sat'rda', fast train," and the other labourer objected, the speaker would tell him that he must go, that he'd

have to go, thus: "thoo's t' gan all t' same."—J. C. Atkinson.

<sup>2</sup> went quickly. "Old Norse *skjota*; Dutch, *schieten*; Germ. *schießen*, to dart, shoot, move with impetuosity." Wedgwood. "Hys fote schett [slipt] and he felle downe." *Syr Tryamoure*, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc. 1816, p. 52, l. 1547.—F.

Vpon it there kneeled an old woman  
was banning<sup>1</sup> Robin Hoode;  
31    "Why dost thou bann Robin Hoode?" said Robin,

and on the  
plank an old  
woman on  
her knees,  
cursing  
Robin.  
Ife asks why.

[half a page missing.]

• • • • •  
34    "to giue to Robin Hoode  
wee weepen for his deare body  
that this day must be lett bloode."

[page 22.]    Robin is to  
die.

38    "The dame prior is my aunts daughter,  
and nie vnto my kinne,  
I know shee wold me noe harme this day  
for all the world to winne."

The Prioress  
is his cousin,  
he says, and  
to be trusted.

42    Forth then shotten these children 2,  
and they did neuer lin<sup>2</sup>  
vntill they came to merry churchlees,  
to Merry churchlee with-in.

They  
proceed to  
Kirklees.

46    And when they came to Merry church lees  
they knoced vpon a pin<sup>3</sup> :  
vpp then rose dame Prioress,  
and lett good Robin in.

They are  
admitted by  
the Prioress.

50    Then Robin gaue to dame prioresse  
20<sup>v</sup> pound in gold,  
and bad her spend while that wold last,  
and shee shold haue more when shee wold.

Robin gives  
her 20*l.*, and  
promises  
more.

<sup>1</sup> I warrye, I banne or curse. Je  
meauldis. This is a farre northren terme.  
Palsgrave.—F.

uses the word in his *Reason of Church  
Government*, “never lin pealing our ears.”  
Works, ed. 1738, vol. i. p. 74.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *blennan*, E.-Engl. *blin*, cease, without  
the intensive prepositional *b*. Milton

<sup>3</sup> The metal peg under a knocker. See  
*thirld upon a pin*, in “Glaigerion,”  
below.—F.

She gets her  
"blood  
irons,"

And downe then came dame prioresse,  
downe she came in that ilke,<sup>1</sup>  
with a pair off blood Irons <sup>2</sup> in her hands  
were wrapped all in silke.

bids him  
bare his  
arm,

"Sett a chaffing dish to the fyer," said dame  
prioresse,  
"and stripp thou vp thy sleeve."  
I hold him but an vnwise man  
58      *that will noe warning leeve.<sup>3</sup>*

and opens a  
vein.

Shee Laid the blood Irons to Robin Hoods vaine,  
alacke, the more pitye !  
& pearct the vaine, & let out the bloode  
62      that full red was to see.

It bleeds  
and bleeds.

And first it bled, the thicke thicke bloode,  
& afterwards the thinne,  
& well then wist good Robin Hoode  
treason therewas within.

Little John  
asks what  
cheer, and is  
told "but  
little."

"What cheere my master?" said litle Iohn,  
"In faith, Iohn, litle goode."

[half a page missing.]

Robin  
answers  
Red Roger.

"I haue upon a gowne of greene<sup>4</sup>  
is cut short by my knee,  
& in my hand a bright browne brand  
72      *that will well bite of thee."*

[page 23.]

<sup>1</sup> same (time).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. "I launce a sore, as a cyrurgien  
dothe, with a launsyng yron." *Jenaser.*  
Palsgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. believe.—P. Cp. "He that winna  
be counsellec canna be helped."—Scottish

*Proverbe*, ed. Hislop, p. 351. "Ae word  
is enough to the wise," p. 352; "he's  
wise that's timely wary," p. 353.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This line read and copied in by  
Percy.—F.

But forth then of a shop<sup>1</sup> windowe  
good Robin Hood he could glide :  
Red Roger with a grounding glaue<sup>2</sup>  
76      thrust him through the milke white side.

Red Roger  
stabs him.

But Robin was light & nimble of foote,  
& thought to abate his pride,  
ffor betwixt his Head & his shoulders  
80      he made a wound full wide.

Robin cuts  
him down.

Says "ly there, ly there, Red Roger,  
the doggs they must thee eate,  
for I may haue my houzle," he said,  
84      "for I may both goe & speake."

"Now giue me mood,<sup>3</sup>" Robin said to litle Iohn,  
"giue me mood with thy hand ;  
I trust to god in heauen soe hye  
88      my houzle will me bestand."

"Now giue me leaue, giue me leaue, Master," he  
said,  
"for christes loue giue leaue to me  
to set a fier within this hall  
92      & to burne vp all church lee ! "

Little John  
wishes to  
burn down  
the hall and  
the church.

"That I reade not," said Robin Hoode then,  
"litle Iohn, for it may not be,  
if I shold doe any widow hurt, at my latter end,  
96      god," he said, "wold blame me ;

Robin  
forbids.

<sup>1</sup> ? shaped, cut out, carved.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> i.e. sword. "A ground or sharpened spear-head." Compare He gyrdes hym in at þe gorge with his gryme launce,

þat þe growndene glayfe graythes in sondyre.

*Morte Arthure* (ed. Perry, E. E. Text Soc.) p. 110, l. 3761-2.

<sup>3</sup> help?; Du. mood', courage (Hexham), moed (Sewel).—F.

He askes  
Little John  
to bear him  
into the  
street, and  
there bury  
him,

“ But take me vpon thy backe, litle Iohn,  
& beare me to yonder streete,  
& there make me a full syvre graue  
100      of grauell & of greete<sup>1</sup>;

with his  
sword at his  
head and  
his arrowes at  
his feet.

“ And sett my bright sword at my head,  
mine arrowes at my feete,  
& lay my vew-bow<sup>2</sup> by my side  
104      my met-yard<sup>3</sup> wi . . . . .

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> greet, i.e. gritt, whence gritty.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ben-bow.—P. “bowe of vewe” in

“Floddon Field,” l. 319, ed. Weber.—F.

<sup>3</sup> a measuring rod; generally a tailor’s.

*Grumio*, “take thou the bill, give me thy

*meat-yard*, and spare not me.”—*The*

*Taming of the Shrew*, Actus Quartus,

p. 224, col. 2. Booth’s reprint.—F.

## King Arthur and the King of Cornwall.<sup>1</sup>

THIS piece has been already printed from the fol. MS. by Sir Frederick Madden, in his "Syr Gawayne."

The story, as that learned editor says, is "a close imitation of the famous *gabs* made by Charlemagne and his companions at the court of King Hugon, published by M. Michel from a MS. in the British Museum [King's Library MSS. 16 E. viii.], London, 1830, and transferred at a later period to the prose romance of Galien Rethoré, printed by Verard, fol. 1500, and often afterwards."

King Charles, in the romance edited by M. Michel, and assigned by him to the twelfth century, recrowned at St. Denis, and exulting, is rebuked by his queen for his pride, and assured that she has seen a far nobler prince than he. The king, irritated by this humiliating assertion, insists on knowing whom she means, and when he knows, determines on visiting him. With his twelve peers he makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return visits the court of the surpassing prince, who is Hugo, King of Constantinople. He is most hospitably received, and in due time conducted to a chamber considerably furnished with thirteen beds. When he and his twelve are comfortably distributed in these, he suggests that each one of them should make a *gab*—an extravagant boast, a fanfaronnade. Charles, commencing the sport,—we quote, for the sake of brevity, not from the original romance, but from M. Ménage's account of "Roman de Galien Restauré," to be found in Menagiana I. 110 *et seq.* of the third edition, Paris, 1715 (a good account of the tale published by

<sup>1</sup> Percy's title. No other copy known.

M. Michel may be seen in Mr. Wright's "Essays on the Literature of the Middle Ages")—"Se vanta que d'un revers de Joyeuse sa bonne épée il couperoit net par le milieu un homme couvert d'un harnois du plus fin acier; Roland, que du seul bruit de son cor il feroit tomber cinquante toises des murailles du Palais du Roy Hugon; Oger, qu'en tirant du bout du doight une corde qu'il auroit nouée au tour du gros pilier qui étoit au milieu de la sale, il le renverseroit et tout l'édifice en même tems." And so they brag on. But King Hugo, un-handsomely, had stationed a spy in their chamber—"un homme caché dans le creux du gros pilier." The spy, as soon as the worthy *gabeurs* are asleep, reports their conversation. King Hugo by no means enters into the humour of it, but next day gravely insists that each vaunt must be verily performed. Charlemagne, sorely perplexed, betakes himself to his prayers. They are answered. And so, with the assistance of Heaven and of King Hugo's daughter, to whom Oliver's *gab* related, the emperor and his paladins are extricated from the difficulties brought on them by their ill-timed rhodomontade. Such is the basis of the present fragment. The story, originally belonging to that cluster of romances which connect Charlemagne with the East, and entitled "Comment Charels de Fraunce voiet in Jherusalem e par parols sa feme à Constantinople par ver roy Hugon," seems to have been extensively popular. It was translated into Icelandic, and inserted in a saga—"Sagum of Karlamagnus og Hoppum Hans."

It is greatly altered in the present version. King Arthur's character is saved from any imputation of braggadocio. An Anglo-Saxon MS. (Calig. A. xv.) speaks of "Elevatio Francorum" and "ira Brittonum," which phrases may happily characterise the French and English versions of the story. Charlemagne's boasts spring from mere wantonness. The Arthurian vows are the result of the King of Cornwall's insolence. Here indeed the King of Cornwall plays the gascon, not the King of Little

Britain. The English adapter of the piece has transferred the vice to the foreign potentate. We may also note how the plain, unadorned spy of the French original is in the Northern version transformed into a hideous monster, with seven fire-breathing heads. Perhaps with the French warp have been interwoven threads of a quite distinct origin. The piece may be a fusion of several pieces.

The phrase in v. 198, being a very common one about the end of the sixteenth century, suggests to Sir Frederick Madden that the version may belong to that period.

There is known no other allusion to the intrigue with Queen Guinevere of which the King of Cornwall boasts. But Holinshed says of her too truly, "She was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband." See "Sir Lambwell."

Sir Marramiles is not heard of elsewhere. Sir Bredbeddle is the "Green Knight," the hero of the romance of the name.

"Little Britain" is of course Armorica.

For the steed and the trick of its management, compare the horse of brass in Chaucer's "Squier's Tale."

— — — — —

[saies, "come here Cuzen gawaine so gay"]<sup>1</sup>      [page 24.]      King Arthur calls Gawain to look at his Round Table.

my sisters sonne be yee;  
ffor you shall see one of the fairest round tables,  
4      that euer you see with your eye."

then bespeak Lady Queen Gueneuer,  
& these were the words said shee:  
"I know where a round table is, thou noble King,  
8      is worth thy round table & other such 3.

Guenever says she knows where there is a much fairer one.

<sup>1</sup> "come here, Cuzen, Gawaine, so  
guy;" was the first line before the binder cut  
To the best of my remembrance this it.—P. The bottoms of the letters left  
suit better those in the text above.—F.

"The trestle that stands vnder this round table," she said,

"lowe downe to the mould,  
it is worth thy round table,<sup>1</sup> thou worthy King,  
thy halls, and all thy gold ;

"the place where this round table stands in,  
it is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee ;  
and all good little britaine."

If Arthur  
would know  
where it is,  
let him seek  
till he finds  
it.

16 "where may that table be, Lady ?" quoth hee,  
or where may all that goodly building be ?"  
"you shall it seeke," shew says, "till you it find,  
for you shall neuer gett more of me."

The King  
vows to find  
it,

20 then bespake him Noble King Arthur,  
these were the words said hee ;  
"Ile make mine avow to god,  
& alsoe to the trinity,

and bide Sir  
Marramiles,  
Tristeram,  
Gawain, and  
Bredbedde,  
be his  
fellows in  
the search,

24 "Ile never sleepe one night, there as I doe another,  
till that Round Table I see !  
Sir Marramiles and Sir Tristeram,  
fellowes that ye shall bee ;

he and they  
disguised as  
palmers.

28 "weele be clad in palmers weedc,  
5 palmers we will bee ;  
There is noe outlandish man will vs abide,  
Nor will vs come nyc."

32 then they riued<sup>2</sup> east & the riued west,  
in many a strange country ;

They face  
eastward and  
westward.

then they tranckled<sup>3</sup> a litle further,  
they saw a battle new sett ;  
"now, by my faith," saies Noble King Arthur,

37 . . . . . well [mett]

[half a page is here torn away.]

<sup>1</sup> the *d* of *round* and the *e* of *table*  
have tags like *cases* to them.—F.

<sup>2</sup> riued, i.e. arrived.—P.

<sup>3</sup> travelled, qu.—P. Dutch *trantelen*  
or *tranteren*, to goe lazily, softly, or a soft  
pace (Hexham, 1660).—F.

But when he cam to this . . . C . . . ,<sup>1</sup> [page 25.] They come  
 & to the palace gate,  
 soe ready was ther a proud porter,  
 41 & met him soone therat.

shooes of gold the porter<sup>2</sup> had on,  
 & all his other rayment was vnto the same ;  
 "now, by my faith," saies Noble King Arthur,  
 45 "yonder is a minion<sup>3</sup> swaine."

Then bespake Noble King Arthur,  
 these were the words says hee :  
 "come hither, thou proud porter,  
 49 I pray thee come hither to me.

"I haue 2 poore rings of my finger,  
 they better of them Ile glie to theo ;  
 tell who may be Lord of this castle," he sayes,  
 53 "or who is lord in this cuntry ?"

"Cornewall King," the porter sayes,  
 "there is none soe rich as hee ;  
 neither in christendome, nor yet in heathennest,  
 57 none hath soe much gold as he."

& then bespake him Noble King Arthur,  
 these were the words sayes hee :  
 "I haue 2 poore rings of my finger,  
 the better of them Ile glie theo  
 if thou wilt greete him well, cornewall King,  
 63 and greete him well from me,

<sup>1</sup> Percy suggests "that castle to," but these words do not suit the parts of letters left.—F.

<sup>2</sup> There was a change in porters by 1611. "Taqwin: m. A niggard, miser,

micher, penie-father, pinch-crust, hold-fast; also, a *Porter*, or any such base companion." Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *mignon*: Minion, daintie, neat, spruce. Cotgrave.—F.

to whom  
Arthur offers

a ring for  
information  
who is the  
lord of the  
castle and  
country.

The King of  
Cornwall,  
says the  
Porter.

Arthur  
repeats his  
offer of the  
ring, if the  
Porter will  
announce  
him

and pray his  
master for  
board and  
lodging for  
him.

"pray him for one nights lodging, & 2 meales meate,  
for his love that dyed vppon a tree ;  
A vne<sup>1</sup> ghesting, & two meales meate,  
for his loue that dyed vppon a tree,

The Porter  
does so.

" A vne<sup>1</sup> ghesting of 2 meales meate,  
for his love that was of virgin boirne,  
& in the morning *that we may scape away,*  
either without scath or scorne."

then forth his gone this proud porter,  
as fast as he cold hye ;  
& when he came befor cornwall King,  
he kneeled downe on his kneo.

sayes, " I haue beene porter-man, at thy gate,  
this 30 winter and three . . . [? MS.]

[*half a page is wanting.*]

78 . . . . . our Lady was borne. [page 26.]  
then thought cornwall King these palmers had  
beenе in Brittaine.

The King  
asks his  
guests if  
they know  
anything of  
one, King  
Arthur.

then bespake him Cornwall King,  
these were the words he said there :  
" did you euer know a comely King,  
his name was King Arthur ? "

& then bespake him Noble King Arthur,  
these were the words said heo :  
" I doe not know that comly King,  
but once my selfe I did him see."  
88 then bespake cornwall King againe,  
these were the words said he :

<sup>1</sup> one ; repeating l. 64. Fr. *hostelage*, a bed or night's lodging for a guest. Cot.—F.

- 90      says, " 7 yeere I was clad & fed,  
       in Little Brittaine, in a bower ;  
     I had a daughter by King Arthurs wife,  
       that now is called my flower ;  
 94      for King Arthur, that kindly Cockward,<sup>1</sup>  
       hath none such in his bower ;
- The King  
boasts of a  
daughter  
born to him  
by Arthur's  
wife.
- 98      "for I durst sweare, & saue my othe,  
       that same lady soe bright,  
     that a man that were laid on his death bed  
       wold open his eyes on her to haue sight."  
 "Now, by my faith," sayes noble King Arthur,  
       " & thats a full faire wight ! "
- 102     & then bespake cornewall againe,  
       & these were the words he said <sup>2</sup> :  
     " Come hither, 5 or 3 of my knights,  
       & feitch me downe my steed ;
- Then he  
boasts of his  
steed.
- 106     King Arthur, that foule Cocke-ward,  
       hath none such, if he had need.
- Arthur has  
none such.
- 110     " for I can ryde him as far on a day,  
       as King Arthur can doe any of his on 3.  
 110     & is it not a pleasure for a King  
       when he shall ryde forth on his Iourney ?
- 114     " for the eyes that beenc in his head,  
       thé glister as doth the gled.<sup>3</sup>"
- His eyes  
glisten like  
fire.
- 114     " Now, by my faith," says Noble King Arthur,  
       that is a well faire steed.<sup>4</sup>" [? MS.]
- [half a page is wanting.]

<sup>1</sup> cuckwold.—P. Cp. *The Horn of King Arthur*, l. 17-18, Child i. 18—

" He was *kokwold sykerly* ;  
     ffor sothe it is no lesyng."

There is a French phrase, *Voyager en Cornouaille*: To be a cuckold; or to haue his head horne-graffed at home while his feet are plodding abroad. *Cotgrave*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> said he. MS. he hight.—Percy (who puts l. 99-102 as a four-line stanza.—F.).

<sup>3</sup> In Shropshire Gleed or Gleeds signifies embers, vide p. 80 [of MS.]. N.B. *gleed* A.-Sax. est *pruna*, a live coal.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Percy reads " That is a noble steed, qu."

- 116 "nobody say . . . . .  
but one *thats learned to speake.*" [page 27.]

After hearing all these boastings,  
Arthur retires to rest with his fellowes.

- Then King Arthur to his bed was brought,  
a greeiued man was hee ;  
120 & soe were all his fellowes with him,  
from him the thought neuer to flee.

"A loathly fiend" is posted by their bedside to eavesdrop.

- 124 then take they did that lodly boome,<sup>1</sup>  
& under thrub chadler<sup>2</sup> closed was hee ;  
& he was set by King Arthurs bed-side,  
to heere theire talke & theire comunye ;

- that he might come forth, and make proclamation,  
long before it was day.  
128 it was more for King cornwalls pleasure,  
then it was for King Arthurs pay.<sup>3</sup>

Arthur rows  
he will be the  
bane of the  
King.

- & when King Arthur in his bed was laid,  
these were the words said hee :  
132 "Ile make mine avow to god,  
and alsoe to the trinity,<sup>4</sup>  
that Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,  
little brittaine or euer I see ! "

Gawain  
reproves  
him.

- 136 "it is an vnaduised vow," saics Gawaine the gay,  
"as ever King hard make I ;  
but wee *that beene* 5 christian men,  
of the christen faith are wee ;  
140 & we shall fight against anoynted King  
& all his armorie."

<sup>1</sup> ? beam, log. Du. *boom*, a Tree, a Barre, or a turning Logg, to lock and open into the entrance of a Haven. Hexham.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. the bunge of the *trubchandler*, l. 172. A kind of tub? Phillips gives

*Trub* or *Trubtail*, a little squat woman. *Truba*, a sort of herb.—F.

<sup>3</sup> t.i. pleasure.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This and the line above are written as one in the MS.—F.

& then bespake him Noble Arthur,

& these were the words said he :

144 "why, if thou be afraid, Sir Gawaine the gay,  
goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne country."

" Go home if  
you are  
afraid,"  
retorts  
Arthur.

THE 3<sup>d</sup> PART.<sup>1</sup>

AND then bespake Sir Gawaine the gay,

and these were the words said hee :

148 "nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow,  
heere another vow make will I.

" Nay,"  
answers  
Gawain, " I  
will vow  
too.

" Ile make mine avow to god,  
and alsoe to the trinity,

152 *that I will haue yonder faire lady*  
to little brittaine with mee.

I vow to  
carry off the  
fair lady we  
have heard  
of."

" Ile hose<sup>2</sup> her homly to my hurt,<sup>3</sup>  
& with her Ile worke my will ; "

[half a page is wanting.]

[top line pared away.]

156 these were the words sayd hee :

[page 28.]

" befor I wold wrestle with yonder feond,  
it is better be drowned in the sea."

and then bespake Sir Bredbeddle,  
160 & these were the words said he :

" why, I will wrestle with yon lody feond,  
god ! my gouernor thou wilt bee."

Bredbeddle  
offers to  
encounter  
the feond.

<sup>1</sup> in the left margin of the MS. See Kennett, in MS. Lansd. 1033. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>2</sup> cuddle. *Hose*, to embrace, from *halse*.

<sup>3</sup> t. i. heart.—F.

Then bespake him Noble Arthur,  
 164 & these were they words said he :  
 " what weapons wilt thou haue, thou gentle knight ?  
 I pray thee tell to me."

he sayes, " Collen brand<sup>1</sup> Ile haue in my hand,  
 168 & a Millainc knife<sup>2</sup> fast by me knee ;  
 & a Danish axe<sup>3</sup> fast in my hands,  
 that a sure weapon I thinke wilbe."

<sup>1</sup> Hall speaks of " long speres called Cologne clowystes." 5th year of Henry VIII. " Espées de Collogne.—L'Allemagne a, pendant longtemps, joui d'une juste réputation pour la trempe et la solidité des armes blanches ; encore de nos jours on estime particulièrement les lames fabriquées à Klingenthal, bourg du Bas-Rhin :" in " Proverbes et Dictons populaires avec les dits du mercier et des marchands et les crieries de Paris aux XIII<sup>e</sup> et XIV<sup>e</sup> siècles, publiés d'après les manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi, par J. A. Crapelet, Imprimeur." Paris, 1831.—H.

" Coleyne thredē" only is mentioned in *The Libel of English Policy* (Pol. Songs, ed. Wright, v. 2, p. 171).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. l. 169 of " Eger & Grine" below: " My Habergion that was of Millaine fine."

In " Sir Degrevant," *Florence* swords are noticed—

" Bot twey swerdus thei bene  
 off Florence ful kene." l. 1608.

" The dealers in miscellaneous articles were also called *milliners*, from their importing *Milan* goods for sale, such as brooches, aiglets, spurs, glasses, &c." Saunders's *Chaucer*, p. 241-2.—F.

<sup>3</sup> " Haiche de Danemarche.

" Les haiches du Nord étoient fort estimées au moyen Age."—Crapelet.

" Hache noresche out mult bele."  
*Wace*, v. 13,391.

" una Hatchet Denesh," in *Plac. Coronae* de An. 12 Edw. 1 Cornub. Blount 54.

" Les hasches estoient les armes particulières des Danois. *Isaac. Pontanus lib. V. Rer. Danicar.* parlant de l'équipage des soldats Danois qui furent envoiez par Godwin au Roy Kanut. ' Pendebant de humeris sinistris *Danicæ securæ* auro similiter argentoque redimite undique.' D'où vient que souvent dans les Autheurs les *hasches* sont nommées *Danoises*. Guillaume le Briton, l. xi. Philipp.

*Hastis contractis mucronibus atque  
 cutellis  
 In insula, Dacisque securibus exercer-  
 brant se.*

Et plus bas au mesme liure :

*Nil miseros longa arma inuant, nil  
 Dacha bipennis.*

Le Roman des Loherenes :

*Et portent glaives et cepiēs Poitevins  
 Haches Danoises por lancier et ferir.*

Il est encore parlé de ces *hasches Danoises* dans l'Auther de *La Vie de Guillaume I. Roy d'Angleterre*, p. 192; en la *Chron. de Flandres*, chap. ix., &c.; *Orderic Vital. l. xiii.* a dit *Norica securis.*" —Dufrene's *Geoff. de l'Ile-Hardouin. Observations*, p. 298, fol. 1657 (referred to by Sir F. Madden in his reprint of this ballad).—H.

In Denmark were fulle noble con-  
 querours

In tyne passed, fulle worthy warriours.

*Libel*, p. 177.—F.

<sup>1</sup> sure.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> rucked, i.e. crowded all of a heap or ruck.—P. thrown up as wrack.  
—F.

He goes to  
Arthur's  
chamber,

- And when he came to the Kings chamber,  
he cold of<sup>1</sup> his curtesie,  
199 says, "sleepe you, wake you, noble King Arthur ?  
& euer Iesus waken yee !"

- " Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,"  
these were the words said hee :  
203 "ffor thee I haue card ; how hast thou fared ?  
O gentle knight, let me see."

- the knight wrought<sup>2</sup> the King his booke,  
bad him behold, reede, and see ;  
207 & euer he found it on the backside of the leafe,  
as Noble Arthur wold wish it to be.

who wishes  
to see the  
fend.

- & then bespake him King Arthur,  
" alas ! thow gentle knight, how may this be,  
211 that I might see him in the same licknesse  
that he stood vnto thee ?"

Bredbedle  
says he shall,  
if he will be  
firm.

- and then bespake him the greene knight,<sup>3</sup>  
these were the words said hee :  
215 "if youle stand stify in the battell stronge,  
for I haue won all the victory."

- then bespake him the King againe,  
& these were the words said hee :  
219 "if wee stand not stify in this battell strong,  
wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree."

Bredbedle  
conjures the  
foul feind to  
appear just  
as it had  
appeared  
before.

- then bespake him the greene Knight,  
these were the words said he :  
223 saies, "I doe coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
in the same licknesse thou stood vnto me."

<sup>1</sup> knew of, remembered.—F.

<sup>2</sup> rought, reached.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See the Romance of the Green  
Knight, p. 203 [of MS.].—P.

with that start out a lodly feend,  
 226      with 7 heads, & one body ;  
 the fier towards the element flaugh<sup>1</sup>  
 out of his mouth, where was great plenty.

It does so.

the knight stood in the Middle p . . . . .  
 [half a page is wanting.]

230 . . . they stood the space of an houre,      [page 30.]  
 I know not what they did.

And then bespake him the greene knight,  
 & these were the words said he :  
 234 saith, " I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
 that thou feitch downe the steed that we see."

Bredbedde  
orders the  
feend to  
fetch the  
steed above  
boasted of.

& then forth is gone BURLOW-BEANIE,  
 as fast as he cold hie ;  
 238 & feitch he did that faire steed,  
 & came againe by & by.

It fetches it.

Then bespake him Sir Marramiles,  
 & these were the words said hee :  
 242 " Riding of this steed, brother BREDBEDDLE,  
 the mastery belongs to me."

Sir Mar-  
ramiles  
proposes to  
ride it.

Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
 to ryd him he was full bold ;  
 246 he cold noe more make him goe  
 then a child of 3 yeere old.

but he  
cannot make  
it stir.

he laid vpon him with heele and hand,  
 with yard that was soe fell ;  
 250 " helpe ! brother Bredbedde," says Marramile,  
 " for I thinke he be the devill of hell.

<sup>1</sup> flew.—P.

" helpe ! brother Bredbeddle," says Marramile,

" helpe ! for christe pitty ;

- 254 for without thy help, brother Bredbeddle,  
he will neuer be rydden pro me."

The fiend,  
conjured by  
Bredbeddle,  
says that

Then bespeak him Sir Bredbeddle,  
these were the words said he :

- 258 " I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane,  
thou tell me how this steed was riddin in his  
country."

there is a  
gold wand  
in the King's  
study  
window,

he saith, " there is a gold wand  
Stands in King Cornwalls study windowe ;

which will  
make the  
steed go.

- 262 " let him take that wand in that window,  
& strike 3 strokes on that steed ;  
& then he will spring forth of his hand  
as sparke doth out of Gleede.<sup>1</sup>"

- 266 & then bespeak him the greene knight,  
[half a page is wanting.]

A lowd blast he may blow then [? MS.]

[page 31.]

Bredbeddle  
orders the  
fiend to fetch  
the powder  
box.

& then bespeak Sir Bredebeddle,  
to the ffieend these words said hee :

- 270 says, " I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanic,  
the powder-box thou feitch me."

It fetches it.

Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie  
as fast as he cold hie ;

- 274 & feich he did the powder-box,  
& came againe by & by.

<sup>1</sup> Vid. note p. 26 [of MS.].—P. A.-S. *gledd*, red-hot coal.—F.

Then Sir Tristeram tooke powder forth of *that* box,  
 & blent it with warme sweet milke ;  
 & there put it vnto that horne,  
 278      & swilled<sup>1</sup> it about in that ilke.

Tristeram  
rinses the  
horn with  
warm sweet  
milk and  
the powder ;

then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
 & a lowd blast he blew ;  
 he rent the horne vp to the midst,  
 282      all his ffellowes this the knew.

then blows  
a blast.  
The horn is  
rent in  
twain.

Then bespake him the greene knight,  
 these were the words said he :  
 saies, " I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
 286      *that* thou feitch me the sword *that* I see."

Bredboddle  
orders the  
fiend to fetch  
the sword.

Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
 as fast as he cold hie ;  
 & feitch he did that faire sword,  
 290      & came againe by & by.

No fetches  
it.

Then bespake him Sir BREDBEDDLE,  
 to the King these words said he :  
 " take this sword in thy hand, thou noble King arthur !  
 294      for the vowes sake *that* thou made Ile giue it th[ee;]

Bredboddle  
bids King  
Arthur go  
and strike  
off the King  
of Corn-  
wall's head.

and goe strike off King Cornewalls head,  
 in bed were he doth lye."  
 Then forth is gone Noble King Arthur,  
 298      as fast as he cold hye ;  
 & strucken he hath off King Cornwalls head,  
 & came againe by and by.

He does so.

he put the head vpon a swords point,  
 [half a page wanting.]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. rinsed it, washed it, *Verb. Salop*.—P.

## Sir Lionell.

WE have not discovered any other copy of the ballad here presented in a sadly fragmentary state. Among King Arthur's knights there is a Sir Lionell, the son of King Beort and so a kinsman of Lancelot. But there is no ground for identifying him with the hero of this piece, who is called the son of Sir Egrabell. There is, however, a much more than accidental likeness between this ballad and "The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove, or the Old Man and his three Sons" in Mr. Bell's "Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," printed for the first time (as Mr. Bell tells us) by Mr. Allies of Worcester, but of long previous popularity in Worcestershire and some of the adjoining counties. The hero is one Sir Ryalas, one of Old Sir Robert Bolton's three sons. On spying the lady in the tree-top, he at once, by her advice, blows a blast, and brings out the wild boar. They fight for four hours, and the boar is slain. The lady turns out to be warmly attached to the boar, and presently shares her monstrous paramour's fate. The refrain is "Wind well thy horn, good hunter," alternating with "For he was a jovial hunter" or some very similar line. The same refrain as that of Percy's ballad occurs in an old song, sung to "a spirited tune," of Henry VIII.'s time, in MSS. Reg. append. 58, printed in Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," v. 1, p. 58.

Blow thy horne, hunter,  
 Cum, blow thy horne on hye!  
 In yonder woode there lyeth a doe,  
 In sayth she woll not dye.  
 Cum, blowe thy horne, hunter!  
 Cum, blow thy horne, joly hunter!

"It must be remembered," says Mr. Chappell in a letter to

the editors, "that such *burdens* as this were commonly sung as an under-song, or ground-base to the tune, while the soloist sang the verses of the ballad. The burden was not merely sung at the end of each stanza, as in later times."

Sir Graysteel, in the romance called after him and Sir Eger and Sir Grime, demands the little finger of Sir Eger's right hand as a token of victory, just as the giant Sir Lionell's in v. 43.

[page 32.]

SIR Egrabell had sonnes 3, { } blow thy horne, good hunter, Sir Lionell  
Sir Lyonell was one of these { } as I am a gentle hunter.

Sir Lyonell wold on hunting ryde  
6 vntill the forrest him beside,

rides a  
hunting,

And as thē rode thorow the wood  
where trees & harts & all were good,

sees a  
knight slain,

And as he rode over the plaine,  
0 there he saw a knight lay slaine.

And as he rode still on the plaine,  
he saw a lady sitt in a graine<sup>1</sup>:

and farther  
on a lady  
sitting up a  
tree,

"Say thou, lady, & tell thou me,  
4 what blood shedd heere had bee."

"Of this blood shedd we may all rew,  
both wife & childe and man alsoe,

who says

8 "for it is not past 3 dayes right  
since Sir Broninge was mad a knight,

that the  
slain knight  
is Sir  
Brooking,

"Nor it is not more than 3 dayes agoe  
since the wild bore did him sloe."

slain three  
days ago by  
the wild  
boar.

<sup>1</sup> in graine, i.e. in scarlet.—P.

- 22      " Say thou, lady, & tell thou mee,  
          how long thou wilt sitt in *that tre*."
- The lady  
will not  
move till her  
friends  
fetch her.
- 26      She said, " I wilt sitt in this tree  
          till my friends doe feitch me."
- 26      " Tell me, lady, & doe not miste,  
          where that *your* friends dwellings is."
- " downe," shee said, " in yonder towne,  
          there dwells my freinds of great renowne."
- 30      Says, " Lady, Ile ryde into yonder towne  
          & see wether *your* friends beene bowne<sup>1</sup> ;
- " I my self wilbe the formost man  
          that shall come, lady, to feitch you home."
- Riding off  
to fetch the  
lady's  
friends,
- 34      But as he rode then by the way,  
          he thought it shame to goe awaw,  
  
          and vnbethought<sup>2</sup> him of a while,<sup>3</sup>  
          how he might that wilde bore beguile.
- Lionell feels  
ashamed to  
go.
- 38      " Sir Egrabell," he said, " my father was,  
          he neuer left lady in such a case ;  
  
          " Noc more will I" . . . . .  
          [half a page missing.]
- The giant  
demands  
from Lionell  
his hawks  
and hounds,
- 41      " and a[fter<sup>4</sup>] that thou shalt doc mee . . . [page 33.]  
          thy hawkes & thy lease alsoe ;
- <sup>1</sup> i.e. ready.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> The word still exists in Lancashire.  
 " He's the very mon for yo! Aw've just  
 unbethought me! He knows more cracks  
 [stories] nor onybody o' this side."—  
 Waugh's *Lancashire Sketches*, 1857, p.
207. But originally the *un* was *un*, A.-S.  
*unb*, *ymb*, about. A.-S. *unbeSoht*, is un-  
 thought, inconsiderate; while *ymb* can  
 is to think about.—F.
- <sup>3</sup> wyle.—P.
- <sup>4</sup> MS. blotted.—F.

- |    |  |  |
|----|--|--|
|    | "soe shalt thou doe at my command<br>the litle finger on thy right hand." <sup>1</sup>             | and the<br>little finger<br>of his right<br>hand.  |
|    | "Ere I wold leaue all this with thec,<br>vpon this ground I rather dyee."                          | He objects.  |
| 43 | The Gyant gaue Sir Lyonell such a blow,<br>the fyre out of his eyen did throw.                     | The giant<br>strikes him<br>fiercely.  |
| 47 | He said then, "if I were saffe <sup>2</sup> & sound<br>as with-in this hower I was in this ground, | Sir Lionell<br>says if he<br>were only as<br>undamaged<br>as he had<br>been an<br>hour before, |
| 51 | "It shold be in the next towne told<br>how deare thy buffett it was sold ;                         |  |
| 55 | "And it shold hane beene in the next towne said<br>how well thy buffett it were paid."             | men shoulde<br>tell how he<br>repaid that<br>stroke.   |
| 59 | "Take 40 daies into Spite <sup>3</sup><br>to heale thy wounds that beene soe wide ;                | The giant<br>bids him<br>take forty<br>days to<br>make   |
|    | "when 40 dayes beene at an end,<br>heere meete thou me both safe & sound,                          | himself well,<br>and then<br>return.   |
|    | "And till thou come to me againe,<br>with me thoust <sup>4</sup> leaue thy lady alone."            |  |
|    | when 40 dayes was at an end,<br>Sir Lyonell of his wounds was healed sound,                        | After forty<br>days, he<br>rides to the<br>tryst ; his   |
| 63 | He tooke with him a litle page,—<br>he gaue to him good yeomans wage,—                             |  |

<sup>1</sup> See in "Eger and Grine," below, how the knight cuts off the little fingers of all whom he conquers.—F.

? Mfc.—P.

\* ? in spital or hospital.—H. But if Dr. Mahn (in *Wecheler's Dictionary*) is right in identifying *reproce* with *reproof*, as I have no doubt he is, tracing both to

the Latin *re-probare*, then the *Promptorium*, "Spyte, repre or schame (spite, reprove or schame), *obprobrium*," leads at once, in form at least, to the *reprie*, the 40 days' grace, that we want here.—E.

<sup>4</sup> See note to *thousel* in "Robin Hood and the Butcher," I, 28, p. 20, above.—F.

And as he rode by one hawthorne,  
even there did hang his hunting horne.

bugle blows  
towards the south. 67

He sett his bugle to his mouth,  
& blew his bugle still full south;

The lady  
hears and  
comes to  
him,

He blew his bugle lowde & shrill;  
the lady heard, & came him till,

and says  
that the  
giant is  
confident of  
success. 71

Sayes, "the Gyant lyes vnder yond low,<sup>1</sup>  
& well he heares your bugle blow,

" And bidds me<sup>2</sup> of good cheere be,  
this night heele supp with you & me."

He sets the  
lady on a  
horse, 75

Hee sett that lady vpon a steede,  
& a little boy before her yeede,

bidding her  
fee if she  
sees the  
battle going  
against  
him. 78

And said, "lady, if you see that I must dyc,  
as euer you loued me, from me flyc;

" But, lady, if you see that I must liue,"

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. hill.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. cue[r].

## Captaine Carr.<sup>1</sup>

THE earlier part of this version of a well-known ballad is almost identical with the copy in the Cotton MSS. (Vespas. A. xxv.) printed by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs," with the striking burden given in the MS. (which is omitted in some reprints from him), viz. :

Syck, sickie, and to towie sike,  
And sickie, and like to die!  
The sikkest nighte that ever I abode!  
God lord, on me have mercy!

(Compare

When I fell sick, an' very sick,  
An' very sick, just like to die,

in "Jamie Douglas" in Mr. Bell's "Early Ballads." The iteration is extremely effective.) The end is different. So are the local names throughout. The atrocity here described is said to have been actually perpetrated in the year 1571. See Chambers' "Scottish Ballads," p. 67. As its perpetrator acted under the direction of Adam Gordon of Auchindown, the Marquis of Huntly's brother, the ballad is frequently known as "Edom o' Gordon." Under that name, taken down by Sir David Dalrymple from the recitation of a lady, it was first printed at Glasgow in 1755.

Ten years afterwards, modified by the fragment now for the first time given to the light, it appeared in the "Reliques." There is current yet another version, called "Loudoun Castle," printed by Prof. Child from "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," first

<sup>1</sup> Our title: Percy's is "A Fragment of another ballad, of Cap' Carr & his burning of a lady & 3 Childs." He adds, "In many things it resembles an

old Scottish song lately publish'd, intituled Edom of Gordon, 1759.—McW. To correct the Scottish ballad by it.—T. P."

series, p. 74, where it is taken from a "Statistical Account of the Parish of Loudoun."

The popularity implied by this variety is not to be wondered at. There is no more vivid picture of a wild truculent time; nor in the picture of any time can there be seen a nobler figure than the lady here, with her touching tender love of her children, her high invincible spirit, alone, undismayed, true to the death.

---

"To the  
castle of  
Britons-  
borough,"  
the man  
says.

I " ffaith, Master, whither you will,  
whereas you like the best,  
vnto the castle of Bittons borrow,  
and there to take your rest."

[page 34.]

"The lord  
is absent."

" But yonder stands a Castle faire,  
is made of lyme & stone,  
yonder is in it a fayre lady,  
her lord is ridden & gone."

8

The lady  
sees a host  
approaching.

The lady stood on her castle wall,  
she looked upp and downe,  
she was ware of an hoast of men  
came rydinge towards the towne.

12

" See you not, my merry men all,  
& see you not what I doe see ?  
Methinks I see a hoast of Men ;  
I muse who they shold be."

16

She thinks  
it is her  
lord. It is  
Captain  
Carr, lord of  
Westerton.

She thought it had becene her louly Lord,  
he had come ryding home :  
it was the traitor, Captaine Carr,  
the Lord of Westerton towne.

20

<sup>1</sup> The copy in the Cotton Library, which was printed by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, ii. 38, has the following first stanza:—

It befell at Martynmas  
When wether waxed colde,  
Captaine Carr saide to his men,  
" We must go take a holde."—F.

They had noe sooner super sett,  
 & after said the grace,  
 but the traitor Captaine Carre  
 24        was light about the place.

At the  
 beginning of  
 supper,  
 Captain  
 Carr arrives,

“ Giue over thy house, thou Lady gay,  
 I will make thee a band,<sup>1</sup>  
 all night with-in mine armes thoust Lye,  
 28        to-morrow be the heyre of my Land.”

and bids  
 her  
 surrender  
 the house.

“ Ille not giue over my house,” shee said,  
 “ neither for Ladds nor man,  
 nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,  
 32        vntill my lord Come home;

She stoutly  
 refuses,

But reach me my pistoll pee,<sup>2</sup>  
 & charge you well my gunne,  
 Ille shoothe at the bloody bucher,  
 36        the lord of westerton.”

calls for her  
 pistol,

She stood vpon her castle wall  
 & let the bulletts flee,  
 39        and where shee mist . . . . .<sup>3</sup>

and fires it.

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> bond, agreement.—F.

And I shall take him in my armes,  
 His warran wyll I be.”

<sup>2</sup> p<sup>dr</sup> (perdè).—P. piece.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The Cotton copy has

She myst the blody bucher,  
 And slew other three.

The captayne said unto himselfe  
 Wyth sped before the rest ;  
 He cut his tonge out of his head,  
 His hart out of his breast.

“ I will not geve over my houn,” she  
 saithe,  
 “ Neither for lord nor lowne,  
 Nor yet for traitour Captain Care,  
 The lord of Easter-towne.

He lapt them in a handkerchef,  
 And knet it of knotes three,  
 And cast them over the castel-wall  
 At that gay ladye.

“ I desire of Captine Care  
 And all his bloddye band,  
 That he would save my eldest sonne,  
 The eare of all my lande.”

“ Fye upon thee, Captaine Care,  
 And all thy bloddy band  
 For thou hast slayne my eldest  
 sonne,  
 The ayre of all my land.”—H.

“ Lap him in a shete,” he sayth,  
 “ And let him downe to me,

Her little  
child  
complains of  
the smoke.

But then bespake the little child  
that sate on the nurses knee,  
saies, " mother deere, giue ore this house,  
for the smoake it smoothers me."

[page 35.]

43

" I wold giue all my gold, my childe,  
soe wold I doe all my fee,  
for one blast of the westerne wind  
to blow the smoke from thee."

47

But when shee saw the fier  
came flaming ore her head,  
shee tooke then vpp her children 2,  
Sayes, " babes, we all beene dead ! "

51

The lady and  
her three  
children  
are burnt.

But Adam<sup>1</sup> then he fired the house,  
a sorrowfull sight to see :  
now hath he burned this lady faire  
& eke her children 3.

55

Then Captaine Carre he rode away,  
he staid noe longer at that tide,  
he thought that place it was to warme  
soe neere for to abide ;

59

He calld vnto his merry men all,  
bidd them make hast away,  
" for we haue slaine his children 3,  
all, & his Lady gay."

63

The lady's  
lord in  
London  
bears of  
what has  
been done,

Worde came to louly london,  
to london wheras her lord lay,  
" his castle & his hall was burned  
all, & his lady gay.

67

<sup>1</sup> Adam Car is not unlike Edom of Gordon.—P.

Soo hath he done his Children 3,  
 more dearer vnto him  
 then either the siluer or the gold  
 71      that men soe faine wold win."

But when he looket this writing on,  
 Lord, in is hart he was woe !  
 saies, " I will find thee, Captaine Carr,  
 75      wether thou ryde or goe !

and vows to  
find Captain  
Carr.

" Buffe<sup>1</sup> yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,  
 with tempered swords of steele,  
 for till I hane found out Captaine Carr,  
 79      my hart it is nothing weele."

But when he came to dractons Borrow,  
 soe long ere it was day,  
 & ther he found him, Captaine Carr ;  
 83      that night he ment to stay.

He finds  
him at  
Dracton-  
borough.

[half a page missing.<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> *Buske* is the more usual word; but *Buffe* may well mean—"don your buff jerkin," "arm."—F.

<sup>2</sup> The copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 38, makes the husband take no vengeance on Captain Carr; but that in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 17, has:

And some they raid, and some they ran,  
 Fu fast out ovr the plain,  
 But lang, lang, eer he coud get up,  
 They were a'doid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the grien;

For o' fifty men that Edom brought  
 out,  
 There were but five ged hemme.

And mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the grien,  
 And mony were the fair ladys  
 Lay lemanless at hemme.

And round and round the waes he  
 went,  
 Their ashes for to view;  
 At last into the flames he flew,  
 And bed the world adieu.—F.

**Sr Lancelott of Dulake.**

[page 36.]

[In the printed collection 1726. Vol. ii. p. 18.—N. III. Percy.]

THIS ballad, which has been printed again and again, was written towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, probably by Thomas Deloney, a notorious ballad-maker. It is nothing more than a rhymed version of certain chapters in Sir T. Malory's "Most Ancient and Famous history of the Renowned Prince Arthur, &c." (chaps. 106, 107, and 108 of the 1634 edition, lately reprinted by Mr. Wright). It is found first in the "Garland of Good Will." There are two copies of it in the Bagford Collection.

Falstaff quotes the first line except the last word, and after a brief interruption the second, which he makes "And was a worthy king," in the 2nd part of "King Henry IV." act ii. sc. iv. It is quoted also, as Mr. Chappell mentions, in Marston's "Malcontent," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Little French Lawyer."

When  
Arthur first  
became  
king,

WHEN Arthur first in Court began  
& was approued king,  
by force of armes great victorys wonne  
and conquest home did bring,

he came to  
England  
with fifty  
knights of  
the Round  
Table.

4

Then into England straight he came  
with 50<sup>y</sup> good and able  
knights that resorted vnto him,  
& were of the round table.

8

- And many Iusts & turnaments<sup>1</sup>  
wherto were many prest,<sup>2</sup>  
weherin some knights did farr excell  
& eke surmount the rest.
- 12
- But one S'r Lancelot of Dulake  
he was approuved well,  
he for his deeds & feats of armes  
16 All others did excell.
- wherein Sir Lancelot du Lac greatly excelled all others.
- When he had rested him awhile  
In play & game to sportt,  
he said he wold goc prove himselfe  
20 in some aduenturous sort.
- 24 He armed rode in a fforrest wide,  
& met a damsell faire,  
who told him of adventures great,  
wherto he gaue great eare.
- Riding in a forest, he meets a damsel,
- "Why shold I not?" quoth Lancelott tho;  
For that cause came I hither."  
"thou seemst," quoth shee, "a Knight full good  
28 & I will bring thee thither
- who leads him to where dwells a worthy foeman.
- Weras the worthiest knight doth dwell"  
ch . . . . . ?  
[half a page lost.]
- <sup>1</sup> The difference between justs and tournaments consists in this, that the latter is the genus, of which the former is only a species. Turnaments included all kinds of military sports and engagements made out of gallantry and diversion. Justs were those particular combats where the parties were near each other, and engaged with lance and sword: add, that the tournament was frequently performed by a number of cavaliers, who fought in a body; the just was a single combat of one man against another. *Chamber's Dict.* 1741, *Just.*—F.
- <sup>2</sup> ready.—F.
- <sup>3</sup> *The Garland of Good Will* (1678, reprinted by the Percy Society) reads:
- That now is of great fame;  
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,  
And then what is your name."
- "My name is Lancelot du Lake."  
Quoth she, "It like[s] me than;  
Here dwells a Knight that never was  
O'ermatched with any man;
- "Who has in prison three score Knights  
And four, that he has bound,

" You vaunt  
beyond  
bearing,"  
says  
Lancelot.  
" Defend  
yourself."      34

" Thatts ouer much " quoth Lancelott tho, [page 37.]  
" defend thee by & by."  
they sett their speares<sup>1</sup> unto ther steeds,  
and eache att other flic.

They  
charge.

They coucht theire speares, their horscs run  
as though there had beene thunder,  
& cuery stroke in midst their sheelds,  
werewith they broke in sunder.

38

Their  
hor-ses' backs  
break.

They jump  
off.

42

They horsses bakes brake vnder them,  
they knights were both astond ;  
to avoyd their horsse they made great hast,  
& light vpon the ground.<sup>2</sup>

As they  
stand  
breathless  
and faint,

46

They wounded were, & bled full sore,  
they both for breath did stand,  
& leaning on their swords awhile,  
quoth Tarqine " hold thy hand,

Tarquin  
praises  
Lancelot's  
prowesse :

50

" And tell to me what I shall Aske."  
" say on," quoth Lancelott tho ;  
" thou art," quoth Tarqine, " the best knight  
that euer I did know,

Knights of King Arthur's Court they  
be,  
And of his Table Round."

She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
His fellow shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke ;  
When Tarquin heard the sound,  
He drove a horse before him straight,  
Whereon a knight lay bound.

" Sir knight," then said Sir Lancelot,  
" Bring me that horse-load hither,

And lay him down & let him rest ;  
We'll try our force together.

" And as I understand thou hast,  
So far as thou art able,  
Done great despite and shame unto  
The knights of the Round Table."

" If thou be of the Table Round,  
(Quoth Tarquin, speedilie,)  
" Both thee and all thy fellowship  
I utterlye defic." —H.

<sup>1</sup> t.i. spurs.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A stanza is here wanting w<sup>ch</sup> is to be found in y<sup>e</sup> printed copy.—P.

54      "Like to a knight that I doe hate,  
soe that thou be not hee,  
I will deliuer all the rest,  
& eke accord with thee."

and promises, if  
he is not a  
certain  
knight  
whom he  
hates, to  
give up his  
captives.

58      "That is well said," said lancelott tho,  
"but seeth<sup>1</sup> it must soe bee ;  
what knight is that, that thou dost hate ?  
I pray thee show to mee."

"And pray  
who is this  
knight?"

"His name, Sir Lancelott dulake is,  
he slew my brother decree ;"

"Sir  
Lancelot  
du Lac ;  
he slew my  
brother."

[half a page missing.<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> since.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The old printed ballad continues:  
Him I suspect of all the rest;  
I would I had him here."

"Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown ;  
I am Lancelot du Lake !  
Now Knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
Kind Hand's son of Senwake ;

They buckled then together so,  
Like two wild boars rashing,  
And with their swords and shields they  
ran  
At one another flashing.

"And I desire thee do thy worst."  
"Ho! ho!" quoth Tarquin, though,  
"One of us two shall end our lives  
Before that we do go.

The ground besprinkled was with blood,  
Tarquin began to faint ;  
For he gave back, and bore his shield  
So low, he did repent.

"If thou be Lancelot du Lake,  
Then welcome shalt thou be ;  
Wherefore see then thyself defend,  
For now defie I thee."

This soon spied Sir Lancelot though ;  
He leapt upon him then,  
He pull'd him down upon his knee,  
And, rushing off his helm,

And then he struck his neck in two ;  
And when he had done so,  
From prison, three score knights and four,  
Lancelot delivered though.—H.

**The : Turke : & Gowin.**

[page 28.]

THIS fragment is printed from the Percy Folio in Sir Frederick Madden's "Sir Gawayne."

The commencement of it strongly resembles the opening scene of the "Green Knight" (see below, vol. ii. and "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight" in Madden's "Sir Gawayne," and among the Early English Text Society's Publications). Indeed, the commencement is probably borrowed from that poem, and imperfectly amalgamated with the main story. The proposed exchange of buffets is apparently forgotten altogether as the story proceeds. Instead of Sir Gawain's *receiving* in his turn a blow, the Turk implores and persuades him to *give* another—he offers him the other cheek.

The scene of the terrible competition to which Sir Gawain is challenged is the Isle of Man. Superstition firmly believed for many a century that that island was tenanted by a population of giants. Even when Waldron visited it about the middle of the last century, that belief prevailed. He intitutes his book "The History and Description of the Isle of Man, its antiquity. . . curious and authentick Relations of Apparitions of giants that have lived under the castle, time immemorial. Likewise many comical and entertaining stories of the pranks play'd by fairies, &c." Giants had overpowered the primitive population—the fairies—said the common account, and been themselves in course of time overpowered and spell-bound by Merlin; and spell-bound they were still lying in huge subterranean chambers. "They say," says Waldron, who is himself not quite untouched by the infirmities of the islanders, "there are a great number of fine apartments underground, exceeding in magnificence any of the

upper rooms [of the Castle, at Castleton]. Several men of more than ordinary courage have in former times ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterraneous dwelling-place, but none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw." And then he tells a story current amongst the natives how at one time an uncommonly bold fellow, well fortified with brandy, penetrated these dark regions, and at last reached light and a magnificent house, with a monster, fourteen feet long and ten or eleven round, recumbent in it, at the sight of whom he judiciously retraced his steps. So of Douglas Fort he tells us "there is certainly a very strong and secret apartment underground in it, having no passage to it but a hole, which is covered with a large stone, and is called to this day 'The great man's chamber.'" The island abounds with ancient stone circles, to some account of which a small pamphlet is devoted by Mr. Halliwell. So it was naturally enough made the scene of Sir Gawain's encounter with the giant brood.

The sports in which the monsters indulge are those, on a huge scale, which were generally in vogue at the time of the composition of the romance. The old writers could not conceive an age with different fashions from those of their own. Alexander was even as Arthur. So the giants sport after the manner of the knights. Hand-tennis (*Jeu de paume, pila palmaria our 'fives'*) was a popular game at a very early period. Strutt quotes from the "Romance of the Three Kings' sons and the King of Sicily" (MS. Harl. 326): "The king for to assaie him made justes and tourneys, and no man did so well as he; in runnyng, *playing at the pame*, shotyng, and *castyng of the barre*, ne found he his maister." Tennis-courts were common in France in Charles V.'s time (1364-1380). Our Henry VII. was a tennis-player. "Item," runs a MS. Register of his expenses in the Remembrancer's Office, "for the king's loss at tennis 12*d.*, for the loss of balls 5*d.*" In MSS. Harl. 2248 and 6271 (*apud* Strutt) we

find mentioned "teneas coats" and "drawers" and "slippers" for his son. The other sports—the flinging of the axletree, and of the huge chimney or fire-place (Cf. "Than was then on a chymenay a gret fyr that brente rede," MS. Ashmole, 33 f. 29 *apud* Halliwell s. v.)—are of one and the same kind, and a kind extremely popular in Old England, as still in the North, and in Scotland. Fitzstephen's "Description of London" informs us that such sports were in great favour in the twelfth century. In Edward III.'s time they were so much so as to endanger the practice of archery. The objects thrown or hurled were stones, darts, bars of wood and iron, and similar things. Cf. Barclay's "Ecloges" (1508), quoted by Strutt :

I can dance the raye; I can both pipe and sing,  
 If I were merry; I can both hurle and fling;  
 I runne, I wrestle, I can well throw the barre,  
*No shepherd threweith the axeltree so farre;*  
 If I were merry, I could well leape and spring;  
 I were a man meto to serve a prince or king.

Verses 154–165 inclusive would seem to be an interpolation made at one of the many periods when there was felt a general disgust with the clergy—probably in the fifteenth century.

The contrast between Sir Kay and Sir Gawain—the crabbed knight and the courteous—is one often brought out. See the next piece.

—————  
 LISTEN, lords great & small,  
 what aduentures did befall  
 in England, where hath bee[n]  
 of knights that held the round table  
 which were doughty & profittable,  
 of kempys<sup>1</sup> cruel & keene.

<sup>1</sup> kempys i.e. warriors.—P.

8      All England both East & west,  
       lords & ladyes of the best,  
            they busked & made them bowne,  
       & when the king sate in seate,—  
       lords serued him att his meate,—  
 12     into the hall a burne<sup>1</sup> there canc:

While the  
lords and  
ladies of the  
court were  
feasting,

16     He was not hye, but he was broad,  
       & like a turke<sup>2</sup> he was made  
            both legg & thye,  
       & said, “is there any will, as a brother,  
       to giue a buffett & take another,  
       giff any soe hardy bee ? ”

short,  
broad,  
Turk-like,  
and offered  
to exchange  
buffets with  
any one.

20     Then spake sir Kay, that crabbed knight,  
       & said “ man, thou seemest not soe wight,  
            if thou be not adread,  
       for there beene knights within this hall  
       with a buffett will garr thee fall,  
 24     & grop thee to the ground.

Sir Kay  
derides him.

“ Giue thou be neuer soe stalworth<sup>3</sup> of hand  
       I shall bring thee to the ground,  
            that dare I safely sware.”  
 28     then spake sir Gawaine, that worthy knight,  
       saith, “ cozen Kay, thou speakest not right,  
       lewd is thy awnswere ;

Sir Gawain  
reproves Sir  
Kay.

32     “ What & that man want of his witt,  
       then little worshipp were to thee pitt  
            if thou shold him forefore.<sup>4</sup> ”

The Turk  
challenges  
the better  
of them.

<sup>1</sup> barne, i.e. homo. —P. Cane is for  
cane.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A hunchback or dwarf. Compare Sir John Paston's letter, CCXCIII. ed. 1841, vol. 2, p. 46, modernised (XXX. vol. 2, p. 29, orig. ed.) Item, there is come a new little Turk, which is a well-vienged fellow of the age of forty years; and he is lower than Manuel by an handful, and

lower than my little Tom by the shoulders, and more little above his pap . . . and he is legged right enough. “ Turk: an image made of cloth or rags, used by persons as a mark for shooting.” Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. stout.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? kill, from A.-S. *forfaran*, to perish; or is it from Du. *verforyen*, to dispraise, to vilifie, or to vilipend. Hexham.—F.

then spake the turke<sup>1</sup> with word[e]s thraw,<sup>2</sup>  
 saith, " come the better of your tow  
 though ye be breme<sup>3</sup> as bore "  
 [half a page missing.]

" I shall  
 scare you  
 before you  
 get back  
 here."

36 " this buffett thou hast . . . .

page 29.]

well quitt that it shall be,

And yett I shall make thee<sup>3</sup> as feard

as euer was man on middleearth,<sup>4</sup>

this court againe ere thou see."

Gawain  
 declares  
 himself bold  
 to go with  
 the Turk.

40 Then said Gawaine, " my truth I plight,

I dare goe with thee full right,

& neuer from thee fly ;

I will nener flee from noc aduenture,

Iusting nor noe other turnament,

whilst I may lieue on lee."

44

48 The turke tooke leaue of King with crowne,  
 Sir Gawaine made him ready bowne,  
 his armor & his steed.

they rode northwards 2 dayes and more ;

by then Sir Gawaine hungred sore,

of meate & drinke he had great need.

52

The Turk

56 The turke wist Gawaine had need of meate,  
 & spake to him with word[e]s great,  
 hawtinge vppon hee ;<sup>5</sup>

taunts him,

says " Gawaine, where is all thy plenty ?  
 yesterday thou wast serned with dainty,  
 & noe part thou wold giue me,

<sup>1</sup> the e has a tag to it as if for a.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *bred*, threat, menace ; *bredw-*  
*ian*, to assail with hard language.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> breme, i.e. fierce.—P. One of the  
 commonest phrases in early romances.—F.

<sup>4</sup> middle eard, i.e. middle earth.—P.  
 The earth between heaven and hell. " De

*mundo*. Middan-eard is go-haten call þest  
 binnan þam firmerentum is." Anglo-  
 Saxon Manual of Astronomy, in Wright's  
 Middle-Age Treatises on Science, 1841,  
 p. 10.—F.

<sup>5</sup> halting on a height, see l. 66, or  
 raising himself on high. *Hawte*, to raise,  
 exalt. Halliwell.—F.

60     “ but with buffett thou did me sore<sup>1</sup> ;  
therefore thou shalt haue mickle care,  
    & aduentures shalt thou see.

and promises  
him trouble.

I wold I had *king Arthur* heere,  
64     & many of thy fellowes in fere  
    that behaues<sup>2</sup> to try mastery.”

He led Sir Gawaine to a hill soc plaine ;  
the earth opened & closed againe,  
68     then Gawaine was adread ;  
the Merke was comen & the light is gone ;  
thundering, lightning, snow & raine,  
    therof enough they had.

They enter a  
hill full of

darkness,  
and thunder,  
lightning,  
snow, and  
rain.

72     Then spake Sir Gawaine & sighed sore,  
“ such wether saw I neuer afore  
in noe stead where I haue beene stood ”

Gawain  
had never  
known such  
weather.

[half a page missing.]

76     “ . . . made them noe answero  
but only vnto mee.”

[page 40.]

To the Castle they then yode :  
Sir Gawaine light beside his steed,  
    for horsse the turke had none ;  
80     there they found chamber, bower, & hall,  
richly rayled about with pale,  
    seemly to look vpon ;

They go up  
to the castle.

They find  
fair  
chambers,  
and bowers,  
and a hall,

84     A Bord was spred within that place,  
all manner of meates & drinke there was  
    for gromees that might it againe<sup>3</sup> :  
Sir Gawaine wold haue fallen to *that fare*,  
the turke bad him leue for care ;  
88     then waxt he vnfaine ;

and a board  
spread with  
vianas;  
wherefrom  
the Turk  
warns  
Gawain to  
abstain.

<sup>1</sup> sorrow and pain.—F.     <sup>2</sup> behoven, qu.—P.     <sup>3</sup> gain, win, or get to.—F.

Gawaine said, "man, I maruell haue  
that thou may none of these v[i]ttells spare,

- 92 & here is soe great plentye ;  
yett haue I more mervaile, by my fay,  
that I see neither man nor maid,  
woman nor child soe free ;

"I had leuer now att mine owne will  
96 of this fayre meate to eate my fill  
then all the gold in christenty."

The Turk goes forth and brings him meat and drink.  
96 the turke went forth, & tarryed nought ;  
Meate & drinke he forth brought,  
was seemly for to see ;

He said, "eate, Gawaine, & make thee yare,  
infaith or thou gett victalls more

- 104 thou shalt both swinke<sup>1</sup> & sweat ;  
eate, Gawaine, & spare thee nought!"  
Sir Gawaine eate as him good thought,  
& well he liked his meate ;

He asks that he may have his buffet and go his way.  
108 He dranke ale, & after, wine,  
he saith, "I will be att thy bidding baine<sup>2</sup>  
without bost or threat ;  
but one thing I wold thee pray,  
give me my buffett & let me goe my way,

- 112 I wold not longer be hereatt.

[half a page gone.]

There stood a bote and . . . . .  
Sir Gawaine left behind his steed,  
he might noe other doe.

[page 41.]

<sup>1</sup> swinke, i.e. labour.—P.

<sup>2</sup> prepared, ready, obedient. Old Norse

bainn, pp. of bau, to prepare, set out.

Wedgwood.—F.

- 116      The turke said to Sir Gawaine,  
       " he shalbe here when thou comes againe,—  
          I plight my troth to thee,—  
          within an hower, as men tell me."  
 120      they were sailed over the sea ;  
          the turke said, "Gawaine, hee !

He and the  
Turk sail  
over the sea.

- 124      " Heere are we withouten scath;  
          but now beginneth the great othe.  
          when he shall aduentures doe."  
 128      he lett him see a castle faire,  
          such a one he neuer saw yare,  
          noe wher<sup>1</sup> in noe country.  
 132      The turke said to Sir Gawaine  
          " yonder dwells the King of Man,  
          a heathen soldan is hee,

The Turk  
shows him  
a castle.

" There  
dwells the  
King of  
Man,

- 132      " With him he hath a hideous rout  
          of giants strong & stout  
          & vglie to looke vppon ;  
          who-so-euer had sought farr & neere  
          as wide as the world were,  
 136      such a compayne he cold find none.

with his  
giants,  
a rare  
company."

- 140      " Many auentures thou shalt see therlo,  
          such as thou neuer saw yare  
          in all the world about :  
 144      thou shalt see a tenisse ball  
          that neuer knight in Arthurs hall  
          is able to gine it a lout<sup>2</sup> ;  
          & other aduentures there are moe:  
          wee shall be assayled ere we goe,  
          therof haue thou noe doute ;

And tells  
him of  
adventures  
at hand.

<sup>1</sup> MS. wherin.—F.

<sup>2</sup> lout, i.e. blow.—P.

" But heed  
me, and I  
will help  
you."

148

" But & yee will take to me good heed,  
I shall helpe you in time of need ;  
for ought I can see  
there shall be none soe strong in stower  
but I shall bring thee againe to hi . . .

[half a page missing.]

" How do  
your uncle  
King Arthur 152  
and all his  
society, and  
that Bishop  
Bodwin ?

156

. . . . " Sir Gawaine stiffe & stowre, [page 42.]  
how fareth thy vnckle King Arthur,  
& all his company,  
& that Bishop Sir Bodwine  
that will not let my goods alone,  
but spiteth them euery day ?

I hate all  
the cleryg,  
burn them  
all !

160

" He preached much of a crowne of thorne ;  
he shall ban the time *that he was borne*  
& euer I catch him may ;  
I anger more att the spiritually<sup>1</sup>  
in England nor att the temporaltie,  
they goe soe in theire array ;

But pray sit  
down at our  
table."  
" No,"  
answers  
Gawain,

164

And I purpose in full great ire  
to brenn their cleryg in a fire  
& punish them to my pay :  
sitt downe, Sir Gawaine, at the bord." Sir Gawaine answered at that word,  
saith, " nay, that may not be,

" not before  
I see  
adventures."

168

" I trow not a venturous knight shall  
sitt downe in a kings hall  
aduentures or you see.<sup>2</sup>"

The king  
wends for  
his tennis  
ball.

172

the King said, " Gawaine, faire mot then fall !  
goe feitch me forth my tennisse ball ;  
for play will I and see."

<sup>1</sup> spirituality.—P.

<sup>2</sup> hee see.—P.

They brought it out with-out doubt;  
 176 with it came a hideous rout  
     of Gyants great & plenty ;  
     all the giants were there then  
     heire<sup>1</sup> by the halfe then Sir Gawaine,  
 180      I tell you withouten nay.<sup>2</sup>

The ball  
comes ; with  
a hideous  
mob of  
giants.

There were 17 giants bold of blood,  
     & all thought Gawaine but little good.  
     when they thought with him to play,  
 184 all the giants thoughten then  
     to haue strucke out Sir Gawaunes braine.  
     help him god that best may !

The ball of brasse was made for the giants hand,  
 188 There was noe man in all england  
     were able to carry it . . . .

The ball is  
made for  
giants' play.

[half a page missing.]

and sticked a giant in the hall [page 43.]  
     that grysly can hee gronec.  
 192 The King sayd, " bray<sup>3</sup> away this axeltree,<sup>4</sup>  
     for such a boy I neuer see ;  
     yett he shalbe assayd better ere he goe ;

" Take away  
this axle-  
tree.  
This boy  
(i.e. the  
Turk) is a  
rare one ; but  
he shall be  
tryed yet.

" I told you, soe Mote I tho,<sup>5</sup>  
 196 with the 3 aduenture, & then no more  
     befor me at this tide."  
     Then there stood amongst them all

There stood  
in their  
midst

<sup>1</sup> higher.—P. A flourish at the end of the *e* looks like *a*, but is repeated at the end of *good*, l. 182.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. may.—F.

<sup>3</sup> brayyn, as baxters her pastys, *Pino*. Catholicon.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Mirk says (E. E. T. Soc. 1867, l. 334):

Castynge of axtre & eke of ston,  
 Sofere hem þere to vse non ;

Bal and bares and suche play,  
 Out of chyrchejorde put a-way.

Cp. " Late us caste the stone,"  
 I grante well, be Sainte Johne,  
 " Late us caste the exaltrie,"  
 Have a foote before thee.

Fragment of an Interlude of Robin Hood, *Child's Ballads*, v. 429.

<sup>5</sup> the, thrive.—F.

- a fireplace  
with huge  
bars, and a  
pounds-  
worth of  
coals and  
wood on it. 200      a chimney<sup>1</sup> in they Kings hall  
                with barres mickle of pride ;  
there was laid on in that stond  
coales & wood that cost a pound,  
that vpon it did abide.
- A giant bids  
Gawain lift 204      A giant bad gawaine assay,  
the huge  
fireplace  
with his  
hand.      & said, " Gawaine, begin the play !  
                thou knowest best how it shold be ;  
& afterwards when thou hast done,  
208      I trow you shalbe answered soone  
                either with boy or me.  
A great giant, I vnderstand,  
lift vp the chimney<sup>1</sup> with his hand  
212      & sett it downe againe fairly."
- He bide his  
boy (the  
Turk) lift  
it.      Sir Gawaine was neuer soe adread  
sith he was man on midle earth,  
& cryd on god in his thought.
- 216      Gawaine vnto his boy can say  
" lift this chimney—if you may—  
that is soe worthily wrought."
- The boy  
seizes it and  
swings it  
thrice round  
his head. 220      Gawaines boy to it did leape,  
& gatt it by the bowles<sup>2</sup> great,  
& about his head he it flang ;  
3<sup>rd</sup> about his head he it swang  
that the coals & the red brands  
[half a page missing.]
- 224      . . . . . saw of mickle might  
& strong were in battell. [page 44.]

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps this meaning of the word *chimney*, brasier, may help to clear up the discrepancy between the existence of perpendicular flues in England in the twelfth century and the statements of

writers that chimneys (? brasiers) were of late introduction. *Domestic Architecture*, p. xvii–xviii.—F..

<sup>2</sup> ? the knobs at the side of the brasier.—F.

“ I haue slaine them thorrow my mastery,  
 & now, Gawaine, I will slay thee,  
 228      & then I haue slaine all the flower;  
 there went neuer none againe no tale to tell,  
 nor more shalt thou, thoë thou be fell,  
 nor none that longeth to King Arthur.”

“ I have  
 slain them,  
 and now I  
 will slay  
 thee.”

- 232 The turke was clad inuissible<sup>1</sup> gay,  
 no man cold see him withouten nay,  
 he was cladd in such a weede ;  
 he heard their talking lesse & more,  
 236      & yet he thought they shold find him there  
 when they shold do that deed.

The Turk,  
 invisible,  
 hears.

- Then he led him into steddie<sup>2</sup>  
 werhas<sup>3</sup> was a boyling leade,  
 240      & welling vpon hie :<sup>4</sup>  
 & before it a giant did stand  
 with an Iron forke in his hand  
 that hideous was to see.

Gawain is  
 conducted  
 to a boiling  
 cauldron,  
 before  
 which  
 stands a  
 giant with  
 an iron fork.

- 244 The giant that looked soe keene  
 that before Sir Gawaine had neuer seene  
 noe where in noe country :  
 the King saide to the giant thoc,  
 248      “ here is none but wee tow ;  
 let see how best may bee.”

The king  
 and the  
 giant  
 conspire.

- when the giant saw Gawaines boy there was,  
 he leapt & threw, & cryed “ alas  
 252      that he came in that stead ! ”  
 Sir Gawaines boy to him lept,  
 & with strenght vp him gett,  
 & cast him in the lead ;

The giant  
 discovers  
 Gawain's  
 boy,  
 who throws  
 him into the  
 lead

<sup>1</sup> inuissible.—P.   <sup>2</sup> gay for gray.—F.   <sup>3</sup> whereas.—P.  
 • stede, place.—P.                                    <sup>4</sup> walling up on high, boiling up, &c.  
     —P.

and holds  
him down  
with the  
fork.

- 256 with an Iron forke made of steele  
he held him downe wondrous weeles  
till he was scalded to the dead.  
then Sir Gawayne vnto the King can say,  
260 "with-out thou wilt agree vnto our law,<sup>1</sup>  
eatein is all thy bread."<sup>2</sup>"

The king  
spits on  
Gawain—is  
thrown into  
the fire by  
the Turk.

- 264 The King spitt on Gawayne the knight :  
with that the turke hent<sup>3</sup> him vpright  
& into the fyre him flang,  
& saide to Sir Gawayne at the last,  
"Noe force,<sup>4</sup> Master, all the perill is past !  
thinke not we tarrie too longe,"

[half a page missing.]

He brings a  
basin and a

- 268 he tooke forth a bason of gold  
as an Emperour washe shold,  
as fell for his degree :

(page 45.)

sword, and  
entreats  
Gawain to  
strike off his  
(the Turk's)  
head.

- 272 He tooke a sword of Mettle free,  
saies "if euer I did any thing for thee,  
doe for me in this stead ;  
take here this sword of steele  
that in battell will bite weeles,  
therwith strike of my head."

Gawain says  
"Nay."

"that I forefend!" said Sir Gawayne,  
"for I wold not haue thee slaine  
for all the gold soe red."

The Turk  
urges him.

280 "haue done, Sir Gawayne, I haue no dread,  
but in this bason let me bleed  
that standeth here in this steed,

<sup>1</sup> probably *laye* in orig.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> you've had your last meal ; you'll be  
killed. Cp. *Ludus Coventrie*, ed. 1841,  
p. 38 :

"He xal hercafter nevyr ete brede."—H.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *hentan*, to take, seize. "I  
hente, I take by vyolence, or to catche.  
Je *happe*. This terme is nat utterly  
comen." Palgrave, A.D. 1530.—F.

' no matter.—F.

284     “ And thou shalt see a new play,  
with helpe of Mary *that* mild mayd  
    *that* saued vs from all dread.”  
he drew forth the brand of steele  
that in battell bite wold weele,  
288     & there stroke of his head.

He does as  
he is asked,

And when the blood in the bason light,  
he stood vp a stalwortht *Knight*  
    *that* day, I vndertake,  
292     & song “ Te deum laudam[*u*]s,  
worshipp be to our lord Iesus  
    *that* saued vs from all wracke !

and up  
stands a  
stalwart  
knight, who  
sings the Te  
Deum,

“ A ! Sir Gawaine ! blessed thou be !  
296     for all the service I haue don thee,  
    thou hast well quitt it me.”  
then he tooke him by the hand,  
& many a worthy man they fand  
300     *that* before they neue[*r*] see.

and blesses  
Sir Gawain.

He said, “ Sir Gawaine, withouten threat  
sitt downe boldly at thy meate,  
    & I will eate with thee ;  
304     Ladys all, be of good cheere,  
eche ane shall wend to his owne deer.  
    in all hast that may be ;

They release  
many  
worthy  
captives,  
ladies and  
men.

“ first we will to King Arthurs hall,  
308     & soone after your husbands send we shall  
    in country where they beene ;  
There they wold . . . . abide  
    [*half a page missing.*]

“ Thus we haue brought 17 ladys cleere [page 46.]  
312     *that* there were left in great danger,  
    & we haue brought them out.”

The ladies  
are restored  
to their  
thankful  
husbands.

then sent they for theire husbands swithe,  
 & euer one tooke his oun wife,  
 & lowlye can they lowte,  
 And thanked the 2 knyghts & the King,  
 & said the wold be at theire bidding  
 in all england about.

316

Sir Gromer  
asks Arthur  
to make  
Gawain  
King of  
Man.

Gawain  
declines the  
honour.

320

Sir Gromer kneeld vpon his knee,  
 saith " Sir King, and your wilbe,<sup>1</sup>  
 crowne Gawaine King of man."

324

Sir Grawaine kneeled downe by,  
 & said " lord, nay, not I ;  
 give it him, for he it wan,

The king  
confers it on  
Sir Gromer  
himself,

328

" for I neuer purposed to be noe King,  
 nener in all my liunge,  
 whilst I am a liuing man."  
 he said, " Sir Gromer, take it thee,  
 for Grawaine will neuer King bee  
 for no craft that I can."

and thus  
ends the  
tale.

332

Thus endeth the tale that I of meane,<sup>2</sup>  
 of Arthur & his knyght[e]s keene  
 that hardy were & free.

The Lord  
love all that  
enjoy such  
tale-telling !

336

god give them good life far & neare  
 that such talking loues to heere !  
 Amen for Charity !

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> your will be.—F.

<sup>2</sup> made, or make mention of; A.-S. *mēnan*, to remind, tell.—F.

## <sup>1</sup>The marriage of Syr Galwaime.<sup>2</sup>

THIS fragment was printed in the fourth English<sup>3</sup> edition of the “Reliques” (1794), as it is in its unadorned state in the MS., along with a polished version, which Percy gave in his first, nearly thirty years before (1765), and two subsequent editions, promising in each one the MS. version to the public “some time or other.”

Sir Frederick Madden suggests that this ballad was founded on the “Wddyng of Syr Gawen and Dame Ragnell,” printed by him in his “Syr Gawayne,” from the Rawlinson MS., C. 86, fol. 128 b. In accordance with that suggestion, the gaps unhappily caused by the mutilated state of the early part of the Percy Folio are filled up in our notes from that version of the

<sup>1</sup> NB. to supply *the* defects.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This is upon the same subject as the wife of Bath's tale in Chaucer, from which Chaucer very probably took the story.—P.

In the Collection of Scots Poems written before 1600, entitled Y<sup>e</sup> Evergreen, by Allan Ramsay, 2 vol., Edinburgh 1724,\* In Dunbar's Lament for the Loss of the Poets, stanza 16<sup>th</sup>, are these words, speaking of Death:—

“ Clerk of Tranent eik he has tane,  
“ That made the aventures of Sir Gawane,  
“ &c.”  
“ Sir Gilbert Gray endit has he.” &c.  
vol. 1<sup>st</sup>, p. 133.

Dunbar<sup>t</sup> mentions Chaucer 4 stanzas before He comes to the Author of Gawane; but this may not be on account of his being the more ancient Bard, but from his being the more eminent in his art, & by far more celebrated; On which

account he begins with him in *these* Words,

He (Death) has done petously devore  
The nobil Chawser, of Makkars flowir,  
The monk of Berry, and Gowre all thre,  
&c.

St. 12, p. 137.

It appears also from The Squire's Tale in Chaucer that these were old ballads in his Time, see line 109, &c.

“ A strange knight . . . . .  
“ Salued the King & Queen & Lordis all  
&c . . . . .  
“ With so hie reverence and obeisance  
&c . . . . .  
“ That Sir Gawin with his old Curteisy,  
“(Altho he came again out of faierye)  
“ He could him nought amendin with no  
word &c . . . —Percy.

\* The Dublin 1766 reprint of the first edition of 1765 is not reckoned here.—F.

• N.B. These are printed from a collection made 1568.—P.

<sup>t</sup> N.B. Dunbar lived in the time of our Henry 7<sup>th</sup>.—P.

story. The versions differ greatly in diffuseness, slightly in the incidents. In the Folio, Arthur offers Gawain to the hag for a husband on condition of her helping him. In the Rawlinson MS. the hag begs for him, and Arthur assents only after a consultation with Gawain himself.

The wonderful "metamorphosis" on which this story turns is narrated in Gower's "Confessio Amantis" as the story of Florent and the King of Sicily's daughter, taken by him, as Tyrwhit conjectures, from the *Gesta Romanorum*, or some such collection. It appears again, as the reader will remember, in Chaucer's "Wyf of Bathes Tale." "Worked over," says Prof. Child, "by some ballad-monger of the sixteenth century, and of course reduced to ditch-water, this tale has found its way into the 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' Part I. p. 68 (Percy Society, vol. vi.) 'Of a Knight and a Faire Virgin.'" On a similar transformation depends the story of "King Henrie" in Scott's "Minstrelsy," edited from Mrs. Brown's MS., with corrections from a recited fragment, and modernised as "Courteous King Jamie" in Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." The prime original, says Scott, "is to be found in an Icelandic Saga," and he gives a full quotation from *Torsæus*, setting forth how "Hellgius, rex Daniae" admits to his couch at her earnest entreaty "informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fœdum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie, frigorisque tyrannide, prope modum peremptum." "Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultiro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam animadvertisit; quæ statim ipsi placere cœpit. Causam igitur tam repentinæ mutationis curiosius indaganti respondit virgo se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novocalibus devotam tam tetra et execribili specie quali primo comparuit damnatam, quoad thori cujusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse."

"Tearne Wadling," in v. 32, is a tarn in Inglewood Forest, near

Hesketh in Cumberland ; sometimes written *Terne Wathelyne*, as in the “Awntyrs of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne,” printed in Madden’s “Syr Gawayne.” Sir Steven, mentioned in v. 115, “does not,” says Sir Frederick Madden, “occur in the Round Table romances.”

Banier, in v. 120, is probably, according to the same authority, a mistake for Beduer the King’s Constable, Tennyson’s Bedivere. Bore is Bors de Gauves (or Gaunes), brother of Lionel. Garrett is Gareth or Gaheriet, Sir Gawain’s younger brother.

For the contrast between Sir Gawain and Sir Kay, already alluded to in the last Introduction, compare Chaucer’s “Romaunt of the Rose” (ed. Morris, v. 6, p. 68, l. 2205–10) :

It is no worshippe to mysseye.  
Thou maist ensample take of Keye  
That was some time for mysseying  
Hated bothe of old and yong  
As fer as Gaweyn the worthy  
Was preised for his curtesie.

and “the Squyeres Tale,” v. 10, 403–11, ed. Wright, p. 108, col. 2, v. 2, p. 357, l. 81–9, ed. Morris :

This straunge knight that cam thus sodeynly. . .  
Salued the kyng and queen, and lordes alle  
By ordre as they seten into halle,  
With so heigh reverens and obseruaunce,  
As wel in speche as in coutynaunce,  
That Gaweyn with his olde curtesye  
(They he were come again out of fayrye)  
Ne couthe him nought amende with no word.

and the “Roman de Merlin :” “Si keux est felon et dénatré.”

KINGE Arthur lies in merry Carleile,  
& seemely is to see,  
& there he hath with him Queene Genever,  
that bride soe bright of blee.

King Arthur  
is at  
Carlisle,

And there he hath with Queene Genever,  
 that bride soe bright in bower,  
 & all his barons about him stooode  
 8      that were both stiffe and stowre.

keeping a  
merry  
Christmas.

The King kept a royll Christmasse  
 of mirth & great honor,  
 11    & when<sup>1</sup> . . . . .

[half a page missing, in which Arthur, to avoid fighting a  
 Baron at Tearne Wadling, asks what his ransom will be.  
 The Baron answers:]

<sup>1</sup> To fill up the gap take the following from *The Weddyng of Sir Gauen and Dame Ragnell*, printed from the Bodleian MS. Rawlinson, c. 86, fol. 128 back, &c. by Sir F. Madden in his *Syr Gawayne*, p. 297 b. Some of the MS. contractions are expanded here. The marks over *m* and *n*, and the overline commas after *d*, *f*, *k*, &c. may mean a final *e*. The barred *h*, printed *he* here, when followed by *t*, is printed *hte*, except in the plural *htes*, when it is not represented.

16 On hantynge he was in Ingleswod,  
 Withe alle his bold' knyghtes good',—  
 Nowe herken to my spelle.  
 The kyng was sett att his trestylle-tree,  
 20 Withe his bowe to sle the wylde venere,  
 And' hys lordes were sett hym besyde ;  
 As the kyng stode, then was he ware  
 Where a great hartt was and' a fayre,  
 And' forthi fast dyd' he glyde.  
 25 The hartt was in a braken ferne,  
 And' hard' the houndes, and' stode fulle  
     derne :  
 Alle that sawe the kyng ;—  
 " Hold' you styll, every man,  
 And' I wolle goo my self, yf I cañ,  
 30 Withe craft of stalkyng."  
 The kyng in hys hand' toke a bowe,  
 And' wodmanly he stowpyd' lowe,  
 To stalk' vnto that dere ;  
 Wheñ that he caſſi the dere fulle nere,  
 35 The dere lept forthe into a brere,  
 And euer the kyng went nere & nere.  
 So kyng Arthur went a whyle,

After the dere, I trowe, half a myle,  
 And' no man wiþe hym went ;  
 And' att the last to the dere he lett flye, . . .  
 And' smote hym sore and' sewerly,  
 Such grace God' hym sent.  
 Doui the dere tumblyd' so deroñ,  
 And' felle into a greatt brake of feroñ,  
 The kyng folowyd' fulle fast ;  
 Anoñ the kyng bothe ferce & felle  
 Was wiþe the dere, and' dyd' hym  
     servelle.\*  
 And' after the grasse he taste.  
 As the kyng was wiþe the dere alone,  
 Streighe ther cam to hym a quunynt grome, . . .  
 Armyd' welle and' sure ;  
 A knyghte fulle strong, and' of greatt  
     myghte,  
 And' grymly wordes to the kyng he  
     sayd.—  
 " Welle i-mett, kyng Arthour !  
 Thou hast me done wrong many a yere, . . .  
 And' woefully I shallle quytte the here,  
 I hold thy lyfe-days nyghe done ;  
 Thou hast gevyn my landes, in certayn,  
 Withe greatt wrong vnto sir Gawen ;  
 Whate sayest thou, kyng alone ? ”  
 " Syr knyghte, whate is thy name, wiþe  
     honour ? ”  
 " Syr kyng," he sayd, " Gromersomer  
     Jourr,  
 I telle the nowe wiþe ryghte.”—  
 " A, sir Gromersomer ! bethynk' the welle,  
 To sle me here honour getyst thou no  
     delle ;  
 Be-thynk' the thou artt a knyghte.

"And bring me word what thing it is  
that a woman most desire.

[page 47.] "And for  
ransom  
bring me  
word what  
is the great  
desire of  
women."

this shalbe thy ransome, Arthur," he sayes,  
15      "for Ile haue noe other hier."

King Arthur then held vp his hand  
according thene as was the law ;  
he tooke his leane of the baron there,  
19      & homward can he draw.

Arthur  
agrees to  
these terms,

And when he came to Merry Carlile,  
to his chamber he is gone,  
& ther came to him his Cozen Sir GAWAINE  
23      as he did make his mone.

and goes  
back to  
Carlisle,  
moaning.

And there came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine  
that was a curteous knight,  
"why sigh you soe sore, vnkle Arthur," he said,  
27      "or who hath done thee vnright ? "

"O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,  
that faire may thee befall,  
for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,  
31      thou wold not meraile att all ;

Arthur tells  
Gawain

Yf thou sle me nowe in thy case,  
Alle knyghtes wolle refuse the in curty  
place,  
That shame shalle never the froo;  
Lett be thy wylle, and folowe wytt,  
And' that is amys I shalle amend' itt,  
And' thou wolt, or that I goo."  
"Nay," sayd' sir Gromersomer, "by heuyñ  
kyng!  
So shalt thou nott shape, witheoutte  
lesyng;  
I hate the nowe att avaylle;  
Yf I shold' lett the thus goo withe  
mokery,  
Ander tyme thou wolt me defye,  
Of that I shalle nott faylle."  
Now sayd' the kyng, " so God' me sauie,  
Save my lyfe, and' whate thou wolt crave

I shalle now graunt itt the ;  
Shame thou shalt haue to sle me in  
venere,  
Thou armyd', and I clothyd' butt in  
grene, pard'e."  
"Alle thys shalle nott help the, sekyrly,  
For I wolle nother lond' ne gold' truly,  
Butt yf thou graunt me att a certayñ day,  
Suche as I shalle sett, and' in thyss same  
araye."  
"Ye," sayd' the kyng, "lo! here my  
hand'."  
"Ye, butt a-byde, kyng, and' here me  
a stound'.  
Fyrst thou shalt swere, vpoñ my sword' 85  
broun,  
To shewe me att thy cõmyng whate  
wemen love best in feld' and' towñ;

of his  
encounter  
with the  
Baron  
at Tearne  
Wadling,

“ffor when I came to tearne wadling,  
a bold barron there I fand,<sup>1</sup>  
with a great club vpon his backe,  
35 standing stiffe and strong;

“And he asked me wether I wold fight,  
or<sup>2</sup> from him I shold begone,  
o[r] else<sup>3</sup> I must him a ransome pay  
39 & soe depart him from.

and that to  
get off fight-  
ing him,

“To fight with him I saw noe cause,  
methought it was not meet,  
for he was stiffe & strong with-all,  
43 his strokes were nothing sweete;

he must  
find out,

“Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
I ought to him to pay,  
I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
47 vpon the New years day.

by New  
Year's Day,

what a wo-  
man most  
desires.

“And I must bring him word what thing it is<sup>4</sup>”

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> fonde.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. e'er.—P.

“Ye, sir, make good' chere,—

<sup>3</sup> or else.—P.

Lett make your hors redy

“Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell con-  
tinues:

To ryde into straunge contrey;

Whate wemen desyreñ mooste, in good faye,  
My lyf els shold' I lese<sup>\*</sup>;

And' euer wher as ye mete oþher mañ or

175 This oþre I made vnto that knyghte,  
And' that I shold' neuer tellis it to no

womañ, in faye,

wighte,  
Of thys I myghe nott chese.

Ask' of theym whate theym wryte.

And' also I shold' com in none oder  
araye,

And' in a boke I shalle also ryde a noder waye,

But cuyñ as I was the same daye;  
And' yf I saylyd' of myne answerē,

And' enquire of every mañ and' womañ,

I wott I shal be slayñ ryghte there.  
Blame me nott thoughte I be a wofulle

and' gett whatt I may

mañ,  
Alle thys is my drede and' fere.”

Of every mañ and' womans answerē,

And' in a boke I shalle theym wryte.”

“I graunt,” sayd' the kyng as-tyle,

“Ytt is wells advyzed, Gawen the good’,

Evn by the holy rood’! —

Sone were they† bothe redy,

Gawen and' the kyng, wytterly.

The kyng rode on' way, and' Gawen

anoder,

Then king Arthur drest<sup>1</sup> him for to ryde [page 48.] Arthur sets forth to fulfil his engagement.  
 in one soe rich array  
 toward the fore-said Tearne wadling,  
 52      *that he might keepe his day.*

And as he rode over a more,  
 hee see a lady where shee sate  
 betwixt an oke & a greene hollen<sup>2</sup> :  
 56      She was cladd in red scarlett.

Then there<sup>3</sup> as shold haue stood her mouth,  
 then there was sett her eye,  
 the other was in her forehead fast  
 60      the way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward,  
 her mouth stood foule a-wry ;  
 a worse formed lady than shee was,  
 64      neuer man saw with his eye.

And euer enquyred' of man, woman, and' other,  
 Whate wemen desyred' moste dere.  
 Somme sayd they lovyd' to be welle arayd',  
 Somme sayd' they lovyd' to be fayre prayed';  
 Somme sayd' they lovyd' a lusty man  
 That in theyr armys cañ clypp' them and' kysse them than;  
 Somme sayd' one, somme sayd' other;  
 And' so had' Gawen getyn many an answere.  
 By that Gawen had' geten whate he maye,  
 And' come agayn by a certeyn daye,  
 Syr Gawen had' gote many answerys so many  
 That had' made a boke greet, wytterly,  
 To the courte he cañ agayn.  
 By that was the kyng comyn with the hys boke,

And' eyther on others pamphett dyd'  
 loka,—  
 "Thys may nott fayd\*", sayd' Gawen.  
 "By God," sayd' the kyng, "I dred me sore!  
 I cast me to seke a lytel more  
 In Ynglewood' Forest;  
 I haue butt a monethe to my day sett,  
 I may happen on somme good' tydinges  
 to hytt;  
 Thys thynkythe me nowe best." 220  
 "Do as ye list," then Gawen sayd',  
 "What so euer ye do I hold me payd',  
 Hytt is good' to be spyrryng;  
 Doute you nott, lord', ye shalle welle  
 spedie,  
 Some of your sawes shalle help att nede, 225  
 Eis itt were ylle lykyng."

<sup>1</sup> i. e. address.—P.

<sup>2</sup> holly.—P.

Crossing a moor, he sees a very hideous lady,

with one eye instead of her mouth,

and a crooked nose.

To halch<sup>1</sup> vpon him, King Arthur,  
 this lady was full faine,  
 but King Arthur had forgott his lesson,  
 what he shold say againe.

68

*She asks  
"Who are  
you? Fear  
not me."*

" What knight art thou," the lady sayd,<sup>2</sup>  
 " that will not speak to me ?  
 Of me be thou nothing dismayd

72

tho I be vgly to see ;

*Perhaps I  
may succour  
you."*

for I haue halched you curteouslyc,  
 & you will not me againe,  
 yett I may happen Sir Knight," shoo said,  
 " to ease thee of thy paine."

76

*"Succour me  
and Gawain  
shall marry  
you."*

" Giue thou ease me, lady," he said,  
 or helpe me any thing,  
 thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cozen,  
 & marry him with a ring."

80

" Why, if I help thee not, thou noble King Arthur,  
 Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
 83 of gentle Gawaine<sup>3</sup> . . . . . "

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> ? take by the *hals* or neck, salute.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> the *d* and curl after it may be meant  
 for *es*, " says."—F.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell does  
 not make Arthur dispose of Gawen in so  
 unceremonious a way as our ballad does.  
 It makes him first refuse the hag's offer,  
 and ride home and tell Gawen what he has  
 done. Gawen offers at once to marry her :  
 and she were the moste fowlyst wyghte  
 That euer men myghte se withe syghte.  
 Arthur accepts the offer, returns to the  
 hag, tells her Gawen will marry her,

and asks her for the answer she has  
 promised him. This it is :

" Syr," quod' dame Ragnelle, " nowe  
 shalt thou knowe  
 Whate wemen desyreñ moste, of highe  
 and' lowe,  
 From this I wolle not varaye.  
 Summe meñ sayñ, we desyre to be fayre,  
 Also we desyre to haue repaire  
 Of diuersे straunge meñ ;  
 Also we loue to haue lust in bed',  
 And' ofteñ we desyre to wed',  
 Thus ye meñ nott ken.\*

And when he came to the tearne wadling  
 the baron there cold he finde,<sup>1</sup>  
 with a great weapon on his backe,  
 standing stiffe and stronge.

[page 49.] At the tare  
 he finds the  
 Baron,

87

And then he tooke king Arthurs letters in his hands  
 & away he cold<sup>2</sup> them fling,  
 & then he puld out a good browne sword,  
 91 & cryd himselfe a King.

who thinks  
 Arthur  
 cannot  
 produce the  
 ransom or  
 answer,

And he sayd,<sup>3</sup> " I have thee & thy land, Arthur,  
 to doe as it pleaseth me,  
 for this is not thy ransome sure,  
 therfore yeeld thee to me."

and claims  
 him and his  
 land.

95 And then bespoke him Noble Arthur,  
 & bad him hold his hand,<sup>4</sup>  
 " & giv me leaue to speake my mind  
 in defence of all my land."

Arthur bids  
 him wait a  
 bit,

He<sup>5</sup> said " as I came over a More,  
 I see a lady where shee sate  
 betweene an oke & a green hollen ;  
 103 shee was clad in red scarlett ;

Yett we desyre a noder maner thyng,  
 To be holden nott old', but freshe and'  
 yong ;  
 Withe flatryng, and' glosyng, and' quaynt  
 gyng,  
 So ye men may vs wemeñ euer wyñ,  
 Of whate ye wolle crave.  
 Ye goo fulle nyse, I wolle nott lye,  
 Butt there is one thyng is alle oure  
 fantasye,  
 And' that nowe shalle ye knowe ;  
 We desyreñ of meñ, aboue alle maner  
 thyng,  
 To haue the soureynte, witoutsoute lesyng,  
 Of alle, bothe hyghe and' lowe.  
 Forwhere we haue soureynte alle is ourys,  
 Thoughe a knyghte be neuer so ferys,  
 And' euer the mastry wynne ;  
 Of the mooste manlyest is oure desyre,  
 To haue the soureynte of suche a syre,  
 Suche is oure craste and' gynne.

Therfore wend', sir kyng, on thy way,  
 And' telle that knyghte, as I the saye,  
 That it is as we desyreñ moste ;  
 He wol be wrothe and' vnsoughte,  
 And' curse her fast that itt the taughte,  
 For his laboure is lost.

435 Go forthe, sir kyng, and' hold' promyse,  
 For thy lyse is sure nowe in alle wyse,  
 That dare I welle vndertake."

440 The kyng rode forthe a greett shake,  
 As fast as he myghte gate,  
 Thorowe myre, more, and' fenne,  
 Where as the place was sygnyd' and' sett  
 theñ.

<sup>1</sup> he fonde.—P. In MS. fimde.—F.

<sup>2</sup> did.—P.

<sup>3</sup> the d and final curl may be meant  
 for es. " says."—F.

<sup>4</sup> there is a tag to the d, as if for s.—F.

<sup>5</sup> MS. " the " altered to He.—F.

then gives  
the answer :  
“ a woman  
will have  
her will.”

“ And she says ‘ a woman will haue her will,  
& this is all her cheef desire’ :  
doe me right, as thou art a baron of sckill,  
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer.”

The Baron  
curses the  
lady (his  
sister, it  
turns out).

He sayes “ an early vengeance light on her !  
she walkes on yonder more ;  
it was my sister that told thee this ;  
& she is a misshappen hore !

111

“ But heer Ile make mine avow<sup>1</sup> to god  
to doe her an euill turne,  
for an euer I may thatte fowle theefe get[t],  
in a fyre I will her burne.”<sup>2</sup>

115

[about nine stanzas missing.]

A company  
of knights,  
riding out  
with the  
King and  
Sir Gawain,

119

SIR: Lancelott & Sir Steven bold  
they rode with them<sup>4</sup> that day,  
and the formost of the company  
there rode the steward Kay

[page 50.]

- <sup>1</sup> my vow.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell* goes  
on :  
476 For that was my suster dame Ragnelle,  
That old' scott, God' geve her<sup>#</sup> shame  
Elles had' I made the fulle tame,  
Nowe haue I lost moche travayle.  
Go where thou wolt, kyng Arthoure,  
481 For of me thou maiste be euer sure,  
Alas ! that I euer se this day ;  
Nowe welle I wott, myne enime thou  
wolt be,  
And' att such a pryk' shalle I never gett  
the,  
485 My song may be wellc-awaye ! ”  
“ No,” sayd' the kyng, “ that make I  
warrault,  
Sōme harnys I wolle haue to make me  
defendaunt,  
That make I God' avowe ! ”

In suche a plyghte shallt thou never me  
fynde,  
And' yf thou do, lett me bete and' bynde,  
As is for thy best prouf.<sup>†</sup>  
“ Nowe haue good' day,” sayd' sir  
Gromer,  
“ Farewell,” sayd' sir Arthoure, “ so  
mott I the,  
I am glad' I haue so sped'.”—

The poem goes on with—  
King Arthoure turnyd' hys hors into the  
playn,  
And' sone he mett with dame Ragnell'  
agayn  
In the same place and' stede :  
and then has the long passage printed  
as a note to l. 150 here, pp. 114-115.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> in the left margin of the MS.—F.  
<sup>4</sup> qu. him.—P.

Soe did Sir Banier & Sir Bore,  
 Sir Garrett with them soe gay,  
 soe did Sir Tristeram *that gentle knight,*  
 123      to the forrest fresh & gay.

And when he came to the greene forrest,  
 vnderneath a greene holly tree  
 their sate that lady in red scarlet  
 127      *that vnseemly was to see.*

meet the  
bag.

Sir Kay beheld this Ladys face,  
 & looked vpon her smire,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ whosoever kisses this lady,” he sayes  
 131      “of his kisse he stands in feare.”

Sir Kay  
does not  
fancy her  
to kiss.

Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
 & looked vpon her snout,  
 “ whosoever kisses this lady,” he saies,  
 135      “of his kisse he stands in doubt.”<sup>2</sup>

“ Peace cozen Kay,” then said Sir Gawaine,  
 “ amend thee of thy life;  
 for there is a knight amongst vs all  
 139      *that must marry her to his wife.*”

Sir Gawain  
bids him be  
quiet, for  
one of them  
must have  
her to wife.

“ What ! wedd her to wife ! ” then said Sir Kay,  
 “ in the diuellis name anon,  
 gett me a wife where-ere I may,  
 143      for I had rather be shaine<sup>3</sup> ! ”

Sir Kay  
says he had  
rather  
perish than  
it should be  
he.

Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,  
 & some tooke vp their hounds,  
 & some sware they wold not marry her  
 147      for Citty nor for towne.

The others  
are of the  
same mind.

<sup>1</sup> ? *swire* is neck. A.-S. *smirian* is to smear, and *smēru* is fat, grease, butter.—F. <sup>2</sup> *for shent, slaine or shamed.*—F. <sup>3</sup> fear.—F.

Arthur  
reproves his  
knights.

And then he-spake him Noble king Arthur,  
& sware there by this day,

150 "for a litle foule sight & misliking<sup>1</sup>

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> To fill up the gap, take the following long passage from *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell*, though it follows at once the lines given in the last extract:

- 498 "Syr kyng, I am glad' ye haue sped' welle,  
I told' howe itt wold' be, euery delle;  
500 Nowe hold' that ye haue hyghte;  
Syñ I haue sauyd' your lyf, and' none other,  
Gawen̄ must me wed', sir Arthoure,  
That is a fulle gentille knyghte."  
"No, lady, that I you highte I shalle not faylle;"  
505 So ye wol be rulyd' by my cowncelle,  
Your wille then̄ shallē ye haue."  
"Nay, sir kyng, nowe wolle I nott so,  
Openly I wol be weddyd' or I parte the froo,  
Elles shame wolle ye haue.  
510 Ryde before, and' I wolle com̄ after  
Vnto thy courte, sir kyng Arthoure,  
Of no man̄ I wolle shame;  
Be-thynk' you howe I haue sauyd' your lyf,  
Therfor withe me nowe shallē ye nott stryfe,  
515 For and' ye do, ye be to blame."  
The kyng of her had' greatt shame,  
But forthe she rood', thoughe he were grevyd';  
Tyll he cam̄ to Karlyle forthe they mevyd'.  
In to the courte she rode hym̄ by,  
520 For no man̄ wold' she spare; securly  
Itt likyd' the kyng fullle ylle.  
Alle the contrayne had' wonder greatt  
Fro whens she com̄, that soule vnswete;  
They sawe never of so fowle a thynge.  
525 In to the halle she went, in certein̄:  
"Arthoure kyng, lett fetchē me sir Gawayn̄,  
Before the knyghtes, alle in hryng.  
That I may nowe be made sekýr,  
In welle and' wo, trowithe plyghte vs togoder  
530 Before alle thy chyvalry;  
This is your graunt, lett se, haue done,

Sett forthe sir Gawayn̄, my love, anoñ,  
For longer taryng kepe nott I."  
Then̄ cam̄ forthe sir Gawayn̄ the knyghte;  
"Syr, I am̄ redy of that I you hyghte,  
Alle forwarded to fulfylle;"  
"Godhauemercy," sayd' dame Ragnelle then̄,  
"For thy sake I wold' I were a fayre woman̄,  
For thou art of so good' wylle."  
Ther sir Gawayn̄ to her his trowthe  
plyghte,  
In welle and' in woo, as he was a true  
knyghte.  
Theñ was dame Ragnelle sayñ;  
"Alas!" then̄ sayd' dame Gaynour;  
So sayd' alle the ladies in her bower,  
And' wept for sir Gawayn̄.  
"Alas!" theñ sayd' bothe kyng and'  
knyghte,  
That euer he shold' wed' suchē a wyghte!  
She was so fowle and' horyble;  
She had' two tethe on every syde,  
As borys tusk̄s, I wolle nott hyde,  
Of lengthe a large handfullie.  
The one tusk̄ went up, and the other  
doun̄;  
A mowthe fullle wyde, and' fowle igrowi  
Wiþe grey herys many oñ;  
Her lyppes lay lumpryd' on her chyñ,  
Nek' forsothe on her was none iseñ,  
She was a loþly on!  
She wold' nott be weddyd' in no maner,  
Butt there were made a krye in alle the  
shyre,  
Boþe in towñ and' in borowe;  
Alle the ladies nowe of the lond',  
She lett kry to com̄ to hand',  
To keþe that brydale thorowre.  
So itt besytle after on̄ a daye,  
That maryed' shold' be that fowle [lady  
Vnto sir Gawayn̄;  
The daye was comyñ, the daye shold' be  
Theroft the ladies had' greatt pitey,  
"Alas!" theñ gañ they sayñ.  
The queen̄ prayd' dame Ragnelle, sekerly  
To be maryed' in the mornyng erly  
As privaly as we may;  
"Nay," she sayd', "by hevyn̄ kyng!"

Then shee said "choose thec, gentle Gawaine, [page 51.]  
 truth as I doe say,  
 wether thou wilt hane me in this liknesse  
 154      in the night or else in the day." Gawain's  
bride sk  
whether he  
will have  
her foul by  
day or night.

That wolles I neuer, for no thyng,  
 For oughte that ye can saye.  
 I wol be weddyd alle openly,  
 For with the kyng suche covenant made  
 I,  
 putt you oute of downte;  
 wolles nott to churche tylle highe masse  
 tymme,  
 And' in the open halle I wolle dyne,  
 n myddys of alle the rowte."  
 I am greed', "sayd dame Gaynour,  
 Butt me wold' thynk' more honour,  
 nd your worshyppe' moste;" —  
 Ye, as for that, lady, God' you sauе,  
 his daye my worshyppe' wolle I haue,  
 telle you withoute boste."  
 he made her redy to churche to fare,  
 nd' alle the States that there ware,  
 yrs, withoute lesyng,  
 he was arayd' in the richest maner,  
 More fressher than dame Gaynour.  
 er arayment was worth iij m' mark'  
 f good' red' nobles stoff' and' stark',  
 rychely she was begoñ;  
 or alle her rayment she bare the belle  
 f fowlnesse, that euer I hard' telle,  
 f fowle a sowe sawe never man.  
 r to make a shortt conclusioun,  
 hen' she was weddyd, they hyed' theym  
 home;  
 mete alle they went;  
 his fowle lady bygāñ the highe dese;  
 ie was fulle soullc, and' nott curteys,  
 sayd' they alle, verament.  
 hen' the siruyce cam' her before,  
 e ete as moche as vj. that ther wore,  
 iat mervaylyd' many a mañ;  
 r maylys were long ynclys iij',  
 ierwithe she breke her mete vngoodly,  
 ierfore she ete alone.  
 e etto iij'. capons, and' also curlues iij',  
 id' greett lake metes she ete vp, parde,  
 men' therof had' mervaylle;  
 ier was no mete cam' her before,  
 iat she ete itt vp, lesse and' more,  
 at praty fowle damesolle.  
 le men' then' that euer her sawe,

Bud' the deville her bonys gnawe,  
 Bothe knyghte and squyre.  
 So she ete tylle mete was done, 620  
 Tylle they drewo clothes, and' had'  
 wasshein,  
 As is the gyse and' maner.  
 Meny men wold' speke of diuerse seruice,  
 I trowe ye may wete inowghie ther was,  
 Bothe of tame and' wylde; 625  
 In King Arthours courte ther was no  
 wont  
 That myghte be gotten wiþe manny's  
 hond';  
 Noder in forest ne in feld'.  
 Ther wer mynstralles of diuerse contrey  
 [A leaf here is wanting.] 630  
 "A, sir Gawen, syñ I haue you wed',  
 Shewo me your cortesy in bed',  
 Withe ryghte itt may nott be denied'.  
 I-wyse, sir Gawen," that lady sayd',  
 "And' I were fayre, ye wold' do a noder  
 brayd'  
 Butt of wedlok' ye take no hed'; 635  
 Yett for Arthours sake, kysse me att the  
 leste,  
 I pray you do this att my request,  
 Lett se, howe ye can spede."  
 sir Gawen sayd', "I wolle do more  
 Then' for to kysse, and' God' before!; 640  
 He turnyd' hym her vntille;  
 He sawe her the fayrest creature,  
 That euer he sawe withoute mesure;  
 She sayd', "whatt is your wylle?"  
 "A, Ihesu!" he\* sayd' "whate ar ye?" 645  
 "sir, I am your wif, securly!  
 Why ar ye so unkynde?"  
 "A, lady, I am to blame;  
 I cry you mercy, my fayre madame,  
 Itt was nott in my mynde. 650  
 A lady ye ar fayre in my synchte,  
 And' to day ye were the foulyst wyghte,  
 That euer I sawe wiþe myne iet;  
 Welis me, my lady, I haue you thus," —  
 And' brasyl' her in his armys, and' gañ 655  
 her kysse,  
 And' made greett joye, sycrly. 660

\* she, MS.

† ief, MS.

Gawain      And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine,  
                 with one soe<sup>1</sup> mild of Moode,  
 answers      sayes, " well I know what I wold say,  
                 158     god grant it may be good !

      " To haue thee fowle in the night  
                 when I with thee shold play ;  
                 yet I had rather, if I might,  
 " By day." 162     haue thee fowle in the day."

" Then I      " What ! when Lords goe with ther seires,<sup>2</sup>" shee said  
   must hide      " both to the Ale & wine ;  
   from your      alas ! then I must hyde my selfe,  
   com-      166     I must not goe withinne."

" No ; do as      And then bespake him gentle gawaine,  
   you like."      said, " Lady, thatts but a skill<sup>3</sup> ;  
                 And because thou art my owne lady,  
                 170     thou shalt hane all thy will."

" Bless you,      Then she said, " blesed be thou gentle Gawain[e],  
   Gawain,      this day that I thee see,  
   you have      for as thou see me att this time,  
   cured me.      174     from hencforth I wilbe :

      " My father was an old knight,  
                 & yett it chanced soe  
                 that he marryed a younge lady  
                 178     that brought me to this woe.

I was      " Shee witched me, being a faire young Lady,  
   witched      to the greene forrest to dwell,  
   into the      & there I must walke in womans liknesse,  
   likeness of      182     Most like a feend of hell.

<sup>1</sup> which was soe, qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> So in MS., though the i is blotted;

?for feires, i. e. Mates.—F.

<sup>3</sup>? reason, faint, pretence.—F.

"She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . ."  
 [half a page missing.<sup>1</sup>]

"that looked soe foule, & that was wont  
 185      on the wild more to goe.

"Come kisse her, Brother Kay," then said Sir Gawaine,  
 " & amend thé of thy liffe ;  
 I sweare this is the same lady  
 189      that I marryed to my wiffe."

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Gawan and Dame Ragnell* gives us to fill up this gap, or rather from l. 179,—though at the end it does not fit in well :—

For I was shapeñ by nygramancy  
 Withe my stepdame,—God' haue oñ her  
 mercy !—  
 And' by enchaunement,  
 And' shold' haue bene oderwyse vnder-  
 stood'.  
 Euyñ tylle the best of Englond'  
 Had' wedyd' me, verament,  
 And' also he shold' geverme the souereynte  
 Of alle his body and' goodz, scurly,  
 Thus was I diformyd' ;  
 And' thou, sir knyghte, curteys Gaweñ,  
 Has gevyn me the souereynte, serteyn,  
 That wolle not wrothe the erly ne late.  
 Kysse me, sir knyghte, euyñ now here,  
 I pray the, be glad', and' make good'  
 chere,

For wells is me begoñ."  
 Ther they made joye oute of mynde,  
 So was itt reason and' cowrs of kynde,  
 They two theym self alone.  
 She thankyd' God' and' Mary mylde,  
 She was recoverd' of that that she was  
 defoylyd'.  
 So dyd' sir Gaweñ ;  
 He made myrthe alle in her boure,  
 And' thankyd' of alle oure Sauyoure.  
 I tell you, in certeyñ,  
 Withe joye & myrthe they wakyd' tylle  
 daye,  
 And' than wold' ryse that fayre maye,  
 " Ye shalle nott," sir Gaweñ sayd' ;  
 " We wolls lye, & slepe tylle pryme,  
 And' then lett the kyng calle vs to  
 dynge,"—  
 " I am greed'," then sayd' the mayd'.

[page 52.]

"Kiss her,  
 brother  
 Kay," says  
 Gawain,  
 " and regret  
 your  
 rudeness."

Thus itt passyd' forth tylle mid-daye,—  
 " Syra," quod' the kyng, " lett vs go  
 and' asaye,

Yf air Gaweñ be oñ lyre;  
 I am fulle ferd' of sir Gaweñ,  
 Nowe leest the fende haue hym slayñ,  
 Nowe wold' I fayñ preve.

Go we nowe," sayd' Arthoure the kyng,  
 " We wolle go se theyr vprysyng,  
 Howe welle that he hathe sped'." 730  
 They cañ to the chambre, alle in certeyñ,  
 " Aryse," sayd' the kyng to sir Gaweñ,  
 " Why sleyst thou so long in bed'?"  
 " Mary," quod' Gaweñ, " sir kyng, sicurly,  
 I wold' be glad' and' ye wold' lett 735  
 me be,

For I am fulle welle att eas ;  
 Abide, ye shalle se the dore vndone,  
 I trowe that ye wolle say I am welle  
 goon,

I am fulle lothe to ryse."  
 Syr Gaweñ rose, and' in his hand' he toke 740  
 His fayr lady, and' to the dore he shake,  
 And' opynyd' the dore fulle fayre ;  
 She stod' in her smok' alle by that syre,—  
 Her her † was to her knees as red' as  
 gold' wyre,—

" Lo ! this is my repaire. 745  
 Lo ! " sayd' Gaweñ Arthoure vntille,  
 " Syr, this is my wyfe, dame Ragnelle,  
 That sayd' onys your lyfe."  
 He told' the kyng and' the queen hem  
 beforñ,  
 Howe sodenly from her shap she dyd' 750  
 torne,  
 " My lord', nowe be your leve."  
 And' whate was the cause she forshapeñ  
 was,  
 Syr Gaweñ told' the kyng, bothe more 755  
 and' lesse.

\* mayd, MS.

† Syr, MS.

‡ bed, MS.

Kay kisses  
her,

Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,  
standing vpon his feete ;  
he swore, as he was trew knight,  
the spice was neuer soe sweete.

and con-  
gratulates  
Gawain.

193     “ Well, Cozen Gawaine,” sayes Sir Kay,  
“ thy chance is fallen arright,  
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maidis  
197     I euer saw with my sight.”

“ It is my fortune,” said Sir Gawaine ;  
“ for my vnckle Arthurs sake  
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,  
201     great Ioy that I may take.”

He and Kay  
take the  
lady be-  
tween them,  
and lead her  
to King  
Arthur,

205     Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one armc,  
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,  
they led her straight to King Arthur  
as they were brother & brother.

King Arthur welcomed them there all,  
& soe did lady Geneuer his queenc,  
with all the knights of the round table  
209     most seemly to be scene.

who thanks  
God for  
Gawain's  
bliss.

213     King Arthur beheld that lady faire  
that was soe faire and bright,  
he thanked christ in trinity  
for Sir Gawaine that gentle knight ;

All the  
knights  
rejoice.

217     Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,  
reioyced all that day  
for the good chance that hapened was  
to Sir Gawaine & his lady gay.                 flins.

**A Fragm<sup>t</sup> of ye Ballad of Lord Barnard  
& the little Musgrabe.<sup>1</sup>**

THIS ballad is referred to in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," (1611), act v. sc. iii.

And some they whistled, and some they sung,  
Hey down down!  
And some did loudly say  
Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,  
Away, Musgrave, away.

And in the "Varietie," 1649, and in Sir William Davenant's "Wits," where Twack, an antiquated beau, boasting of his qualifications, adds :

Besides I sing *Musgrave*,  
And for *Chevy Chase* no lark comes near me.

But the oldest copy of it extant is this of the folio MS. unhappily much mutilated. The oldest entire copy is to be found in "Wit Restor'd," 1658, p. 174, which is reprinted from a reprint of that work by Prof. Child, in his collection, and elsewhere. That same version appears in Dryden's "Miscellany Poems," and from it in Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads." A more diffuse version, called "Lord Barnaby," is given by Jamieson in his "Popular Ballads and Songs," in which apparently Little Musgrave turns out to be the son of the injured, revengeful lord. Another has been published by the Percy Society in their "Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads." There is yet another in the Bagford Collection (I. No. 36) in the British Museum, a later, emasculate thing,

<sup>1</sup> Percy's title.—F. See an intire Copy in Dryden's Misc. Vol. 3, pag. 312.—P.

entitled "A Lamentable Ballad of Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnet, to an excellent New Tune," which tune Mr. Chappell gives in his valuable work, vol. i. p. 170. "In the Pepys Collection," says Bishop Percy, "there is an imitation of this old song in 33 stanzas."

Musgrave is a common Westmoreland name. It occurs not unfrequently in Border ballads.

This is certainly one of the most effective ballads in our language.

---

Lord Barnard is told  
that little Musgrave  
is sleeping with his wife.

- 1 "ffor this same night att [Bucklesfeildberry] [page 53.]  
 2 little Musgreue is in bed with thy wife."  
 " If it be trew, thou little foote page,  
     this tale thou hast told to mee,  
     then all my lands in Bucklefeildbcrry  
 6 Ille frely gne to thee :

<sup>1</sup> The copy in *Wit Restored* (1658, reprinted in 1817) supplies the beginning thus :

As it fell one holy-day, *hay downe*,  
 As many be in the year,  
 When young men and maidis together  
     did goe,  
 Their mattins and masse to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church dore,  
 The preist was at private masse ;  
 But he had more minde of the faire  
     women,  
 Then he had of our lady grace.

The one of them was clad in green,  
 Another was clad in pale ;  
 And then came in my lord Bernards wife,  
     The fairest amongst them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgrave,  
 As bright as the summer sun,  
 And then bethought this little Musgrave,  
     "This ladys heart have I woonn."

Quoth she, "I have loved thee, little  
     Musgrave,  
     Full long and many a day ;"

" So have I loved you, fair lady,  
     Yet never word durst I say."

" I have a bower at Buckelsfordbery,  
     Full daintily it is geight ;  
 If thou wilt wed thither, thou little  
     Musgrave,  
 Thou's lig in mine armes all night."

Quoth he, "I thank yee, faire lady,  
     This kindnes thou shewest to me ;  
 But whether it be to my weal or woe,  
     This night I will lig with thee."

With that he heard a little tyne page,  
     By his ladyes coach as he ran ;  
     All though I am my ladyes footpage,  
     Yet I am lord Barnards man.

" My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
     Whether I sink or swimm."  
 And ever where the bridges were broake,  
     He laid him downe to swimme.

" A sleep, or wake ! thou lord Barnard,  
     As thou art a man of life," &c.

“ But if this be a lye, thou little foot page,  
     this tale thou hast told to mee,  
     then on the highest tree in Bucklesfeild-berry  
 10     all hanged that thou shalt bee.”

Saies, “ vpp & rise, my merrymen all,  
     & saddle me my good steede,  
     for I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry ;  
 14     god wott I had neuer more need ! ”

He bids his  
men “ Up  
and to  
Bucklesfeild-  
bury.”

But some they whistled, and some thé sunge,  
     & some they thus cold say,  
     “ when euer as Lord Barnetts horne blowes,  
 18     away, Musgerue, away ! ”

“ <sup>1</sup>Mie thinkes I heare the throstlecocke,  
     me thinkes I heare the Lay,  
     Me thinkes I heare Lord Barnetts horne,  
 22     away, Musgreue, away ! ”

Little  
Musgrave  
wishes to  
be gone,

“ But lie still, lie still, little Musgreue,  
     & huddle me from the cold,  
     for it is but some sheaperds boy  
 26     is whistling sheepe ore the Mold.

but Lady  
Barnard per-  
suades him  
to linger.

“ Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,  
     thy horsse eating corne & hay,  
     & thou, a gay lady in thine armes,  
 30     & yett thou wold goe awaie <sup>2</sup> ! ”

By this time Lord Barnett was come to the dore,  
     & light vpon a stone,  
     and he pulled out 3 silver kayes,  
 34     & opened the dores euery one.

Lord  
Barnard  
reaches his  
house

<sup>1</sup> This verse is written in the MS. after the next but one. A marginal note by the scribe says, “ this verse must be put at the cross ab[ove,]” i.e. two verses higher than it is written in the MS.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. awaw.—F.

and finds  
the lovers.

And first he puld the couering downe,  
& then puld downe the sheete,  
saies, " how now ? how now ? little Musgruce,  
38 dost find my gay lady sweet ? "

" I find her sweete," saies little Musgreue,  
" the more is my greefe & paine ; " !

[half a page missing.]

Lord  
Barnard  
laments  
what he  
has done.

42      " Soe haue I done the fairest Lady                          [page 54.]  
          that euer wore womans weede ;

46      " Soe haue I done a heathen child,<sup>2</sup>  
          which ffull sore greiueth mee,  
          for which Ile repent all the dayes of my life  
          & god be with them all 3."                                  ffins.

<sup>1</sup> The ballad in *Wit Restored* continues :  
I would gladly give three hundred pounds  
That I were on yonder plaine."

" Arise, arise, thou littell Musgrave,  
And put thy clothés on ;  
It shal ne're be said in my country  
I have killed a naked man.

" I have two swords in one scabberd,  
Full deere they cost my purse ;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse."

The first stroke that little Musgrave  
stroke,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore ;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,  
Little Musgrave ne're struck more.

With that bespake this faire lady,  
In bed whereas she lay ;  
" Although thou'rt dead, thou little  
Musgrave,  
Yet I for thee will pray ;

" And wish well to thy soul will I,  
So long as I have life ;

So will I not for thee, Barnard,  
Although I am thy wedded wife."

He cut her paps from off her brest,  
(Great pity it was to see)  
That some drops of this ladies heart's  
blood  
Ran trickling downe her knee.

" Woe worth you, woe worth my mery  
men all,  
You were ne're borne for my good ;  
Why did you not offer to stay my hand  
When ye saw me wax so wood ?

" For I have slaine the bravest sir  
knight  
That ever rode on steed ;  
So have I done the fairest lady  
That ever did womans deed.

" A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cryd,  
" To put these lovers in :  
But lay my lady on upper hand,  
For she came of the better kin."

\* ? wild, loose knight.—F.

### Musleboorrowe feild.<sup>1</sup>

THERE can be no doubt that "10th day of December" in the first line of this fragment should be "9th day of September," that "4th year" in the second should be "1st year," and "12th day" in the seventeenth should be "10th day." The chronology of ballads is anything but their strongest point. Their dates not unfrequently are quite wrong. The battle here meant is that generally known in our histories as Pinkie, or Pinkie Cleugh. The older writers, as Grafton, Fabyan, Holinshed, Baker, call it by the title here given it; Carte gives it both names. The English government, on the death of Henry VIII., was extremely solicitous to arrange a marriage between the young prince who succeeded him and the Princess Mary of Scotland. Scotland declined this arrangement, and the Lord Protector presently visited that country with fire and sword in order to bring it to a better mind. The most striking act in this rough wooing was the battle of Pinkie, fought on the bank of the Esk, close by a town of the name, a few miles from Edinburgh. A very interesting account of the whole expedition and of this particular act is given by an eye-witness in a work entitled "The expedicion into Scotlande of the Most Worthily Fortunate Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset, uncle unto our most noble sovereign Lord, y<sup>e</sup> Kiges Majestie Edward the VI, governour of hys hyghnes persone and protectour of hys graces realmes, dominions, and subjectes, made in the first yere of his Majesties most prosperous reign, and set out by way of Diarie by W. Patten, London," reprinted in "Fragments of Scottish History," 1798.

<sup>1</sup> This is in better language than most of that age.—P.

Patten gives the same picture as our ballad of the confidence of the Scotch army. "As for of victorie," he says, "he [the governor of Scotland] thought hymself no less sure then he was willynge to fyght. That makes me in this case more to be so quite out of doubt, wear the causes wherof I was after so certeinly ascertained. And they were, firste, his respecte of our onely strength (as he thought) of our horsmen, the which, not so much upon pollecie to make his men hardy agaynst us as for that he plainly so took it, he caused to be published in his hoste that it was hooly but of very young men, unskilfull of the warres, and easie to be delt with al. And thē his regard to y<sup>e</sup> number place of our power and his, y<sup>e</sup> whiche indede wear far unequall. And hereto his assured hope of xii galleys and l. ships that always he lookt for to be sent out of Fraūce to come in at our backes. He with hys hoste made themselves hereby so sure of the matter that in the night of this day they fel aforehand to playing at dyce for certeine of our noble men & captains of fame."

This confidence of the Scotch—so great that when they saw the English army moving they at once concluded it was intent on a retreat—was terribly falsified by the event. Their defeat was most complete, and would have been followed by still severer distress, had not the need of his presence in England presently recalled the invader. But in how grievous a plight the country was at this time, may be seen in the "Complaynt of Scotland."

Verse 21. It may be remarked that the English gunnery seems to have been very effective. When our Italian and Spanish mercenaries discharged their fire-arms into the first ranks, "a raking fire," says Lingard, "was opened on the Scots from a galley and two pinnaces in the bay; and a battery of guns from a neighbouring eminence scattered destruction amidst the dense and exposed mass."

"And yet," writes Patten of a previous skirmish when the Scotch fled before some English hakbutters, "I know they lack no hartes, but thei canst so well away w<sup>t</sup> these crakkes."

Any one who wishes for information about the state of Scotch artillery at this time may find it in Leyden's Introduction to his reprint of the above-mentioned "Complaynt."

ON the 10<sup>th</sup> day of december  
& the 4<sup>th</sup> yeere of King Edwards Raigne,  
att Musleborrowe, as I remember,  
4      2 goodly hosts there mett on a plaine;

[on page 54.]

At Muscle-  
borough the  
English and  
Scotch met.

All night that<sup>1</sup> they camped there,  
soe did the scotts both stout & stubborne,  
"but wellaway," it was their song;  
8      2 for wee haue taken them in their owne turne.<sup>3</sup>

The Scotch  
confident.

Over night they carded<sup>4</sup> for our english mens coates,  
they fished before their netts were spunn,  
a white for 6<sup>4</sup>, a red pro 2 groates<sup>5</sup>;  
12     now wisdome wold haue stayed till they had been  
woone.

Wee feared not but that they wold fight,  
yett itt was turned vnto their owne paine,  
thoe agaist one of vs that they were 8;  
16     yett with their owne weapons wee did them beat.

They were 8  
to 1, but we  
beat them.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> day in the morne  
the made a face as the wold fight,  
but many a proud Scott there was downe borne,  
20     & many a ranke coward was put to flight.

<sup>1</sup> ?that night.—H.<sup>2</sup> This may refer either to Flodden Field (A.D. 1513) or to the very recent overthrow of Solway Moss.<sup>3</sup> The MS. may be read horne.—F.<sup>4</sup> i.e. played for them at Cards.—P.<sup>5</sup> It should seem from hence that there was somewhat of a Uniform among our Soldiers even then.—P.

But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,  
 then was their harts turned into their hose ;  
 they cast down their weapons, and turned their backes,  
 24    they ran soe fast that the fell on their Nose.

of Lord  
 Huntley's  
 10,000 men  
 not one  
 escaped.

The Lord Huntley, wee had him there,<sup>1</sup>  
 with him hee brought 10000: men ;  
 yett, god be thanked, wee made them such a banquett  
 28    that none of them returned againe.

Wee chased them to D . . .

[*half a page gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Huntley commanded the Scotch rear. He was taken prisoner.—H.

## Fragment of a Ballad about Thomas Lord Cromwell.<sup>1</sup>

CROMWELL was a favourite subject with the ballad-writers of the middle of his century. Regarded as a great author and promoter of the radical ecclesiastical changes of his time, he reaped a plentiful harvest both of hatred and of popularity. The oldest ballad in print deals with him: "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called Trolle on away," with the burden—

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.  
Syngs heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

printed in London in 1540, composed probably, as Bishop Percy (who prints it in his "Reliques," v. ii. Bk. I. No. xi.) suggests, between the disgraced minister's arrest on June 10th (Percy wrongly says 11th), and execution on the 28th of the following month. This piece, says Percy, "gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads, written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio collection of proclamations, &c. made in the reigns of K. Hen. VIII., K. Edw. VI., Q. Mary, Q. Eliz., K. James I., &c."

The details of ballad-mongers can seldom boast much historical value. The object of the tribe is to place events before their audience in the most picturesque way possible. To this object details must courtsey. The great event alluded to here undoubtedly transpired: Cromwell was attached; but the costume of the event is the fancy-work of the ballad-writer.

<sup>1</sup> Our title.—F. Percy's side note is, "This seems to be a Fragment of another Ballad about Lord Cromwell.—P."

No woman's spiteful clamouring for his life—no Herodias daughter—ruined him, but simply the failure of his matrimonial scheme. Cromwell might have died peaceably in his bed, had Anne of Cleves been endowed with beauty. Beauty has been many men's bane; the want of it was Cromwell's. Anne's plain face killed him. Not the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury arrested him, but the Duke of Norfolk at the council table. Lastly, he was never after his arrest admitted to an interview with the king. Letters passed between the fallen servant and the merciless master. "Most gracious Prince," wrote Cromwell from the Tower, "I cry for mercy, mercy, mercy." Over which appeal the master is said to have shed a tear, but he never intervened between the maker of it and the block; and on one and the same day the minister was beheaded, and the king married Catherine Howard,—a coincidence not mentioned by Mr. Froude.

The details of this fragment are therefore void of accuracy. As Catherine Howard gained, as at first it might seem, by the fall of Cromwell and the divorce of his protégée, she perhaps is the person here represented as denouncing him for a traitor ("the most corrupt traitor and deceiver of the king and the crown that had ever been known in his whole reign" he was described to be in the Act of Attainder) and begging his death. There may have been current a rumour to such an effect. Rapin says: "The solicitations of the Duke of Norfolk and Gardiner, seconded by those of Catherine Howard, who acted in their favour, rendered the endeavours of the prisoner [to obtain his pardon] fruitless." But, according to Miss Strickland, "there is not the slightest contemporary evidence, not so much as a private letter, to bear out" this assertion.

The king's first speech is worthy of notice as mentioning the two great considerations of the early Tudors—the crown and the people. The barons had been completely broken down in the

long wars of the preceding centuries culminating in the Wars of the Roses. Edward IV. leaned upon the people. So Henry VII. Accordingly, in the ballads of the early part of the sixteenth century, the "commonalty" is frequently heard of.

[half a page missing.]

- [page 55.] The King  
inclines to  
grant her  
boon.

“for if your boone be askeable,  
soone granted it shalbe

“If it be not touching my crowne,” he said,  
“Nor hurting poore comminaltye.”

“Nay, it<sup>1</sup> is not touching your crowne,” shee sayes,  
“Nor hurting poore cominaltye,

“But I begg the death of Thomas Cromwell,  
for a false traitor to you is hee.”

“then feitch me hither the Earle of darby  
and the Earle of Shrewsbury,

“And bidde them bring Thomas Cromawell ;  
lets see what he can say to mee.”

for Thomas had woont to haue carried his head vp,  
but now he hanges it vpon his knee.

“How now ? How now ? ” the King did say,  
“Thomas, how is it with thoe ? ”

“Hanging & drawing, O King ! ” he saide ;  
“you shall neuer gett more from mee.”

She begs  
Thomas  
Cromwell's  
death.

Cromwell is  
brought  
before the  
King.

and con-  
demned to be  
hanged and  
drawn.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. it it.—F.

## Listen Jolly Gentlemen.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is evidently an old song roughly re-dressed for the reign of James I. A different song with the same beginning is, says Mr. Chappell, in the Pepys Collection. (Mr. Pattrick cannot find it.)

---

A word in  
praise of old  
King Harry.

LISTEN iolly gentlemen,  
listen and be merry !  
a word or tow faine wold I speake  
4       in the praiise of old King Harry,  
for hee wold sweare, & he wold stare,  
      & lay hand on his dagger ;  
      & he wold swiue, if he were alive,  
8        from the queene vnto the beggar.

But he is  
gone.

But let him alone, he is dead & gone,  
another wee haue in his place,

And God  
bless King  
James,

our Noble King, of whome weele sing  
12       “ god blesse King Iames his grace !

With a hey downe downe, with How downe downe,  
With a hey downe, downe, downe derry &c.”

who is a  
jolly fellow,

16       King Iames hath meate, King Iames hath men,  
          King Iames loues to be merry,  
King Iames is angry now & then,  
          but it makes him quickly weary.

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> In James I.'s Time.—P.

Of his office bestowed vpon him. [page 56.]

- 20      for your whores & your knaues & your merry  
       drunken slaues  
       cry a plague & a pox vpon him !  
       with a hey downe &c.

Before I haue done with our Kings braue sonne  
 24      I must sett forth his praise ;  
       England had never a liuelier ladd  
       to prolonge our happy dayes ;  
       but I made this song, I must not be long,  
 28      for good King Iames his sake ;  
       god blesse his grace, his children & realme !  
       & soe I make an end.

and has a  
brave son.

God bles  
'em !

ffins.

[*The Loose Song " See the Bwildinge " follows.*]

## A fragment of the Ballad of the Child of Ell.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is a fragment of one of the most popular stories of Northern Europe. "More than thirty versions have been published in the Northern languages," says Prof. Child. "Of the corresponding Danish ballad, 'Ribolt og Guldborg,' Gruntvig has collected more than twenty versions, some of them ancient, many obtained from recitation; and eight of the kindred 'Hildebrond og Hilde.' There have also been printed of the latter three versions in Swedish, and of the former three in Icelandic, two in Norse, and seven in Swedish. ('Danmarks Samle Folkeviser,' ii. 308-403, 674-81.)"

Compare "Erlinton" and "The Douglas Tragedy" (of which Scott mentions a "local habitation") in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," "The brave Earl Brand and the King of England's daughter" in Mr. Bell's "Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry," "Robin Hood and the Tanner's Daughter" in Gutch's "Lytell Geste."

The present fragment of a version may be fairly said to be now printed for the first time, as in the "Reliques" it is buried in a heap of "polished" verses composed by Percy. That worthy prelate, touched by the beauty of it—he had a soul—was unhappily moved to try his hand at its completion. A wax-doll-maker might as well try to restore Milo's Venus. There are 39 lines here. There are 200 in the thing called the "Child of Elle" in the "Reliques." But in those 200 lines all the 39 originals do not appear. Now and then one appears, always (with

<sup>1</sup> Percy's title.—F. The Beauty of which I have printed in my Reliques,  
these few Stanzas tempted me to attempt &c., Vol. I.—P.  
the long Ballad of "The Child of Elle,"

one exception) a little altered to fit it for the strange bed-fellows with which the polishing process has made it acquainted, its good manners corrupted, so to speak, by evil communications. On the whole, the union of the genuine and the false—of the old ballad with Percy's tawdry feebleness—makes about as objectionable a *mesalliance* as that in the story itself is in the eyes of the father. The crowning efforts of the polishing process are this version of vv. 15-18 :

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
And kist her tenderlie;  
The tearees that fell from her fair eyes  
Ranne like the fountayne free.

and this of vv. 33-39 :

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
Light downe, and hold my steed,  
While I and this discourteous knightho  
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my dear ladye,  
Light downe and hold my horse ;  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Doe trye our valour's force.

So fared our poor fragment in the hands of its friends a hundred years ago.

---

- |    |  |  |
|----|--|--|
| 2  | Sayes "Christ thee sauе, good child of Ell !<br>christ sauе thee & thy steede !  | (page 57.) "My father,"<br>says the<br>maiden,<br>"vows to<br>slay thee."                              |
| 6  | " my father sayes he will noe Meate,<br>nor his drinke shall doe him noe good,<br>till he haue slaine the child of Ell<br>& haue seene his harts blood." |  |
| 10 | " I wold I were in my sadle sett,<br>& a Mile out of the towne,<br>I did not care for your father<br>& all his merrymen !                                | " I care not<br>for him,"<br>says the<br>child, " were<br>I but<br>mounted<br>and out of<br>the town." |

" I wold I were in my sadle sett,  
 & a little space him froe,  
 I did not care for your father  
 & all that long him to ! "

*They kiss,*  
*with tears,*  
 14      he leaned ore his saddle bow  
           to kisse this Lady good ;  
           the teares *that* went them 2 betweene  
 18      were blend<sup>1</sup> water & blood.

*ride away,*  
 18      he sett himselfe on one good steed,  
           this lady of one palfray,  
           & sett his little horne to his mouth,  
 22      & roundlie he rode away.

*and are*  
*pursued by*  
*the lady's*  
*father and*  
*seven*  
*brothers.*  
 26      he had not ridden past a mile,  
           a mile out of the towne,  
           her father was readye with her 7 brether,  
           he said, " sett thou my daughter downe !  
           for it ill beseemes thee, thou false churles sonne,  
           to carry her forth of this towne ! "

*The child*  
*prepares to*  
*fight them.*  
 30      " but lowd thou lyest, Sir Iohn the Knight !  
           thou now doest Lye of me ;  
           a knight me gott, & a lady me bore ;  
           soe neuer did none by thee.

34      " but light now downe, my lady gay,  
           light downe & hold my horsse,  
           whilst I & your father & your brether  
           doe play vs at this crosse ;

38      " but light now downe, my owne trew loue,  
           & meeeklye hold my steede,  
           whilst your father [& your brether] bold"

[half a page missing.]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. blended.—P.

## King James & Browne.<sup>1</sup>

[page 58.]

THIS piece may be regarded as a sort of second part to “The Bishop and Brown” referred to in verse 108. The theme is Brown, and how vigorously and successfully he succoured King James the Sixth of Scotland, afterwards the First of England, from the perpetual treasons that assailed his minority. “The Bishop and Brown,” as we learn from the black-letter copy in the collection of the Antiquarian Society, was written by W. Elderton, a copious ballad-writer, who tippled himself to death early in the last decade of the sixteenth century, and was commemorated by this epitaph :

Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus ;  
Quid dico hic situs est ? Hic potius sitis est.

Probably enough he wrote “King James and Brown” too. The villain of it is that same Douglas, who is warned by the Earl of Morton in the last verse but one of “The Bishop and Brown : ”

Take heed you do not offend the king ;  
But shew yourselves like honest men  
Obediently in everything.

What Bishop Percy says in his Introduction to “The Bishop and Brown” of the historical value or valuelessness of that ballad, applies pretty much to this one. As frequently with ballads, the spirit is true, the letter false. James the Sixth was born and cradled and grew up in the midst of turmoils and troubles. The royal person was the great bone of contention amongst the different parties that rent the state, and, down to within three

<sup>1</sup> See also song in page 273 [of MS.]—P.

years of the union of the Scotch and English crowns, was in constant peril from them. It was always being seized, or attempted to be seized, or rumoured to be about to be seized. All the winds of faction were let loose, and his majesty was as cruelly blown and tossed about as *Æneas* himself. The sagacious discoverer of Gunpowder Plot had had therefore much experience of treason before he came southward. He had lived in an atmosphere of it. Such an atmosphere is represented by the following ballad. From the words already quoted from “The Bishop and Brown,” we may perhaps be justified in dating it in the Earl of Morton’s regency (1572–1580, with a short interruption)—the fourth regency since Queen Mary’s compelled abdication in 1567. What historical justification there is for it is perhaps contained in the following extract from “The Historie of King James the Sext,” printed by the Bannatyne Club: “In the nixt moneth of Apryle, the Erle of Mortoun began to consider with him self, that he had not done weill of his suddan demissiou; and tharefor he entysit a factioun of the hous of Mar to cum to the castell of Stirling, with force and slight to transport the King from the hands of Alexander Erskin his ordinar and laughfull kepar, to Lochlevin; whare he intendit to have keapit him till the end of his yeiris of perfection, or els for all the dayis of his lyftyme, as he intendit to have keapit his mother afore. And in the meyne tyme he maid his residence thair, as it war for policie, devysing the situation of a fayre gardene with allayis, to remove all suspicion of his consavit treason in that mater. Bot as thay war in executioun of this purpose, it was sumthing narrolie espyit that a speciall gentilman of reputation was murdreist amang thayme callit Erskin, wha defendit stoutlie the Kings dure from thair assault, besyd the hurt of many uthers. To conclude, that thair treasonable interpryse was postponit for that tyme, bot Mortons devyce was not devulgit till efter.”

The Ballad surrounds the king with traitors—sets his body

about with disloyal swords and spears—and makes his mercy as unavailing as his power. Happily for the poor prince, there is at hand one Brown—a loyal, energetic, incorruptible Englishman. He had three times before delivered the king out of the hands of his enemies—from some assailants at Edinburgh, from the “Sheriff’s sonne of Carlile,” from the Bishop of St. Andrews—and he delivers him again. How pleasant to ballad-hearers in the English streets about the year 1580 to know that the King of Scotland was being so well looked after and protected by Brown!

V. 27. The Earl of Lennox was murdered at Stirling in 1571.

AS I did walke my selfe alone,  
& by one garden greene,  
I heard a yonge prince make great moane  
4      which did turne my hart to teene.<sup>1</sup>

A young  
king is  
heard  
complaining  
of his  
danger.

“O lord!” he then said vntou me,  
“Why haue I liued soe long?  
for yonder comes a cruell scott,”  
8      quoth hee, “*that will doe me some ronge.*”<sup>2</sup>

and then came traitor douglas there,—  
he came for to betray his king,—  
some they brought bills, & some they brought bowes,  
12      & some theé brought other things.

Douglas,  
with other  
lords, comes  
to seize him.

the king was abone in a gallery  
with a heauy heart;  
vnto his body was sett about  
16      with swords & speares soe sharpe.

“be you the Lordes of Scotland,” he said,  
“*that hither for councell seeke to me?*  
or yoe bee<sup>3</sup> traitors to my crowne  
20      by my blood *that you wold see?*”

Asked by  
the Prince  
what they  
want,

<sup>1</sup> grief, vexation, indignation.—P.      <sup>2</sup> wrong.—P.      <sup>3</sup> bee you.—P.

they say  
his blood.

" wee are they *Lords of Scotland*," they said,  
" nothing we come to craue of thee,  
but wee be traitors to thy crowne;  
thy blood that wee will see."

The Prince  
cries shame  
on them.

" O! fy vpon you, you false Scotts !  
for you neuer all trew wilbe ;  
my grandfather you haue slaine,

28      & caused my mother to flee !

" my grandfather you haue slaine,  
& my owne mother<sup>1</sup> you hanged on a tree !  
& now," quoth he, " the like treason  
you haue now wrought for me !

32      " ffarwell hart, & farwell hand !  
farwell all pleasures alsoe !  
35      farewell th . . . . . my head "

[half a page missing.]

37      " If thou wilt . . . . . [page 59, the first whole page.  
& soe goe away with mee."

Browne  
refuses  
Douglas's  
bribe.

" goo Marry thy daughter to whome thou wilt,"  
quoth Browne, " thou marrys none to me,  
for Ile not be a traitor," quoth Browne,  
41      " for all the gold that euer I see."

this Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,  
began to flee away full fast;  
" but tarry a while," saies lusty Browne,  
45      " Ile make you to pay before you passe."

<sup>1</sup> father, the Lord Darnley.—P.

- he hath taken the Douglas prisoner,  
 & hath brought him before the King ;  
 he kneeled low vpon his knee,  
 49 for pardon there praiinge.
- “ how shold I pardon thee,” saith the King,  
 “ & thoule remaine a traitor still ?  
 for euer since that I was borne,”  
 53 quothe he, “ thou hast sought my blood to spill.”
- “ for if you will grant me my pardon,” he said,  
 “ out of this place soe free,  
 I wilbe sworne before your grace  
 57 a trew subiect to bee.”
- “ god for-gaue his death,” said the King,  
 “ when he was nayled vpon a tree,  
 & as free as euer god forgave his death,  
 61 douglas,” quothe he, “ Ile forgiue thee !
- “ and all the traitors in Scotland,”  
 quothe he, “ both great & small,  
 as free as euer god forgave his death,  
 65 soe free I will forgiue them all.”
- “ I thanke you for your pardon, king,  
 that you haue granted forth soe plaine ;  
 if I live a 12 month to an end,  
 69 you shall not aliuie remaine.
- “ tomorrow yet or ere I dine  
 I meane to doo thee one good turne,  
 for Edenborow that is thine owne ”  
 73 quothe he, “ I will both h . . & [burne].”
- thus douglas hied towards Edenborow,  
 & many of his men were gone beffore,  
 & after him on ebery side,  
 77 with him there went some 20 score.

Browne  
scizas  
Douglas,  
who prayas  
for pardon,

which at  
last the  
King grants.

Douglas  
thanks him,  
but aside  
vows to  
undo him.

Douglas  
goes to  
Edinburgh  
with his  
men.

but when that they did see him come,  
 they cryed lowd with voices, saying,  
 “yonder comes a false Traitor  
 81      that wold haue slaine our King ! ”

Browne  
again seizes  
Douglas,

they chaynd vp the gates of Edenborrow,  
 & there the made them wonderous fast,  
 & there Browne sett on douglas againe,  
 85      & quicklye did him ouer cast.

but worde came backe againe to the King  
 with all the speed that euer might bee,  
*that Traitor douglas there was taken,*  
 89      & his body was there to see.

“ bring me his taker,” quoth the King,  
 “ come, quickly bring him vnto me !  
 Ile giue a 1000 pound a yeere,  
 93      what man socuer he bee.”

and is  
brought  
before the  
King.

But then they called Lusty Browne ;  
 says, “ Browne, come thou hither to mee !  
 how oft hast thou foughten for my sake,  
 97      & alwayes woone the victory ? ”

Browne  
recounts  
how he  
served the  
King

“ the first time that I fought for you,  
 it was in Edenborrow, King ;  
 if there I had not stoutly stood,  
 101      my legee, you neuer had beene King :

and saved  
his life

“ the second time I fought for you,  
 here I will tell you in this place,  
 I killd the Sheriffs sonne of Carlile,”  
 105      quoif he, “ that wold haue slaine your grace :

"the 3<sup>d</sup> time that I fought for you,<sup>1</sup>  
here for to let you vnderstand,  
I slew the bishopp of St Andrew[s,] "  
109      quothe he, "with a possat<sup>2</sup> in [his hand]."

[page 60.]

quoth hee  
“that euer my manhood I did trye,  
Ile make a vow for Englands sake  
113      *that I will neuer battell flee.”*

"god amercy, browne," then said the King,  
    " & god amercy heartily!  
before I made thee but a knight,  
117     but now an Earle I will make thee."

"God save the Queene of England," he said,  
"for her blood is verry neshe,<sup>3</sup>  
as neere vnto her I am  
121 as a collonne shorne from the flesche.

" If I be false to England," he said,  
either in Earnest or in Iest,  
I might be likened to a bird,"  
125 Quoth he, " that did defile it Nest.<sup>4</sup>" ssins

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the subject of the ballad in page 273 [of the MS., *Bishoppē & Browne*].—P.  
<sup>2</sup> qu.: MS. rubbed. Compare “Bishop & Browne”—H.

<sup>8</sup> tender, delicate.—F.  
<sup>9</sup> “Tis an ill bird that bewrays it own nest.” Ray’s “Proverbs” in *Buhn’s Handbook*, p. 72.—F.

## Sir Lambewell.<sup>1</sup>

[IN 3 PARTS.—P.]

In the Registers of the Stationers' Company (see Mr. Collier's extracts therefrom) is this entry : " 1557-8, To John Kynge, to printe these bokes folowynge; that ys to saye a Jeste of Syr gawayne . . . Syr lamwell . . ." Of " Syr lamwell " Mr. Collier says, " if printed, it has perished." It was printed ; but the print, with the exception of one single page preserved in the Douce Collection, has perished. The poem, however, has not perished ; we now print it.

The piece is simply a *rifaccimento* of that highly popular romance " Lanval "—No. 5 of Maries lays, which " are known to exist only in one MS., viz. Harl. MSS. No. 978 " (see Mr. Halliwell's " Ellis' Early Eng. Met. Rom.")—or rather of the English translation of it made by Thomas Chestre, as we are told at the end :

Thomas Chestre made thys tale,  
Of the noble Knighth syr Launfale  
Good of chivalrye.

preserved in the Cotton MSS. Calig. A. 2. f. 33, from which it is printed by Ritson in his " E. E. Met. Rom." " Lamwell " is one of the pieces mentioned in the memorable list of Captain Cox's ballads in Laneham's well-known Kenilworth Letter (1575).

This version differs in form (Chestre's translation is written in the favourite metre of the romances—the " Rime of Sir Topas " metre) and slightly in matter from its original. It omits the previous career of the knight as it is detailed by Chestre—how he disliked Queen " Gwenner " as soon as ever she arrived at

<sup>1</sup> A curious old romantic ballad written before the Reformation, see part 3<sup>d</sup>, v. 24. This is upon the same subject as the old

Romance of Sir Launfal, but differs in some Parts of the Story, probably altered by some minstrel.—P.

Arthur's court, and, she reciprocating his feelings, resolved to seek some other quarters, and accordingly proceeded to "Karly-won," and there abode in extreme destitution, till riding one day into a forest the rare adventure on which the tale centres befell him. Chestre calls the lady, who is anonymous in the Folio, "Dame Tryamour," and speaks of her dwelling-place as "Olyroan," not as "Million" or "Amilion." The place meant here—the "jolly island that clipped was Amilion"—is of course that Fortunate Isle to which Arthur was conveyed by the three queens ("I wil into the vale of Avilion," says the sick King to Sir Bedivere, "for to heal me of a greivous wounde:") so richly described by Tennyson in his "Morte d'Arthur" as

The island-valley of Avilion  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

Chestre says that once a year something might be heard or seen of the "translated" knight:

Every yer upon a certayn day  
Me may here Launfales stede nay  
And hym se with syght.  
Ho that wyll there axsy justus  
To kepe hys armes fro the rustus  
In turnement other fyght;  
Dar he never forther gon,  
Ther he may fynde justes anon,  
With syr Launfal the knyght.

The presents the lady makes her lover are more curious in Chestre's poem than in ours:

I wyll the yeve an alner,  
Imad of sylk and of gold cler,  
Wyth fayre ymages thre;  
As oft thou puttest the hond therinne,  
A mark of gold thou schalt wynne,  
In wat place that thou be.  
Also, sche seyde, syr Launfal,

I yeve the Blaunchard my stede l<sup>e</sup>  
 And Gyfre my owen knave;  
 And of my armes oo pensel,  
 Wyth thre ermyne ypeynted well,  
 Also thou schalt have.  
 In warre, ne yn turnement,  
 Ne schall the greve no knyghtes dent  
 So well y schall the save.

Our version, made a century later—Chester lived probably in Henry VI.'s reign—is indifferent to these and such details, as also to the exploits performed in Lombardy by the knight with his mistress' assistance so given, which in Chestre are so famous as to lead King Arthur to recall him to the court. It characteristically attaches more importance to the trial-scene, which it gives in full.

King Arthur  
is at Carlisle.

DOUGHTY in king<sup>1</sup> Arthures dayes  
 when Brittaine was holden in noblenesse,  
 and in his time a long while  
 4      he soioured in merry Carlile.<sup>2</sup>  
 with him he had many an heire  
 as he had else many a whide<sup>3</sup> where ;  
 Of his round table they were Knights all,  
 8      & the had much Mirth in bower & hall ;  
 in euery Land of the world wide  
 the came to the court on every side,  
 both yonge knights & Squires eke,  
 Many      12      all the came to the courte to seeke.  
 knights and  
squires  
resort to  
him.  
 Amongst  
them Sir  
Lambwell,

16      & with him there longed<sup>4</sup> a bold bachelor,  
 & soe he did many a yeere,  
 a yonge Knight of much might,  
 Sir Lambewell forsooth he hight,  
 and euer he spent worthilye,  
 & he gaue gifts that were larglie ;

<sup>1</sup> —In doughty king: Cp. “good my p. 284 [of MS.].—P.  
 Lord,” &c.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In other Ballads it is Carleile, v<sup>4</sup>.      <sup>3</sup> from every.—P.

<sup>4</sup> from long: ? stayed, remained.—F.

- 20      [soe largely<sup>1</sup>] his good he spent,  
much more than euer he had rent,  
& soe outragiouslie he it sett  
*that he became far in debt.*
- 24      and when he saw *that all was gone,*  
then hee begunn to make great moane,  
“alacke!” he said, “noe goods I hane;  
I know not how to doe, soe god me saue,  
& I can neither begg nor borrowe!
- 28      thus I am brought far in sorrow,  
& I am far in a strange land,  
& haue noe goods, as I vnderstand.  
*of all these Knights that are soe feirce*
- 32      *of the round table, which are my peers,*  
eche one to haue me they were glad,  
& now for me the wilbe sad;  
both Sir Huon<sup>2</sup> & Sir Gaion,<sup>3</sup>
- 36      Some time of me *that you were faine;*  
ffarwell Sir Kay, *that crabbed Knight!*  
farwell Sir Perciuall the wight!  
*of my companie that thou was faine,*
- 40      the good Knight Sir Agrauaine<sup>4</sup>!  
farwell Sir Garrett<sup>5</sup> & Sir Griffine,<sup>6</sup>

who  
squanders  
his fortune,

bids  
farewell to  
his fellows,

<sup>1</sup> MS. torn.—F. soe largelye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? Uwayne les awoutres. Maleor (ed. Southey) vol. 1, p. 230—3. Uwayne le blaunce maynys, *ib. i.* 231; syro Vwayne le fyse de roy Vreyne, *ib. i.* 370.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Hayne and Sir Gawayne.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Agrauayne was the knight, “europen mouthed,” who told Arthur of Lancelot’s adultery with Guinevere: see cap. ii. of “the book of the pteous hystorye whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur,” being “the twenty book” of Caxton’s Maleor, v. 2, p. 391 of Southey’s reprint. Agrauayne was Gawayne’s brother, and Lancelot’s killing him was the cause of Gawayne’s bitter revenge, and his forcing Arthur to invade Lancelot in France gave opportunity for Mordred’s treason, which led to Arthur’s death.—F.

<sup>5</sup> “The seventh book” of Caxton’s Maleor (vol. 1, 186—246 of Southey’s reprint) contains “the tale of Syr Gareth of Orkney that was called Beaumaynes by syr kay.” He was the son of the Queen of Orkney, and loved (and wedded) Dame Lyons of the Castel Peryllous, but was kept from anticipating his marital rights by Lynet the damoynel, who made a knight stab him in the thigh when he needed cooling; and when he chopped the knight’s head off and in pieces, she stuck it together and on again. In v. 2, p. 383, occurs “the good knygt sir Gareth, that was of veray knyghthode worth al the bretheren.”—F.

<sup>6</sup> Griffine is not mentioned among the “honderd knyghtes and ten” of Arthur’s court, in Maleore, v. 2, p. 382—5, ed. 1817.

of my company that thou was faine !  
fiarwell the Knight Sir Iron side<sup>1</sup> !

41      of my company thou had much pride,  
for my expence & noble wray,<sup>2</sup>

& the rich gifts that I gaue aye !

Certes you shall me neu[r] see ;

48      52      fiarwell, I take my leane of you<sup>3</sup>  
as a single batchlour without blame,  
where before I bare a good name."

then he leaped vpon a fresh courser  
without page or any squier,  
& tooke his way towards the west,  
betweene the water & a faire fforrest.

the sun was at the [even-tide<sup>4</sup>],

[page 61.]

56      the Knight light downe, & thought to abide,  
& layd him downe, the knight free,  
vnder the shadow of a tree ;

and what for Weeping much & warle,<sup>5</sup>  
a-sleepe I-wis this Knight fell,  
& what for sobbing & greet.

As he wakes,      60      when he wakned, vp he him sett,

two maidens      come to him  
out of a      64      and then he looked afore him tho :

forest,      out of a fforrest came Maydens tow,  
                  towards Sir Lambewell they did grow<sup>6</sup> ;  
                  fairer befor he neuer sawe.

Mantles they had of Red veluett

68      fringed with gold full well sett,  
& kirtles of purple sandall,<sup>7</sup>  
they were small laced, & fitted well ;

they were tyred aboue<sup>8</sup> over all,  
72      & either of them had a ffresh color,

and  
unattended  
rides away  
westward.

Sleeps under  
a tree.

As he wakes,  
two maidens  
come to him  
out of a  
forest,

<sup>1</sup> Syr Ironsyde is mentioned in Caxton's Maleor, v. 1, p. 224, cap. xxiii. &c.  
At p. 234 he is "syre Ironsyde that was  
the reed knyghte of the reed laundes,"  
and at v. 2, p. 384.—F.

<sup>2</sup> qu. array.—P.

<sup>3</sup> of yee.—P.

<sup>4</sup> The Sun was now at the even-tide :  
qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> perhaps waile.—P. warly, weary,  
Gawain and Golagros.—F.

<sup>6</sup> draw qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> candal, thin silk ; "cendall, thynne  
lynnen, Fr. sandal." Palgrave.—F.

<sup>8</sup> above all, over.—P.

they had faces as white as snowdownc,  
they had loue-some color & eyen Browne ;  
& one of them had a gold Bason,  
76 & the other a towell of silke fine.  
towards Lamewell drew these maids twaine :  
the Knight was curteous, and rose them againe ;      greet him,  
thé said, " god speed thee, thou Knight free,  
80 there as thou lyest full of pouirty ! "  
" damsell," saies Lamwell, " welcome to mee ! "  
" Sir," quoth the one, " well may thou bee ! "  
My Lady that's bright as blossome or flower,  
84 thee greets, Sir Lamwell, as her paramourc,  
& prays you for to speake with her  
& if it be your will, faire Sir."      and give  
Lamwell answered them both there,  
88 " & I am faine<sup>1</sup> with you to fare,  
for which way soeuer your gate lies,      He accepts  
I deeme certaine be<sup>2</sup> paradice,  
for fairer maids then you tow bee  
92 I neuer saw moue with mine eye.<sup>3</sup>"      it,  
thé thanked Lambwell, that Knight Curteous,<sup>4</sup>  
for giuing them soo great a praise :      praiseth their  
" but shee as much fairer then wee are seene,  
96 & ouer vs might be a queene,  
her bewtie passeth vs as far  
as betweene the flower & the steale.<sup>5</sup>"  
they washed their<sup>6</sup> hands & face alsoe,  
100 & forth with those maids the Knight did goe.  
within that forrest thé did see  
a rich pauillion pight full hee,<sup>7</sup>  
& euery pomell of the pauillion  
104 was well worth a 100 pound :      and goes  
with them  
to a rich  
pavillon in  
the forest,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. glad.—P.<sup>2</sup> to be.—P.<sup>3</sup> The page is torn across ; Percy reads,  
" I never saw none with mine eye ; " but  
the first letter of *none* is clearly *m*.—F.<sup>4</sup> forte certea.—P.<sup>5</sup> i.e. stalk.—P. Du. *steel*, the Stalk  
or Stem of any Hearbe (Hexham). Scotch  
*sted*, the handle of anything (Jamieson).  
—F.<sup>6</sup> perhaps his.—P.<sup>7</sup> *hi* or *high*, *dim* pronounced *hee*.—P.

in which  
was the  
daughter of  
the King of  
Avilon,

a most fair  
lady.

The knight  
makes his  
obeisance.

- 108 vpon the topp a gripe<sup>1</sup> stood,  
of shining gold, fine & good ;  
in his mouth he bare a carbuncle bright,  
like the moone it shines euery night ;  
112 King Alexander the conquerour,  
nor Salomon in his most honour,  
nor Charlemount<sup>2</sup> the rich King,  
they neuer welded such a thing.  
116 for sooth there was in that pauillion  
the Kings daugter of Million<sup>3</sup> ;  
in that pauillion was a bed of price  
that was couered ore with goodlie vice,<sup>4</sup>  
& therein sate a lady bright,  
from the Middle shee was naked vpright,  
and all her cloathing by her lay ;  
120 ffull seemlie shee sate, I say,  
all in a mantle of white Ermines  
was fringed about with gold fine.  
her mantle downe for heat shee did  
124 full right vnto her girdle steed<sup>5</sup> ;  
shee was as white as lilly in may,  
or snow that falls on winters day ;  
the blossome, nor the bryar, nor noe Kind of f[lower,]  
128 it hath noe hue vnto her color ;  
[and the red] Rose when it is new, [page 62.]  
to her rednesse hath noe hue,  
for it shone Like the gold wyer ;  
132 yett noe man can tell of her attyre.  
when of her he had had a sight,  
downe of his<sup>6</sup> knees then fell the Knight,  
& saluted her with mild steuen<sup>7</sup>  
136 as though that shee had come from heauen,

<sup>1</sup> Grype, i.e. Griffin.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Charlemagne.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Olyron (Oleron) in the original by  
T. Chester.—P. See l. 621, Amilion.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> perhaps device.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i.e. place.—P.

<sup>6</sup> on his.—P.

<sup>7</sup> A.S. *stefn*, voice.—F.

- & spake to her when he had space,  
 “ I put me,<sup>1</sup> lady, into your grace.”
- “ Sir Lambewell,” shee said, “ my harts sweete,  
 140 for thy loue my hart I leete,<sup>2</sup>  
 & theres noe King nor emperour—  
 but & if I loued him paramour  
 as much, Sir Lambewell, as I doe thee,—  
 144 he wold be right glad of me.”
- he sett him downe the lady beside,  
 “ Lady,” he saies, “ what-ere betide,  
 both early & late, loud & still,  
 148 command [me] ready at your will !  
 but as helpe me god, my lady deere,  
 I am a knight without hawere<sup>3</sup> ;
- I haue noe goods noe more,<sup>4</sup> nor men,  
 152 to maintaine this estate I find your in.”
- then said that Lady, “ I doe you soe kind,<sup>5</sup>  
 I know thy estate first & end.  
 & thou wilt trustilie to mee take,  
 156 & for my loue all other forsake,  
 then I will maintaine thine honour  
 with gold, with siluer, & with rich treasure,  
 & with euery man thou shalt spend larglie,  
 160 & I will give thee great plentie.”
- then of *that* profer he was full blithe,  
 & thanked this lady often sithe ;  
 he obaid him vnto her there,  
 164 he list this lady that was soe faire,  
 & by that Lady downe him sett,  
 & bad her maides downe meat fet,  
 & to there hands watter clearer,  
 168 for then shee wold vnto supper<sup>6</sup> :

They converse.

He confesses his poverty.

She offers him of her abundance.

<sup>1</sup> me, qu.—Percy. MS. my. —F.<sup>2</sup> A-S. *letan*, let go, dismiss.—F.<sup>3</sup> harbore, i.e. home.—P. *havere*, Fr. *avoir*, possessions.—F.<sup>4</sup> more, ? adv. longer.—F.<sup>5</sup> to ken.—P.<sup>6</sup> suppre.—P.

- They sup  
together,
- 172                   there was meate & drinke,<sup>1</sup> great plentic,  
of euery thing *that* was daintye.  
when they had eaten & drukene<sup>2</sup> both,  
then to her bed this lady wold goe.<sup>3</sup>  
Sir Lambwell, like a hailow<sup>4</sup> Knight,  
by her bedside stood vp full right,  
said, "you displease, *that* wold I nought,  
but Iesus leue, you knew my thought."  
176                   then spake *that* Lady free,  
saies, "vndight thee, Lambewell, & come to me."  
then was Lambwell soone vndight,  
and go to  
bed.
- 180                   & in bed with this Lady bright,  
& did all that night lye there,  
& did whateoever their wills were ;—  
for play the slept but litle *that* Knight<sup>5</sup>  
184                   till it began to be daylight.—  
& when the daylight was comen, tho<sup>6</sup>  
shee said, "Rise, Lambewell, & now goe !  
gold & siluer take inoughe with thee,  
& with euery man thoust spend larglie ;  
& more thou spendest, meryer thoust sitt,  
& I will send thee innoughe of it ;  
At dawn  
she bids him  
take enough  
gold and  
silver with  
him, and  
expect more,
- 188                   but one thing, Knight, I thee forefendant,  
but he is  
never to  
mention  
her, or he'll  
lose her  
love.
- 192                   that of mee thou neuer anant<sup>7</sup> ;  
for & thou doe, I tell thee before,  
for euer thou hast my lone forlore.  
& when thou wilst, thou gentle Knight,  
196                   speak with me by day or night,  
into some secrett place look you goe,  
& thinke vpon me soe & soe,  
& shortly I will with you bee,  
200                   not a man saue you that shall me see."

<sup>1</sup> drinke in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> drukene.—P.

<sup>3</sup> goeth or gothe.—P.

<sup>4</sup>? A.-S. *halig*, holy.—F.

<sup>5</sup> night.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i.e. then.—P.

<sup>7</sup> avaunt, i.e. boast.—P.

a maid brought him his horsse anon ;  
 hee took his leaue, & leapeth vpon ;  
 “ffarewell my hony, farewell my s[weete !]” [page 63.] He returns  
to Carlisle,  
 204 “farewell, Sir Lambwell, till oft<sup>1</sup> we meeete !”  
 of treasure then he had great plentie,  
 & thus he ryds thorrowout<sup>2</sup> the cittye.  
 while<sup>3</sup> he came there he shold have beene,  
 208 a merryer man they neere had seene ; and leads a  
generous,  
feastful life.  
 now Lambwell he makes rich feasts,  
 Lambewell feeds minstrelsie their Iests,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lambwell rewards religious,  
 212 Lambewell helpes euery poore howse ;  
 were it Knight, squier, or swaine,  
 with his goods he helpeth them ;  
 of his largnesse euery man wotta,<sup>5</sup>  
 216 but noe man witta how he itt gottis.<sup>6</sup>  
 alwayes when he lyed priuy & still,  
 his lady was ready at his will ;  
 but well happy were the man  
 220 that in these dayes had such a one !

The 2<sup>d</sup> parte.<sup>7</sup>

Soe vpon a day Sir Gawaine  
 the gentle knight, & Sir Haion,<sup>8</sup>  
 Sir Lambewell with them alsoe,  
 224 & other knights 20 & moe,  
 went for to play them on a greene  
 vnderneth the tower where lay the queene.  
 these knights on there game plaid tho,  
 228 but sithe to dancinge they wold goe ;  
 Sir Lambell he was before sett,  
 for his large spending they loued him best ;

One day, he  
and his  
fellows  
merry-  
making,

<sup>1</sup> next.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> perhaps towards.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> when. qu.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> Gestis. qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> wot.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> got.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> In the left margin of the MS.—F.  
<sup>8</sup> qu. Hayne.—P.

- the Queen becomes enamoured of Lambwell. 232  
 the queene in a bower beheld them all,  
 & saies " yonder is Large<sup>1</sup> Lambwell !  
 of all the knights that be there,  
 there is none soe faire a bachlour,<sup>2</sup>  
 & he hath neither leman nor wiffe ;
- 236 I wold he loued me as his life !  
 betide me well, betide me ill,  
 I shall," shee said, " goe witt his will." shee took with her a companie
- 240 of damsells that were right pretty,  
 & downe shee goes anon-wright  
 for to goe dance with a knight ;  
 & shee went to the first end
- 244 between Gawaine & Lambwell the hend,  
 & all the maids soe forth right,  
 one & one, betweene 2 knights.  
 & when this dancing did aslake,
- 248 and tells him so. 248 the queene Sir Lambwell to councell did take :  
 " Lambwell," shee saies, " thou gentle Knight,  
 I haue loued thee, & doe with all my might,  
 and as much desire I thee
- 252 as Arthur that Knight soe free ;  
 good hap is now to thee tane,  
 that thou wilt loue me & noe other woman." he saies, " Madam, noe, certez
- He declines her overtures. 256 I wilbe noe traitor neuer in all my daies,  
 for I owe my king fealtie & homage,  
 & I will neuer doe him that damage."
- " You love no woman, and no woman loves you," says she, spitefully. 260 she said, " fie vpon thee, faint Coward !  
 dastard harlott as thou art !  
 that thou liuest, it is great pitye,  
 thou louest noe woman, nor noe woman loues thee !
- He answers that his mistress's 264 he said, " Madadam,<sup>3</sup> say yee your will,  
 but I can loue both lowde & still,

<sup>1</sup> Large seems rather to mean pro-  
 digal, profuse, as in *Lancelot of the Laik*,  
 l. 2434, than "large, hey, long and semely."      <sup>2</sup> batchelere.—P.

<sup>3</sup> for Madam.—F.

- & I am loued with my leman,  
that fairer hath noe gentleman,  
nor none soe faire, yett say I,  
neither mayd nor yett Lady.  
the simplest maiden with her, I weene,  
ouer you, Madame, may be queene.”  
then she was ashamed & full wroth ;  
shee clippeth<sup>1</sup> her mayds, & forth goeth ;  
to Chamber shee wold all heavye,  
for teene<sup>2</sup> & anger shee wold die.  
then King Arthur came from hunting,  
glad & merry for all thing ;  
to the queenes Chamber gone is hee ;  
& then she fell downe vpon her knee,  
& fast, lord, that shee did crye,  
“ helpe me, Lord, or euer I dye !  
without . . . . . might  
I shall die this yenders<sup>3</sup> night.  
I speake to Sir Lambwell in my game,  
& he desired my body of shame ;  
as a false villane traitor  
he wold haue done my body dishonor,  
and when I wold not to him aply,<sup>4</sup>  
he shamefully rebuked me,  
& of [his<sup>5</sup>] Lemman praisment he made,  
‘ that the lowest maiden that shee had  
might be a queene over mee ;’  
& all, Lord, was in despight of theo.”  
the King therwith he waxed wroth,  
& for anger he sware an oathe  
that Lambwell shold abide the law,  
peradventure both to hang & draw,

lowest  
maiden is  
fit to be  
Guinevere's  
queen.

Guinevere  
goes away  
wroth.

[page 64.]

She accuses  
Lambwell  
to Arthur of  
an attack  
upon her  
honour,

and of  
boasting,  
when she  
gainsaid  
him, that his  
mistress's  
lowest  
maiden  
might be her  
queen.

<sup>1</sup> clepeth.—P. A.-S. *clyppian*, to call.  
“ I clepe, I call. Je appelle. This  
terme is farre northerne.” Palgrave.—

F. \* greif, [sic] indignation.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *awnder*, afternoon, evening. Halli-  
well.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> perhaps comply.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> of his.—P.

The King  
orders  
Lambwell to  
be fetched.

& he commanded 4 knights  
to feitch the traitor to his sight.  
theese 4 knights seeken him anon,

300 & to his chamber he is gone;

Lambwell  
bewails his  
Violation of  
his lady's  
command,—

“alacke,” he sayd, “now my life is lorne !  
hereof shee warned me be-forne,  
of all things *that I did vse*,

304 of her I shold neuer make my rowze.”

invokes her  
vainly,

he clipped,<sup>2</sup> hee called, he her besought,  
but all availeth him of nought ;

he sorrowed & he did cry,

308 & on his knees besought her mercy,

“O my Lady, my gentle creature,

how shall my wretched liffe endure ?

my worldlie blisse I haue forlorne,

& falslie to my lady forsworne ! ”

swoons in  
his agony.

for sorrow & care he made that stond,

he fell in soonde to the ground ;

soe long he lay *that they*<sup>3</sup> Knights came,

316 & in his chamber tooke him then,

& like a theefe they led him then,—

thus was his sorrow, weale<sup>4</sup> & woe,—

the brought [the] Knight<sup>5</sup> before the Kinge,

& this he said at his comminge:

“thou false & vntrue traitor !

thou besought my wife of dishonor !

that shee was lothlier,<sup>6</sup> thou her vpbraid,

324 then was thy Lemmans lodlyest<sup>7</sup> maid.”

Sir Lambewell answerd with Mild moode,

& tooke himselfe sworne by the roode,

“*that it was noe otherwise but soe*,

328 & *that my selfe will make good thoe* ;

Sir  
Lambwell  
holds to his  
boast.

<sup>1</sup> boast. Old Norse, *árðs*, Dan. *roes*,  
praise; O.N. *árða*, Dan. *roes sig*, to boast  
of a thing. Scotch *ruse*, *roose*, to extol.  
Jamieoon.—F.

<sup>2</sup> cleped.—P. A.-S. *clépan*, to cry out.  
—F.

<sup>3</sup> the.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wail.—P.

<sup>5</sup> the knight.—P.

<sup>6</sup> lothlier, i.e. more loathsome.—P.

<sup>7</sup> i.e. ugliest.—P.

& therto ouer your court Looke."

12 knyghts<sup>1</sup> were d[r]ijuen<sup>2</sup> to a booke  
the sooth to say in that case  
altogether as it was.

Twelve  
knyghts are  
appointed  
to try him.

332      these 12 knyghts, as I weene,  
          thē know the rule of the queene,  
          although the King were bold & stout,  
336      that shee was wicked out & out,  
          but shee had such a comfort  
          to have Lemmans vnder her Lord ;  
          therfore thē acquitt the trewman ;  
340      but sithe thē spake forth then,  
          for why that he is<sup>3</sup> lemmans bring  
          wherby he made his aduanting,<sup>4</sup>  
          and alsoe that he proue in place  
344      that her maidis fairer was,  
          & alsoe more bright & sheene,  
          & of more beuty than the queene,  
          & alsoe<sup>5</sup> countenance & hue,  
348      they wold quitt him as good & trow :  
          & if he might not stand ther till,<sup>6</sup>  
          he shold abide the Kinges will.  
          this verditt was giuen before the King,

but insist  
on his  
justifying  
his boast.

352      The day was sett [pared off by the binder.] [page 65.] A day is  
          sureties he found to come againe,  
          both Sir Gawayne & Sir Hayon<sup>7</sup> ;  
          “alacke,” he said, “ now my life is lorne !  
356      herof shee warned [me<sup>8</sup>] beforne,  
          of all things that I did vse,  
          of her that I shold neuer make rowze.”  
          he cleped, hee called, he her besought,  
360      but all avayled him of nought ;

A day is  
appointed  
for him to  
do so.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a Jury of 12 of his peers.—P.

<sup>2</sup> (?) MS. diuen.—F.

<sup>3</sup> his.—P.

<sup>4</sup> avaunting.—P.

<sup>5</sup> of.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i.e. thereto.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Hayne: Qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> me.—P.

Again he  
bewails his  
unhappy  
assertion.

he bent his body & his head eke,  
he curst his mouth *that* of her did speake,  
and thus he was with sorrow Num,<sup>1</sup>

364 he wold his ending day were come  
*that* he might from his life goe.

eche man for him was full woe,  
for a large[r]<sup>2</sup> spender then hee

368 neuer came in that countrye,  
& thereto he was feirce & bold,

none better in the Kings houshold.

The day comes.  
the day was come of his appearing,

372 the brought the *Knight* afore the *King* :  
his barons *that* his surties<sup>3</sup> was,

they brought him forth, alas !

the King let it be rehersed there,

376 both the plaintiffe & the answerie ;  
the King bad him bring his leman in sight :

he answered that he ne might,

“ but this I say to you alone,

380 a fairer than shee was neuer none,  
both of bewtye & of shape ;

I am to simple to tuch her lappe

or yett to come vnto her bower,

384 except it were for her pleasure,  
not displeasing her sickerlie,

yct wold I you saw her ere I dye.”

“ bring her forth,” the King sayes,

388 “ that thou dost now soe fast praise,  
to prooue the sooth *that* thou sayst of.”

“ forsooth, my Lord, *that* can I nought.”

then sayd the King anon thoe,

392 “ fforsooth thy disworshipp is the more<sup>4</sup> ;  
what may wee all know therby  
but that thou lyest loud & hye ? ”

He again  
warmly  
praises his  
mistress, but  
he cannot  
bring her.

<sup>1</sup> nome, i.e. taken.—P. ? MS. Mun.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> larger.—P.

<sup>3</sup> sureties.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> moe.—P.

- he bade the barons giue Judgment.  
 396 the Barons answered verament,  
 “to it, Lord, wee will gone,  
 wee will to it soone & anon.”  
 & then bespake the Erle of cornwayle  
 400 who was one of the councell,  
 & say[d],<sup>1</sup> “wee know thee *King* our Lord,  
 hees owne mouth beares record,  
 the wich by his owne assent  
 404 hath-the g[i]uen the *Knight* Judgment ;  
 therefore, & we shold by<sup>2</sup> the law,  
 Lambewell shold both hang & draw ;  
 but villany it were to eche of vs onc  
 408 to let vs fordoe soe a noble man,  
 or yett soe droughtie a bachlour<sup>3</sup>  
 amongst vs all had neuer peere,  
 & therfore say by our reede<sup>4</sup>  
 412 wee will the *King* such way leade  
 that he shalbe commanded to goe,  
 & void the court for evermore.”  
 & while they stood thus speaking,  
 416 they saw 2 Ladyes come ryding  
 vpon 2 ambling palfrayes,  
 much fairer then the summers daycs,  
 & they were clothed in rich stire,  
 420 that euery man had great desire.  
 Them espied Gawaine the gentle *Knight*,  
 “Lamwell,” he said, “dread for noe wight ; [page 66.]  
 yonder comes thy life, yond maist thou see ;  
 the loue of thec, I wott, is shee.”  
 424 Lambewell beholds them with much thought,<sup>6</sup>  
 & said, “alacke, I know them nought !
- The King  
bids the  
barons give  
judgment.
- They debate.
- Lord  
Cornwall  
says his life  
is forfeit,  
but  
recommends  
banishment.
- At this  
moment two  
wondrous  
fair ladies  
ride up.

<sup>1</sup> sayd.—P.<sup>2</sup> bide or byde, but bye means the same thing.—P. <sup>3</sup> stand by, stand to.—F.<sup>4</sup> batchelere.—P.<sup>5</sup> reads, i. e. counsel.—P.<sup>6</sup> supplied from foot of p. 66.—F.<sup>7</sup> anxiety.—F.

- Lambwell  
says his  
lady is  
fairest still.      428      My lady is much fairer certainlie."  
when they came Sir Lambwell by,  
not tarrying with him thé yode,  
but to the King both thé rode,  
& said, " thou Lord of worshipp, Arthur,  
lett dresse thy halls<sup>1</sup> & thy bowers  
both by ground, roofe, & wall,  
with clothes of gold rich ouer all;  
it must be done att device ;
- The ladies  
bid Arthur  
prepare      432      heere comes our Lady of much price ;  
shee comes to you, as I weene;  
before yee, my lord, shee shalbe seene."  
thé commanded for her sake  
the fairest chamber to them to take.  
the Ladyes are gone to bower on hyc<sup>2</sup> ;  
the King bade his baronrye  
hau done, & giue their iudgment.
- to receive  
their  
mistress.      436      the Barons were att verament,  
" wee haue beholden this maiden bright,  
& yee haue letted vs by this light,  
but to it, Lord, we will gone,  
wee will haue done soone & anon."
- The barons  
again  
debate.      448      a new speech they began thoë,  
some said " well," & some said " not soc,"  
some to death wold him deeme  
for to please the King & queene ;  
& other some wold make him cleere.
- 452      whilst they stood pleading in feare,<sup>3</sup>  
the whilest thé stood thus speaking,
- Two more  
ladies of  
marvellous  
charms  
approach.      456      other tow Ladies came ryding  
vpon tow goodly mules of Spaine,  
they had sadles, & bridles were champaind ;  
they were clothed in rich attire,  
*that euery man had great desire*

<sup>1</sup> hall, bower.—P.<sup>2</sup> Her. I would begin the third Part, if

not at verse 200 [of MS., l. 415 here].—P.

<sup>3</sup> in-fere, i.e. together.—P.



and urges  
the instant  
execution  
of Sir  
Lambwell.

& said, " lord, if thou loue thine honour,  
avenge me on this traitor ! "

To hang Lambwell shee wold not spare,<sup>1</sup>

[page 67.]

496

" your barons make you not to care ;

without you him sloe<sup>2</sup> without more,  
I shall die my-self before."

he bad his barons giue iudgment,

500

" or I will my-selfe, by mary gent."

" we will him doome, Sir, soone anon ! "

to tell they<sup>3</sup> tale they once began :

### The 3<sup>d</sup>. parte.<sup>4</sup>

Just as the  
barons are  
agreed upon  
their  
judgment,  
the lady  
herself  
appears in  
sight, in all  
her beauty.

504

" My lord, thus for-sooth agrced are wee."

" peace," said Sir Haion, " noe more say yee,

ffor yonder I see her come rydinge

on whome Sir Lambwell made his auanting,<sup>5</sup>

a damsell by her selfe alone,

on earth was fairer neuer none,—

vpon a fresh ambling palfray,—

much fairer then the summers day ;

her eycs beene blossomed cleere & faire,

512

Iolly & Iocund as the faulconer

or the Iay that sitts on a bough ;

of all things she is faire enoughe ;

lord ! shees a lounely creature,

516

& rides thus att her pleasure."

a sparhawk<sup>6</sup> shee had on her hand,

a softly pace her palfray sand,<sup>7</sup>

hawk on  
hand,

<sup>1</sup> not spare.—P. MS. cut away.—F.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. slay.—P. <sup>3</sup> the, or their.—P.

<sup>4</sup> I would rather chuse to begin the 3<sup>d</sup>. Part at the 226th verse of the preceding [part of the MS., line 441 here.] as well in regard to the sense as to the equality of the division.—P. The title is in the left margin of the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke of the n is wanting in the MS.—F. <sup>6</sup> auanting.—P.

<sup>7</sup> " Nisus is a sparow hawke, & it is a gentyll byrd, & is federed like a gos-hawke . . . and he is so proud that he will flee alone to y' game, & none other with him ; but whase he hath taken his game or mete, he will well depart with it." Laurens Andrewe, *The Noble Lyfe*, Pt. II. cap. lxxxij. sign. O ij b.—F.

<sup>8</sup> ? sent, went. *fand*, to try.—F.

- 3 white greyhounds running her by,  
as well beseemed for such a lady ;  
she had a crowne vpon her head  
of precious stones & gold soe red.  
wife & child, yonge & old,  
520 all came this lady to beholde,  
& all still vpon her gazinge  
as people that behold the sacring<sup>1</sup> ;  
& all they stood still in their study,  
524 & yet they thought them neuer weary,  
for there was neuer man nor woman *that* might  
be weary of this ladies sight.  
as soone as Sir Lambwell did her see,  
528 on all the people cryed hee  
“yond comes my life & my likinge !  
shee comes *that* me out of baile shall bring !  
yond comes my leman, I make you sure ;  
532 treulie shee is the fairest creature  
that euer man see before ; indeed,  
looke where shoo rydes vpon her steed ! ”  
This Lady when shee came thus ryding,  
536 rode to the castle to the King ;  
the Knight there his owne worshipp did,  
he rose vp, & he gane her the steed,<sup>2</sup>  
& louely<sup>3</sup> he can her greate,  
540 & shee againe with words sweete.  
the queene & other Ladys stout  
behold her comlye round about,  
and theron thē sate as dumme  
544 as the moone is light from the sunn.<sup>4</sup>  
then shee said to the King,  
“ hither am I come for such a thing :  
my truw leman Sir Lambewell  
548 552 is Challenged, as I heere tell,
- and hounds  
by her side.
- The people  
never weary  
of gazing at  
her.
- Sir  
Lambwell  
recognises  
his love.
- She vindi-  
cates Sir  
Lambwell.

<sup>1</sup> consecration, at Mass.—F.<sup>2</sup> i.e. place.—F.

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<sup>3</sup> lowly.—P. no : lovely.—F.<sup>4</sup> moon's light beside the sun's.—F.

how that he shold with villanie  
 beseech<sup>1</sup> the queene of adoutry.<sup>2</sup>  
 that is false to bleue,<sup>3</sup> Sir King ;  
 556      he bade not her, for shee bade him ;  
 if he had desired her, with-out let  
 not a foot hither I wold haue sett ;  
 you may beleue me, euery word ;  
 560      that this is right, I will make good ;  
 & for the other praisment that he madc,  
*that mine owne Lowtest<sup>4</sup> mayd*  
*was mor of beawtye then thy queene,*  
 564      let the proofe, Sir, soone be seene."

The King  
believe her,

568      the King said, " verament,  
 Barrons, heere shall be noe iudgment,  
 but I my selfe the same will deeme  
 both of the queene & of the Mayden<sup>5</sup> ;  
 if I doe not right, then you may say  
 but Sir Lambwell . . . . .

. . . . . (?) quoth the knight  
 572      " I will loue him with all my might  
 both in place & in stead

[page 68.]

and takes  
Sir L.

576      much better then euer I did."  
 & when shee heard him soe say,

into greater  
favour than  
ever.

she leaped on her palfrey  
 & obayd her<sup>6</sup> to the King soe hind,<sup>7</sup>  
 & tooke leaue away to wend.

The lady  
prepares to  
go;

all this  
time saying  
not a word  
to Sir L.

580      then of all that while to Sir Lambwell  
 shee wold not speake nor looke neuer soe<sup>8</sup> deale ;

He  
passionately  
implores her  
pardon.

but wott you well, sorry was hee,  
 befor her he fell on his knee,  
 & said, " Madam ! trespassed I haue,  
 & I am come of your mercy to craue !

584

<sup>1</sup> beseek, *i.e.* seek, solicit.—P.

<sup>2</sup> avoutry, *i.e.* adultery.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* believe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> lowliest. q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps, 'both of the mayden and  
the Queene.'—P.

<sup>6</sup> *i.e.* made obeysance.—P.

<sup>7</sup> hind.—P.

<sup>8</sup> a, qu.—P.

I k[n]oulodge<sup>1</sup> me of that wicked deed  
*that was forbidden me when you yode<sup>2</sup>;*  
 I am well worthy therfor to hange,  
 or leade my life in paines<sup>3</sup> strange ;  
 what pennance, Lady, you will to me say  
 or you depart from me away,  
 Lady, I desire noe more of thee  
 but once aside to looke on me !  
 My lord the King, of soe high a prow,  
 for all the service I haue done you,  
 one good word for me to speake !  
 & all my fellowes, I you beseeke,  
 with the King pray you alsoe  
 of her good word ; I aske no moe."  
 ffor that they saw he mad such mone,  
 they King & tho prayd, euery one ;  
 but for all that cuer he cold doe,  
 not a word shee wold speake him too,  
 but obeyd her to the King soc hind,<sup>4</sup>  
 & tooke her leaue away to wend.  
 then Lambewell saw *that* shee wold fare,  
 his owne hart he tooke to him there ;  
 when shee turned her horse to haue gone,  
 he leaped vpon soone anon,  
 vpon her palfrey ; what-socuer betide,  
 behind her he wold not abide ;  
 & he said, " Madam, with reason & skill  
 now goe which way soe-ere you will,  
 for when you light downe, I shall stand,  
 & when you ryd, all at your haunde,  
 & whether it be for waile<sup>5</sup> or woe  
 I will nener depart you froe."

The King  
and court  
plead for  
him, in  
vain.

As she  
thus goes  
unrelenting,  
Sir L. leaps  
on to her  
palfrey  
and vows  
not to be  
separated  
from her.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. acknowledge.—P.

<sup>2</sup> yede, or I yede, i.e. went.—P.

<sup>3</sup> one stroke of the *n* is missing in the  
MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> hind.—P.

<sup>5</sup> weale.—P.

They go to  
the island  
of Avalon,

620

this Lady now the right way numm<sup>1</sup>  
with her maids all and some,  
& shee brought Sir Lambwell from Carlile  
farr into a lolly Iland<sup>2</sup>  
that clipped<sup>3</sup> was Amilion,<sup>4</sup>  
which knoweth well every briton ;  
& shee came there, that Lady faire,  
shee gane him all that he found there,  
that was to say, all manner of thing  
that euer might be to his likinge ;  
& further of him hard noe man,  
nor more of him tell can,  
but in that Iland his life he spend,  
soe did shee alsoe tooke her end.  
butt god that is the King of blisse,  
bring vs thither as his woning<sup>5</sup> is !      ffins.

and there  
live and die  
together.

624

628

632

<sup>1</sup> nome, i.e. took.—P. MS. may be  
runn.—E.  
<sup>2</sup> isle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> cleped.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Olyron (Oleron) in Chester's original  
Poem.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> i.e. dwelling.—P.

### Sir Aldingar.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is printed in the "Reliques," with additions and corrections.

Scott regards it as founded on the evidently kindred one, "Sir Hugh le Blond," which he prints in the "Minstrelsy" from a copy supplied by a friend who had taken it down from the recitation of an old woman. "The incidents," as he says, "are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that in Aldingar an angel combats for the queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of Aldingar and Rodingham approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other."

"The corresponding Danish ballad, Ravengaard og Memerring," says Prof. Child, who speaks on the strength of "Danmarks Samle Folkeviser," (i. 177-213, ii. 640-645,) "first published by Gruntvig, is extant in no less than five copies, the oldest derived from a MS. of the middle of the sixteenth century, the others from recent recitations. With these Gruntvig has given an Icelandic version, from a MS. of the seventeenth century, another in the dialect of the Faroe Islands, and a third half Danish, half Faroish, both as still sung by the people. All these ballads contain a story one and the same in the essential features—a story which occurs repeatedly in connection with historical personages in Germany, France, Italy and Spain, as well as in England—and which has also furnished the theme for various modern romances, poems, and tragedies. . . . The names of the characters in the Danish ballads are Henry (called Duke of

<sup>1</sup> N.B. Without some corrections, this will not do for my Reliques, &c.—P.

Brunswick and of Schleswig in the oldest), Gunild (of Spires, called also Gurder), Ravengaard, and Memering. To these correspond, in the English story, King Henry, Queen Eleanor, Sir Aldingar (the resemblance of this name to Ravengaard will be noted), and a boy, to whom no name is assigned. Eleanor, it hardly need be remarked, is a queen's name somewhat freely used in ballads (see vol. vi. 209, and vol. vii. 291); and it is possible that the consort of Henry II. is here intended, though her reputation both in history and in song hardly favours that supposition."

The form of the *Judicium Dei* varies much in the different versions. The form given here is used under similar circumstances, when Sir Meliagraunce accuses Queen Guenever, in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," chaps. 135–137 of the third part of the 1634 edition. Compare especially chap. 137: "Now leave we Sir Launcelot galloping all that he might, and speake we of queene Guenever that was brought to a fier to have been burnt; for Sir Meliagraunce was sure, him thought, that Sir Launcelot should not be at that bataile, &c."

OUR king he kept a fflase steward,  
men called him Sir Aldingar:

Sir  
Aldingar,  
repulsed by  
the Queen,

he wold haue layen by our comely queene,  
her deere worshipp to haue betraide.  
our queene shoo was a good woman,  
& euer more said him nay.

8

Aldingar was offendid in his mind,  
with her hee was neuer content,  
but he sought what meanes he cold find out,  
in a fyre to haue her brent.

- There came a lame lazer to the King's gates, [page 69.]  
 12      a lazar was [b]lind & lame;  
 he tooke the lazar vpon his backe,  
 vpon the queenes bed he did him lay;  
lays a lazar  
in her bed,
- he said, "lye still, lazarus, wheras thou lyest,  
 16      looke thou goe not away,  
 Ile make thee a whole man & a sound  
 in 2 howres of a day."
- & then went forth Sir Aldingar  
 20      our Queene for to betray,  
 and then he mett with our comlye King,  
 saies, "god you sauе & see!"  
meets the  
King,
- "If I had space as I haue grace,  
 24      A message I wold say to thec."  
 "Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,  
 say thou on and vnto me."
- "I can let you now see one of [the] greiuos[est] sightes  
 28 .      that euer Christen King did see:  
 Our Queene hath chosen a New New loue,  
 She will haue none of thec;
- "if shee had chosen a right good Knight,  
 32      the lesso had beene her shame,  
 but she hath chosen a Lazar man  
 which is both blinde & lame."  
and tellis him  
where the  
lazar lieth.
- "if this be true, thou Aldingar,  
 36      that thou dost tell to me,  
 then will I make theo a rich Knight  
 both of gold & fee;

“ But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,  
 40      that thou doest tell to me,  
       then looke for noe other death  
       but to be hangd on a tree.  
       goe with me,” saide our comly *king*,  
 44      “ this Lazar for to see.”

The King  
finds the  
lazar in the  
Queen's bdd,

When the *King* he came into the queenes chamber,  
       standing her bed befor,  
       “ there is a lody lome,<sup>1</sup> ” says Harry *King*,  
 48      “ for our dame Queene Elinor !

“ if thou were a man, as thou art none,  
       here thou sholdest be slaine ;  
       but a paire of New gallowes shall be biil[t,<sup>2</sup> ]  
 52      thoust hang on them soe hye ;

and  
sentences  
her to be  
burnt.

“ and fayre fyer there shalbe bett,<sup>3</sup>  
       & brent our Queene shalbee.”  
       forth then walked our comlye *King*,  
 56      & mett with our comly Queene,

saies, “ God you sauе, our Queene, Madam,  
       & Christ you sauе & see !  
       heere you [haue] chosen a new new loue,  
 60      and you will haue none of mee.

“ If you had chosen a right good Knight,  
       the lesse had beene your shamo,  
       but you haue chosen a lazarus man  
 64      that is both blind & lame.”

<sup>1</sup> “ Loombe, or instrument. *Utensile, instrumentum.*” Promptorium. “ *Loom, any utensil, as a tub.* ” Grose. “ Still in use.” Halliwell.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. bul ; <sup>t</sup> torn off, and one stroke of the <sup>u</sup> dotted.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> A. S. *bētan*, to light a fire, perf. *bētta*.—F.

“ Euer alacke ! ” said our comly Queene,  
     “ Sir Aldingar is false to mee ;  
 but euer alacke ! ” said our comly Queene,  
     “ !Euer alas, & woe is mee !

68

The Queen  
laments;

“ I had thought sweuens<sup>2</sup> had neuer been true ;  
     I hane prooued them true at the Last ;  
 I dreamed in my sweauen on thursday at eueninge  
     in my bed wheras I lay,

72

she had  
dreamed  
that a griffin  
tried to carry  
her off,

“ I dreamed the grype & a grimlie beast  
     had carryed my crowne away,  
 my gorgett & my Kirtle of golde,  
     and all my faire heade geere ;

76

“ How he wold haue worried me with his tush  
     & borne me into his nest,  
 saving there came a litle hawk  
     flying out of the East,

80

(page 70.)

“ saving there came a litle Hawke  
     which men call a Merlion,  
 vntill the ground he stroke him downe,  
     that dead he did fall downe.

84

but it was  
killed by a  
little hawk,  
a merlin.

“ giffe I were a man, as I am none,  
     a battell I would proue,  
 I wold fight with that false traitor ;  
     att him I cast my gloue !

88

“ Seing I am able noe battell to make,  
     you must grant me, my leoge, a Knight  
 to fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,  
     to maintaine me in my right.”

92

She asks for  
a knight to  
fight in her  
cause ;<sup>1</sup> *S<sup>r</sup> before Euer crossed out.—F.*<sup>2</sup> *Dreams.* A.-S. *swefen*, a dream.—F.

has 40 dayes  
allowed her  
to find one;

" Ile giue thee 40 dayes," said our King,  
to seeke thee a man therin ;  
if thou find not a man in 40 dayes,  
in a hott fyre thou shall brenn."

96

sends a  
messenger  
southward,  
in vain;

Our Queene sent forth a Messenger,  
he rode fast into the South,  
he rode the countryes through & through,  
soe far vnto Portsmouth ;

100

he cold find never a man in the South country  
that wold fight with the Knight soe keene.

sends  
another  
eastward,

104

the Second messenger the Queen forth sent,  
rode far into the east,  
but—blessed be god made sunn & moone !—  
he sped then all of the best :

who meets a  
little child,

108

as he rode then by onc riuier side,  
there he mett with a litle Child,  
he seemed noe more in a mans likenesse  
then a child of 4 yecres old ;

112

He askt the Queenes Messcnger how far he rode :  
loth he was him to tell ;  
the little one was offended att him,  
bid him adew, farewell !

116

Said, " turne thou againe, thou Messengor,  
greete our Queene well from me ;  
when Bale is att hyest, boote is att next,  
helpe enough there may bee !

who bide  
him remind  
the Queen  
of her  
dream,

120

" bid our queene remember what she did dreame  
in her bedd wheras shee lay ;  
shee dreamed the grype & the grimly beast  
had carryed her crowne away,

124      “ her gorgett & her Kirt[1]c of gold,  
               alsoe her faire head geere,  
       he wold haue werryed her with his tushc  
               & borne her into her nest,

128      “ saving there came a litle hawke—  
               men call him a merlyon<sup>1</sup>—  
       vntill the ground he did strike him downe,  
               that dead he did ffall downe.

132      “ bidd the queene be merry att her hart,  
               cuermore light & glad,  
       when bale is att hyest, boote is at next,<sup>2</sup>  
               helpe enoughe there shalbe [had.”<sup>3</sup>]

136      then the Queenes messenger rode backe,  
               a gladed man then was hee ;  
       when he came before our Queene,  
               a gladd woman then was shee ;

140      shee gaue the Messenger 20<sup>H</sup>:  
               O lord, in gold & ffee,  
       saics, “ spend & spare not while this doth last,  
               then feitch thou more of me.”

144      Our Queene was put in a tunne to burne,  
               She thought no thing but death ;  
       the were ware of the litle one  
               came ryding forth of the East

and tell her  
to be at ease.

148      with a Mu [*line cut away*] . . . . [page 71.]  
               a louelie child was hee :  
       when he came to that fier,  
               he light the Queene full nighg ;

The Queen  
is about to  
be burnt,  
when the  
child  
arrives

<sup>1</sup> Merlin, a sort of Hawk, the least  
of all Birds of Prey. Phillips.—F.

<sup>2</sup> When sorrow is highest, remedy is  
nighest.

“ When the bale is hest,  
Thenne is the bote nest ;  
Quoth Hendyng.” *Reliq. Ant.* v. 1, p. 113 ;  
*Morris’s Specimens*, p. 100.—F.  
\* had.—P.

and orders  
Sir Aldingar  
to be  
fetched.

152

said, "draw away these brands of fire  
lie burning before our Queen,  
& feitch me hither Sir Aldingar  
that is a knight soe keene."

Aldingar  
despises  
him;

156

when Aldingar see that little one,  
ffull little of him hee thought,  
if there had beene halfe a 100 such,  
of them he wold not haue wrought.<sup>1</sup>

but he trusts  
in God,

160

hee sayd, "come hither Sir Aldingar,  
thou see-must as bigge as a ffooder<sup>2</sup>!  
I trust to god, ere I haue done with theo,  
god will send to vs auger."

164

saies, "the first stroke thats giuen, Sir Aldingar,  
I will give vnto thee,  
& if the second giue thou may,  
looke then thou spare not mee."

168

the little one pulld forth a well good sword,  
I-wis itt was all of guilt,  
it cast light there over that feild,  
it shone soe all of guilt:

and cuts  
Aldingar  
down.

172

he stroke the first stroke att Aldingar,  
he stroke away his leggs by his knee,

sayes, "stand vp, stand vp, thou false traitor,  
& fight vpon thy feete!  
for & thou thrive<sup>3</sup> as thou begins,  
of a height wee shalbo meete."

176

"A preist, a preist!" sayes Aldingar,  
"me for to houzle & shriue!  
A preist, a preist," says Aldingar,  
"while I am a man living a-lie!

Aldingar  
makes a  
confession  
of his

180

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *rōhte*, recked, cared.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *fōðer*, mass, load.—F.

<sup>3</sup> One stroke of the *u* is left out in  
the MS.—F.

“ I wold haue laine by our comlie Queene ;  
 to it shee wold never consent ;  
 I thought to haue betrayd her to our King,  
 184      in a fyre to haue had her brent ;

treachery to  
the Queen,

“ there came a Lame Lazar to the Kings gates,  
 a lazarus both blind & lame ;

“ I tooke the lazarus vpon my backe,  
 188      in the Queenes bed I did him lay,  
 I bad him ‘ lie still, Lazar, where he lay,  
 looke he went not away,  
 I wold make him a whole man & a sound  
 192      in 2 houres of a day.’

“ euer alacke ! ” sayes Sir Aldingar,  
 “ falsing never doth well ;

“ forgiue, forgiue me, Queene, Madam !  
 196      for Christs loue forgiue me ! ”  
 “ god forgaue his death, Aldingar,  
 & freely I forgiue thee.”

asks her  
forgiveness,

“ Now take thy wife, thou K[ing] Harry,  
 200      & loue her as thou shold ;  
 thy wiffe shee is a[s] true to thee  
 as stone *that lies on the castle wall.*”

and  
proclaims  
her true.

the Lazar vnder the gallow tree  
 204      was a pretty man & small,  
 the Lazar vnder the gallow tree  
 was made steward in king Henerys hall.

The Lazar is  
made King  
Henry's  
steward.

flins.

### The Heir of Lin:<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad was printed by the Bishop in his "Reliques," but polished till he could see his own face in it. He says "the breaches and defects" of the Folio copy "rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject." The result is that the 125 lines of the Folio are swollen into 216 in the "Reliques," (in "the modern ballad" there are 188)—a fine flood of ballad and water. The reader of 1867 may see how far such a sartorial-fartorial process was necessary.

The best version of the ballad—the purest and neatest—is, to our thinking, the one now given *in puris naturalibus*. Besides the Bishop's hybrid production, there are two others, both printed by the Percy Society, and one of them—the "Drunkard's Legacy"—also by Mr. Bell in his "Ballads of the Peasantry." The main story is pretty much the same in all these versions. The prodigal son is brought to his senses by adversity, and, by a happy device of his deceased father, or mother, is enabled to recover his position, to the great discomfiture of the *parvenu* steward and his vulgar wife, who have been disporting themselves in it. There is a touch of humour in the deposed woman's lamentation :

"Now welladay!" said John o' the Scales wife,  
 "Welladay, and woe is me!  
 Yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
 And now I am but John o' the Scales wife!"

The parental device varies. In the "Drunkard's Legacy"—

<sup>1</sup> This old copy (tho' a very indifferent Fragment) I thought deserving of some attention. I have therefore bestowed an entire revision of the subject for my Reliques, &c.—P.

the “modern ballad” alluded to in the “Reliques,” and in the “Reliques” version completed by its means—the repentant heir finds, not a “bill,” but a halter. In the Scottish traditional copy, he

. . . minded him on a little wee key  
That his mither-left to him.

His mither left him this little wee key  
A little before she deed;  
And bad him keep this little wee key  
Till he was in maist need.

Then forth he went an’ these nobles left,  
A’ drinkin’ in the room;  
Wi’ walkin’ rod intill his hand,  
He walked the castle roun’.

There ha found out a little door,  
For thero the wee key slippit in,  
An’ there he got as muckle red gowd  
As freed the lands o’ Linne.

OFF all the lords in faire Scotland  
a song I will begin :  
amongst them all there dweld a Lord  
4 which was the vnthrifte Lord of linne.

The Lord of  
Linn wastes  
his  
substance  
in riotous  
living.

his father & mother were dead him froc,  
& soe was the head of all his kinne ;  
he did neither cease nor bl[i]nne<sup>1</sup>  
8 to the cards & dice that he did run,

to drinke the wine that was soe cleere,  
with every man he wold make merry.  
and then bespake him Iohn of the Scales,  
12 vnto the heire of Linne sayd hee,

John of the  
Scales

<sup>1</sup> for blinne. A.-S. *blinan*, to cease.—F.

persuades  
him to sell  
his estate.

sayes, "how dost thou, Lord of Linne,  
doest either want gold or fee ?  
wilt thou not sell thy lands soe brode  
16 to such a good fellow as me ? "

"ffor<sup>1</sup> . . I . . " he said,  
" my land, take it vnto thee ;  
I draw you to record, my lord[e]s all : "  
20 with that he cast him a good-se peny,<sup>2</sup>

he told him the gold vpon the bord,  
it wanted neuer a bare penny.  
"that gold is thine, the land is mine,  
24 the heire of Linne I wilbee."

He wastes  
the purchase  
money too,

"heeres gold inougue," saithe the heire of Linne,<sup>3</sup>  
"both for me & my company."  
he drunke the wine that was soe cleerc,  
28 & with euery man he made Merry.

with-in 3 quarters of a yeere  
his gold & fee it waxed thinne,  
his merry men wero from him gone,  
32 & left him himselfe all alone.

and is soon  
in great  
distress.

he had neuer a penny left in his pursse,  
neuer a penny but 3,  
& one was brasse, & another was lead,  
36 & another was white mony.

"Now well-aday ! " said the heire of Linne,  
"now welladay, & woe is mee !  
for when I was the lord of Linne,  
40 I neither wanted gold nor fee ;

<sup>1</sup> *ffor* is supplied from the bottom of p. 71.—F.

<sup>2</sup> "gods penny" in l. 105 ; something down to clinch the bargain. "A God's

pennie, an earnest-pennie, Florio, p. 39 : God's-penny, earnest-money : Northern."

Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Lime.—F.

[page 72.]

" for I haue sold my lands soe broad,  
 & haue not left me one penny !

44 I must goe now & take some read  
 vnto Edenborrow, & begg my bread."

he had not beene in Edenborrow  
 not 3 qwarters of a yeere,  
 but some did giue him, & some said nay,  
 48 & some bid " to the deele gang yee !

He goes to  
 Edinburgh  
 and begs,  
 and is  
 abused.

" for if we shold hang any Land selfer,  
 the first we wold begin with thee."

52 "Now welladay !" said the heire of Linne,  
 no[w] welladay, & woe is mee !

" for now I have sold my lands soe broad,  
 that mery man is irke with mee ;  
 but when *that* I was the Lord of Linne,  
 56 then on my land I liued merrily ;

" & now I have sold my land soe broade  
 that I haue not left me one pennye !  
 god be with my father ! " he said,  
 60 " on his land he liued merrily."

Still in a study there as he stood,  
 'he vnbethought him of [a] bill  
 [he vnbethought him of a bill]  
 64 which his father had left with him,

Bethinks  
 him of a bill  
 his father  
 had left him,

bade him he shold neuer on it looke  
 till he was in extreame neede,  
 " & by my faith," said the heire of Linne,  
 68 " then now I had neuer more neede."

only to be  
 looked at  
 in dire  
 necesity

<sup>1</sup> This line has *bis* prefixed to it The *vn* is for *vn*, about.—F.

Looks at it  
now, and is  
informed of  
a fresh store  
of money.

he tooke the bill, & looked it on,  
good comfort that he found there ;  
itt told him of a Castle wall  
where there stood 3 chests in feare<sup>1</sup> :

Fills his  
wallet from  
it.

2 were full of the beaten gold,  
the 3 was full of white mony.  
he turned then downe his baggs of bread,  
& filled them full of gold soe red.

then he did neuer cease nor blinne<sup>2</sup>  
till Iohn of the Scales house he did winne.  
when that he came to Iohn of the Scalels,

Goes to  
John of the  
Scales'  
house,

80 vpp at the speere<sup>3</sup> he looked then :  
there sate 3 lords vpon a rowe,  
'and Iohn o the Scales sate at the bords head,  
[and Iohn o the Scales sate at the bords head,]  
because he was the Lord of Linne.

84 and then bespeak the heire of Linne,  
to Iohn o the Scales wiffe thus sayd hee :  
sayd, " Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
that I may sitt downe in this company ? "

is rudely  
treated by  
John's wife,

88 " now, christs curse on my head," shee said,  
if I doe trust thee one pennye."  
then be-spake a good fellowe,  
which sate by Iohn o the Scales his knee,

but spoken  
for by one of  
his guests.

92 Said, " haue thou here, thou heire of linne, [page 73.]  
40 pence I will lend thee,—  
some time a good fellow thou hast beene,—  
& other 40 if neede bee."

<sup>1</sup> *fere*, company.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *blime*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *speere*, s. A hole in the wall of a  
house, through which the family received

and answered the inquiries of strangers  
Ritson.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This line has *bis* prefixed to it.—F.

- 96      thé draken wine that was soe cleere,  
       & euer man thé made merry ;  
       & then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,  
       vnto the Lord of linne said hee :

100     said, " how doest thou, heire of Linne,  
          since I did buy thy Lands of thee ?  
          I will sell it to thee 20!<sup>l</sup> better cheepe  
          nor euer I did buy it of thee."

104     " I draw you to recorde, lord[e]s all ; " —  
          with that he cast him gods penny<sup>1</sup> ;  
          then he tooke to his baggs of bread,  
          & they were full of the gold soe redd,

108     he told him the gold then over the borde ;  
          it wanted neuer a broad pennye :  
          " that gold is thine, the land is mine,  
          & the heire of Linne<sup>2</sup> againe I wilbee."

112     " Now welladay ! " said Iohn o the Scales wife,  
          " welladay, & woe is me !  
          yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
          & now I am but Iohn o the Scales wiffe ! "

116     saies " haue thou heere, thou good fellow,  
          40 pence thou did lend me,<sup>3</sup>  
          [40 pence thou did lend me,]  
          & 40! I will giue thec,

120     Ile make thec keeper of my forrest,  
          both of the wild deere & the tame."

but then bespako the heire of Linne,<sup>2</sup>  
          these were the words, & thus said hee,  
          " christs curse light vpon my crowne  
          if ere my land stand in any Ieopardye ! "

John mockingly offers to resell the estate for 20*l.* less than he gave for it.

The heir takes him at his word.

and pays down the money.

John's wife is much crestfallen.

The kind guest is rewarded.

The heir vows to be more careful.

<sup>1</sup> See note to line 20.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. Lime.—F.

<sup>8</sup> This line is marked *bis* in the MS.  
—F.

## Lord : of Learne<sup>1</sup> :

[Shewing how a false steward would have wrong'd him in his Travels by robbing him & then assuming his name, &c.—P.]

Of this ballad there are, as Mr. Chappell mentions, two black-letter copies known—one in the Pepys Collection (I. 494), one in the Roxburgh (I. 222). The Roxburgh version is evidently of later date than the one here given. It reads “head steward” for “hend steward” in v. 47, and “dost thou ware” for Disaware” in v. 115; and, omitting a few stanzas here and there, makes the following genial, though not very powerful, addition at the end :

These children both they did rejoice  
to hear the Lord his tale so ended,  
They had rather to-day than tomorrow  
so he would not be offended.

But when the wedding ended was  
there was delicate dainty cheere,  
I'll tell you how long the wedding did last  
full three quarters of a year.

Such a banquet there was wrought  
the like was never seen ;  
The King of France brought with him then  
a hundred tun of good red wine.

Five set of musicians  
that never rested night or day,  
Also Italians them did sing  
fully pleasantly with great joy.

Thus have you heard how troubles great  
unto successive joys did turn,  
And happy news amongst the rest  
Unto the worthy lord of Lorn.

<sup>1</sup> Querry Lorne, one of Duke Hamilton's Titles.—P.

Let Rebels therefore warned be  
 how mischief once they do pretend,  
 For God may suffer for a time  
 but will disclose it in the end.

The intrusion of the word “ Rebels ” in the moral—the steward of the ballad is nothing more than a private impostor—seems to connect this version with the middle of the seventeenth century.

“ The Lord of Learn,” more commonly written “ The Lord of Lorn,” is founded on the romance of “ Roswal and Lillian,” of which some account is given in Ellis’s “ Early English Romances.” It was composed in Henry VIII.’s time, as we learn from Guilpin’s “ Skialethia” (1580), quoted by Mr. Chappell. Guilpin says the doublet and hose he wears are like his grandfather’s, but for the fashion of them

. . . like th’ olde ballad of the Lord of Lorne  
 Whose last line in King Harrys day was borne,  
 It still retains the title of as new  
 And proper a fashion as you ever knew.

It differs from its original in a manner characteristic of the change that had passed over the public taste. (Compare the Introduction to “ Sir Lambewell.”) The ballad omits all the tournament scenes which appear in the romance, and makes no mention of the knights who, in gratitude for a service the young lord had previously done them (which service had caused his banishment), equip him to figure in those scenes.

Both as a romance and as a ballad, this story was a great favourite, as it well deserved to be. How touching the young lord’s replies to the princess are !

“ Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland,  
 That is soe farr beyond the sea.”

“ My name,” he sayes, “ is poore Disaware,  
 That tends sheepe on a lonesy lee.”

Indeed the ballad throughout gently “ disturbs the soul with pity,” and charms the reader into sincere distress for the sufferings of the accomplished, gentle, truthful, patient, much-abused young

lord. No wonder Guilpin refers to it as well-known. In the same year in which his "Shadow of Truth" appeared, we find it entered at the Stationers' Hall. "Oct. 6, 1580, the Lord of lorne, or the false steward." (See Mr. Collier's "Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Company.") It was sung to the tune of "Green Slaves," as Mr. Chappell informs us. No wonder it was often posted up, according to the custom, in country houses. Says Cotton (1630-1685) in the Prologue to his "Burlesque upon Burlesque:"

We in the country do not scorn  
Our walls with ballads to adorn,  
Of patient Grissel and the lord of Lorn.

(A happy conjunction. Meekness is their common characteristic.) "Within the memory of man," says Sir Walter Scott in his *Tristrem*, "an old person used to perambulate the streets of Edinburgh, singing in a monotonous cadence the tale of Rosewal and Lilian."

---

The young  
Lord of  
Learne

IT was the worthy Lord of learen,

he was a lord of a hie degree;

he had noe more children but one sonne,

4 he sett him to schoole to learne curtesie.

makes great  
progress in  
his studies.

learning did soe proceed with that child—

I tell you all in veretie—

he learned more vpon one day

8 then other children did on 3 :

& then bespake the SchooleMaster,

vnto the Lord of Learne said hee,

"I thinke thou be some stranger borne,

12 for the holy gost remaines with thee."

he said, "I am noe stranger borne,

forsooth, Master, I tell it to thec,

it is a gift of almighty god

16 which he hath giuen vnto mecc."

the schooleMaster turnd him round about,  
his angry mind he thought to asswage,  
for the child cold answer him soe quicklie,  
20      & was of soe tender yeere of agee.

the Child, he caused a steed to be brought,  
a golden bridle done him vpon;  
he tooke his leane of his schoolfellows,  
24      & home the Child that he is gone.

He leaves  
school,

& when he came before his father,  
he ffell low downe vpon his knee,  
“ my blessing, father, I wold aske,  
28      if christ wold grant you wold giue it me.”

“ Now god thee blesse, my sonne & my heire,  
his servant in heauen *that thou may bee!*  
what tydings hast thou brought me, child ?  
32      thou art comen home so soone to mee.”

“ good tydings, father, I haue you brought,  
Goo[d tydings<sup>1</sup>] I hope it is [?] to mee,  
the booke is not in all S[c]ottlande  
36      but I can reade it before your eye.”

[page 74.]

and as he  
now knows  
well his  
native  
tongue,

a Ioyed man his father was,  
eu'en the worthy Lord of Learne,  
“ thou shalt goe into ffrance, my Child,  
40      to learne<sup>2</sup> the speeches of all strange lands.”

is to be sent  
abroad to  
learn others,

but then bespake the Child his mother,—  
the Lady of learne & then was shee,—  
saies, “ who must be his well good guide  
44      when he goes into that strange country? ”

<sup>1</sup> *Goo* is supplied from the foot of p. 73 of the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> to learne sh<sup>t</sup> be the Rhime.—P.

& then bespake that bonnie Child  
 vntill his father tenderlie,  
 saies, "father, Ile hane the hend Steward,  
 48       for he hath beene true to you & mee."

under the  
care of the  
steward.

the Lady to concell the steward did take,  
 & counted downe a 100<sup>m</sup> there,  
 saies, "steward, be true to my sonne & my heire,  
 52       & I will give thee mickle mere."<sup>1</sup>

" If I be not true to my Master," he said,  
 " Christ himselfe be not trew to mee !  
 if I be not true to my lord & Master,  
 56       an ill death *that* I may die ! "

the Lord of Learne did apparell his Child  
 with Bruche,<sup>2</sup> & ringe, & many a thinge ;  
 the apparrell he had his body vppon,  
 60       thé say was worth a Squiers liuinge.

He starts on  
his tour ;

the parting of the younge Lord of Learne  
 with his ffather, his mother, his fellows deere,  
 wold haue made a manis<sup>3</sup> hart for to change,  
 64       if a Lew borne that he were.

is cruelly  
treated by  
the steward ;

the wind did serue, & thé did sayle  
 over the sea into ffrance Land :  
 he vsed the Child soe hardlie,  
 66       he wold let him haue neuer a penny to spend,

and meate he wold let the Child haue none,  
 nor mony to buy none trulie ;  
 the boy was hungry & thirsty both ;  
 72       alas ! it was the more pitty.

<sup>1</sup> maire.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Brooche.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? mains in MS.—V.

he laid him downe to drinke the water  
 that was soe low beneathe the brimn ;  
 he was wont to hane drunke both ale & wine,  
 76      then was faine of the water soe thinne<sup>1</sup> ;  
  
 & as he was drinking of the water  
 that ran soe low beneath the brime,  
 soe ready was the false steward  
 80      to drowne the bonny boy therin.  
  
 “ haue Mercy on me, worthy steward !  
 my life,” he said, “ lend it to mee !  
 & all that I am heire vpon ”  
 84      saies, “ I will giue vnto thee.”  
  
 Mercy to him the steward did take,  
 & pulld the child out of the brime ;  
 euen, alacke ! the more pitty !  
 88      he tooke his clothes euen from him ;  
  
 saies, “ doe thou me of that veluett gowne,  
 the crimson hose beneath thy knee,  
 & doe me of thy corduant<sup>2</sup> shoone  
 92      are buckled with the gold soe free ;  
  
 “ doe thou me off thy sattin doublett,  
 thy shirtband wrought with glistering gold,  
 & doe mee<sup>3</sup> off thy golden Chaine  
 96      about thy necke soe many a fold ;  
  
 “ doe thou me off thy veluett hat  
 with fether in thatis is soe ffinc,  
 all vnto thy silken shirt  
 100     thatis wrought with many a golden swaine.<sup>4</sup> ”

to save his  
life, gives up  
everything  
to him,

even his  
clothes

and his gold  
neck-chain ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. thime.—F.

<sup>2</sup> cordivant : *proprie cordwane, corium denominatum a Corduba, urbe Hispanie. The same as Morocco Leather, i.e. cordovan.* Jun. see Pag. 431.—P. “ *Cordouan* : m. Cordovan leather; (which is properly, a Goatskin tanned).” Cot.—F.

<sup>3</sup> There is a long *f* in the MS. between *me* and *off*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps *twine*, i.e. twist or braid.—P. Compare the Promptorium “ *daggysweyne, Lodix*,” and Mr. Way’s note on it. “ A bed-covering, or a garment formed of frieze, or some material with

the child before him naked stood,  
 with skin as white as lilly flower;  
 for his worthy lords bewtie

104     He might haue beene a ladyes paramoure.

[page 75.]

dresses in  
leather,

he put vpon him a lether cote,  
 & breeches of the same beneath the knee,  
 & sent that bony Child him froe,

108     service for to craue, truly.

he pulld then forth a naked sword  
 that hange full low then by his side,  
 "turne thy name, thou villaine," he said,  
 112     or else this sword shall be thy guide."

changes  
his name to

"what must be my name, worthy steward?  
 I pray thee, now tell it me."

Disaware,

"thy name shalbe pore disaware,  
 116     to tend sheepe on a lonelye lee."

the bonny Child, he went him froe,  
 & looked to himselfe truly,  
 saw his apparrell soe simple vpon ;  
 120     O Lord ! he weeped tenderlye.

obtains  
a situation  
as shepherd's  
boy,

vnto a shepards house that Childe did goc,  
 & said, "Sir, god you saue & sec !  
 doe you not want a servant boy  
 124     to tend your sheepe on a lonelie lee ? "

"where was thou borne ? " the shepard said,  
 "where, my boy, or in what country ? "  
 "Sir," he said, "I was borne in fuyre Scottland  
 128     that is soe farr beyond the sea."

long thrums like a carpet, was termed a  
*daggwyne*." Swaine can hardly mean  
 here *Armiger*.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the same as Disware,  
 Chaus', i.e. not aware, unwary, Urry.  
 Glos.—P.

"I haue noe child," the shepard sayd,  
 "my boy, thoust tarry & dwell with mee ;  
 my liunge," he sayd, "& all my goods,  
 132      Ile make thee heire [of] after mee."

& then bespake the shepards wife,  
 to the Lord of learnie thus did she say,  
 "goe thy way to our sheepe," she said,  
 136      "& tend them well both night & day."

and tends  
the sheep.

it was a sore office, O Lord, for him  
 that was a lord borne of a great degree !  
 as he was tenting his sheepe alone,  
 140      neither sport nor play cold hee.

Let vs leaue talking of the Lord of Learne,  
 & let all such talking goe ;  
 let vs talke more of the falst steward  
 144      that caused the Child all this woe.

Meanwhile  
the steward,

he sold this lord of Learnes his Clothes  
 for 500<sup>l</sup> to his pay,  
 & bought himselfe a suite of apparrell  
 148      might well beseeme a Lord to weare.<sup>1</sup>

when he that Gorgeous apparrell bought  
 that did see finelic his body vpon,  
 he laughed the bony Child to scorne  
 152      that was the bonny Lord of learne ;

gorgeously  
dressed,

he laughed that bonny boy to scorne ;  
 Lord ! pitty it was to heare !  
 I haue herd them say, & see haue you too,  
 156      that a man may buy gold to deere.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> perhaps "a Lord's array."—P.

<sup>2</sup> A man may buy gold too dear. Ray's Proverbs in Bohn's Handbook,

p. 98.—F.

calling  
himself Lord  
of Learne,  
woos the  
Duke of  
France's  
daughter,

160

when *that he had all that* gorgeous apparrell  
*that did soe finelie his body vpon,*  
*he went a woing to the dukes daughter of france,*  
*& called himselfe the Lord of Learne.*

164

the duke of ffrance heard tell of this ;  
 to his place *that worthy Lord was come truly ;*  
 he entertaind him with a quart of Red renish wi[ne],  
 saies, "Lord of Learne, thou art welcome to me ! "

168

then to supper that they were sett,  
 Lords & ladyes in their degree ;  
 the steward was sett next the duke of france ;  
 an vnseemlye sight it was to see.

who is to  
have 500l.  
a-year.

172

then bespake the duke of ffrance,  
 vnto the Lord of leearne said hee there,  
 sayes, " lord of Learne, if thoule marry my daught[er,]  
 Ile Mend thy living 500<sup>l</sup> a yeere."

176

Then bespake *that Lady fayre,*  
 answered her ffather soe alone,  
 that shee wold be his married wife  
 if he wold make her Lady of Learne.

and is  
betrothed to  
her.

180

then hand in hand the steward her he tooke,  
 & plight *that Lady his troth alone,*  
*that she shold be his Marryed wife,*  
 & he wold make her the Ladie of learne.

The lady,  
hunting,

184

thus *that night it was gone,*  
 the other day was come truly,  
 the Lady wold see the Robucke run <sup>2</sup>  
 vp hills & dales & Forrest fre.

<sup>1</sup> wine.—P.

<sup>2</sup> M.S. rum.—F.

then shee was ware of the younge Lord of learne  
 tending sheepe vnder a bryar, trulyc;  
 & thus shee called vnto her maids,<sup>1</sup>  
 188      & held her hands<sup>1</sup> vp thus an hie,

sees  
Disaware  
tending his  
sheep,

sayes, "feitch me yond shepards boy,  
 Ile know why he deth mourne, trulyc."  
 when he came before *that* Lady fayer,  
 192      he fell downe vpon his knee,  
 he had beene so well brought vpp  
 he needed not to learne curtesie.<sup>2</sup>  
 "where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy,  
 196      where or in what countrey?"

" Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland  
 that is soe farr beyond the sea."  
 what is thy name, thou bonny boy?  
 200      I pray thee tell it vnto mee."

and hearing  
he is from  
Scotland,

" My name," he sayes, "is poore Disaware,  
 that tends sheepe on a lonely lee."  
 "one thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,  
 204      which I must needs aske of thee:

"dost not thou know the young Lord of Learne ?  
 he is comen a woing into france to me."  
 "yes, *that* I doe, Madam," he said ;  
 208      & then he wept most tenderlic ;  
 "the Lord of learne is a worthy Lord,  
 if he were at home in his oun<sup>3</sup> country."

asks him if  
he knows  
the Lord of  
Learne.

He weeps,

<sup>1</sup> The tag after these *a's* may not mean *a*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The direction in all the Books of Courtesy, Urbanity, &c., is to fall on your knee before a lord: see my edition of *The Bakyn Book*, &c., E. E. Text Soc., 1867; l. 334 of this poem, &c. The *Constitutions of Masonry*, printed by Mr. Halliwell from MS. Bibl. Reg., 17 A. i. ff. 32, gives the general order in this form, (p. 37, l. 695-702: I have read it with the MS. fol. 29-30.—F.)

When thou comest before a lord,  
 Yn halle, yn bowre, or at þe bord,  
 Hod or cappe þat þou of do  
 zer þou come hym allynge to ;  
 Twyens or þryes, withoute dowte,  
 To þat lord þou mooste lowte ;  
 With þy ryȝth kne let hyt be do,  
 þyn owne worschepe þou saue so.

<sup>3</sup> One stroke too many for *ounc*, in MS.—F.

and says it's  
for a dead  
friend.

- 212     “what ayles thee to weepe, my bonny<sup>1</sup> boy ?  
        tell me or ere I part thee froe.<sup>2</sup>”  
        “nothing but for a freind, Madam,  
          thats dead from me many a yere agoe.”

a loud laughter the Ladie lought ;

- 216     O Lord ! shee smiled wonderous hie ;  
        “I haue dwelled in france since I was borne ;  
          such a shepards boy I did neuer see.

The lady  
engages him  
to be her  
chamberlain.

- 220     “wilt thou not leaue thy sheepe, my Child,  
        & come vnto service vnto mee ?  
        & I will giue thee meate & fee,  
          & my Chamberlaine thou shalt bee.”

He goes  
with her.

- 224     “then I will leaue my sheepe, Madam,” he sayd,  
        “& come into service vnto thee ;  
        if you will giue me meate & fee,  
          your Chamberlaine that I may bee.”

- 228     when the Lady came before her father,  
        shee fell Low downe vpon her knce,  
        “grant me, father,” the Lady said,  
          “this boy my Chamberlaine to be.”

- 232     “but O Nay, Nay,” the duke did say,  
        “soe my daughter it may not bee ;  
        the Lord that is come a woing to you  
          will be offended with you & mee.”

The steward  
is angry to  
see him,

- 236     then came downe the false steward  
        which called himselfe the Lord of learne, trulie :  
        when he looked that bouny boy vpon,  
          an angry man I-wis was hee.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many for *bony* or too few for *bonny* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> from thee.—I.

"where thou was<sup>1</sup> Borne, thou vagabond ?  
 240 where ? " he sayd, "& in what country ? "  
 says, "I was borne in fayre Scotland  
 that is soe far beyond the sea."

[page 77.]

"what is thy name, thou vagabond ?  
 244 haue done qu[i]cklie, & tell it to me."  
 "my name," he sayes, "is poore disaware ;  
 I tend sheep on the lonelie lee."

makes him  
deny his  
true name,

"thou art a theefe," the steward said,  
 248 "& soe in the end I will prooue thee."  
 then be-spake<sup>2</sup> the Ladie fayre,  
 "peace, Lord of learne ! I doe pray thee ;  
 ffor if noe loue you show this Child,  
 252 noe favor can you haue of mee."

"will you beleue me, Lady faire,  
 when the truth I doe tell yee ?  
 att Aberdonie beyond the sea  
 256 his father he robbed a 100 : 3."

and slanders  
his father.

But then bespake the Duke of france  
 vnto the boy soe tenderlic,  
 saies, "boy, if thou loue harsses well,  
 260 my stable groome I will make thee."

The Duke  
appoints the  
boy his  
stable-  
groom.

& thus that that did passe vpon  
 till the 12 monthes did draw to an ende ;  
 the boy applyed his office soe well,  
 264 euery man became his freind.

Thus a year  
passes.

he went forth earlye one morning  
 to water a gelding at the water soe free ;  
 the gelding vp, & with his head  
 268 he hitt the Child aboue his eye :

Disaware  
gets hurt by  
one of the  
horses,<sup>1</sup> read *was thou*.—F.<sup>2</sup> MS. he speake.—F.

and alond  
bewails his  
fate.

- “ woe be to thee, thou gelding ! ” he sayd,  
     “ & to the mare *that foled thee !*  
     thou hast striken the Lord of learne  
 272     a litle tinye aboue the knee.
- “ first night after I was borne, a Lord I was ;  
     an earle after my father doth die ;  
     my father is the worthy Lord of learne ;  
 276     his child he hath noe more but mee ;  
     he sent me over the sea with the false steward,  
     & thus that he hath beguiled mee.”
- The Duke's  
daughter,  
overhearing  
him,  
discovers  
who he is.
- 280     the Lady [wa]s in her garden greene,  
     walking with her mayds, trulyc,  
     & heard the boy this mourning make,  
     & went to weeping trulie :
- She promises  
to be true to  
him.
- 284     “ sing on thy song, thou stable groome !  
     I pray thee doe not Let for mee,  
     & as I am a true Ladie  
     I wilbe trew vnto thee.”
- He says he  
must keep  
his oath to  
the steward.
- 288     “ but Nay, now Nay, Madam ! ” he sayd,  
     “ soe that it may not bee,  
     I am tane sworne vpon a booke,  
     & forsworne I will not bee.”
- 292     “ sing on thy song to thy gelding  
     & thou doest not sing to mee ;  
     & as I am a true Ladie  
     I will euer<sup>1</sup> be true vnto thee.”
- He again  
bewails  
himself,
- 296     he sayd, “ woe be to thy<sup>2</sup> gelding,  
     & to the Mare *that foled thee !*

<sup>1</sup> either *iever* in MS. or the letter before *e* crossed out.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> *? for thee*.—F.

“for thou hast stricken the Lord of Learne  
a litle aboue Mine eye.  
first night I was borne, a lord I was ;  
360 an Earle after my father doth dye ;

“my father is the good Lord of Learne,  
& child he hath noe other but mee.  
My father sent me over with the false steward,  
304 & thus *that* he hath beguiled mee.

and tells the  
lady how  
the steward  
has beguiled  
him.

“woe be to thee steward, Lady,” he sayd,  
“woe be to him verrily !  
he hath beene aboue this 12 months day  
308 for to deceiu both thee & mee.

“if you doe not my Councell keepe  
*that* I haue told you with good intent,  
& if you doe it not well keepe,  
312 ffarwell ! my life is at an ende.”

“I wilbe true to thee, Lord of Learne,  
or else christ be not soe<sup>1</sup> vnto me ;  
And as I am a trew ladye,  
316 Ille neuer marry none but thee ! ”

(page 78.)

The lady  
swears she'll  
marry him  
alone.

shee sent in for her father, the Duke,  
in all the speed *that* ere might bee ;  
“put of my wedding, father,” shee said,  
320 for the loue of god, this Monthes 3 :

gets her  
wedding  
with the  
false Lord  
put off.

“sicke I am,” the ladye said,  
“O sickle, & verrily like to die !  
put of my wedding, father Duke,  
324 ffor the loue of god this Monthes 3.”

<sup>1</sup> may be *true*. Half the line is pared away.—F.

the Duke of france put of this wedding  
 of the steward & the lady, monthes 3 ;  
 for the Ladie, sicke shee was,  
 328      sicke, sicke, & like to die.

and writes  
 to the old  
 Lord of  
 Learne in  
 Scotland,

sheo wrote a letter with her owne hand  
 in all the speede *that euer might bee* ;  
 shee sent over into scotland  
 332      *that is soe ffarr beyond the sea.*

when the Messenger came beffore the old Lord  
 of Learne,  
 he kneeled low downe on his knee,  
 & he deliuered the letter vnto him  
 336      in all the speed *that euer might bee.*

who  
 denounces  
 the false  
 steward,

first looke he looked the letter vpon,  
 Lo ! he wept full bitterly,  
 the second looke he looked it vpon,  
 340      said, "false steward ! woo be to thee ! "

when the Ladye of learne these tydings heard,  
 O Lord ! shee wept soe biterlye :  
 " I told you of this, now good my lord,  
 344      when I sent my Child into that wild country."

vows  
 vengeance  
 on him,

" peace, Lady of learne," the Lord did say,  
 " for Christ his loue I doe pray thee ;  
 & as I am a christian man,  
 348      wroken vpon him *that I wilbe.*"

he wrote a letter with his owne hand  
 in all the speede *that ere might bee* ;  
 he sent it into the Lords in Scotland  
 352      *that were borne of a greate degree ;*

he sent for lords, he sent for knights,  
 the best that were in the countrye,  
 to goe with him into the land of france,  
 356 to seeke his sonne in *that* strange Country.

calls  
together  
lords and  
knights,  
comes over  
to France.

the wind was good, & they did sayle,  
 500 men into france Land,  
 there to seeke *that* Bonny boy  
 360 *that* was the worthy Lord of Learne.

they sought the country through & through,  
 soe farr to the dukes place of ffrance Land :  
 there they were ware of *that* bonny boy  
 364 standing with a porters staffe in his hand.

and at last  
finds his son  
officiating as  
a porter in  
the Duke's  
palace.

then the worshippfull, the did bowe,  
 the serving men fell on their knees,  
 they cast their hatts vp into the ayre  
 368 for Joy *that* boy *that* they had seene.<sup>1</sup>

the Lord of learne, then he light downe,  
 & kist his Child both Cheeke & chinne,<sup>2</sup>  
 & said, "god blesse thee, my sonne & my heire,  
 372 the blisse of heauen *that* thou may wiine<sup>3</sup>!"

the false steward & the Duke of france  
 were in a Castle topp trulie :  
 "what fooles are yond," says the false steward,  
 376 "to the porter makes soe Lowe curtesie ? "

The false  
steward, in a  
castle near.

Then bespake the duke of ffrance,  
 calling my Lord of Learne trulie,  
 he sayd, "I daubt the day he come  
 380 *that* either you or I must die."

<sup>1</sup> did see, qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. chime.—F.

<sup>3</sup> winne... P.

- is besieged,      thé sett the Castle round about,  
                       a swallow cold not haue flone away ;  
                       & there thó tooke the false steward  
 384      That the Lord of Learne did betray.      [page 79.]
- seized,      & when they had taken the false steward,  
                       he fell lowe downe vpon his knee,  
                       & craued mercy of the Lord of learne  
 388      for the villanous dedd he had done, trulye.
- “ thou shalt haue mercy,” said the Lord of Learne,  
                       “ thou vile traitor ! I tell to thee ;  
                       as the Lawes of the realme they<sup>1</sup> will thee beare,  
 392      wether it bee for thee to liue or dye.”
- tried,      a quest of lords *that* there was chosen  
                       to goe vpon his death, trulie :  
                       there thé Judged the false steward,  
 396      whether he was guiltie, & for to dyc.
- condemned  
to death,      The forman of the Iury, he came in ;  
                       he spake his words full Lowd & hiye :  
                       said, “ make thee ready, thou false steward,  
 400      for now thy death it drawes full nie ! ”
- sayd he, “ if my death it doth draw nie,  
                       god forgiue me all I haue done amisse !  
                       where is *that* Lady I haue loued soe longe,  
 404      before my death to giue me a Kisse.”
- “ away, thou traitor ! ” the Lady said,  
                       “ auoyd out of my company !  
                       for thy vild treason thou hast wrought,  
 408      thou had need to cry to god for mercye.”

<sup>1</sup> The y is in a modern hand. - F.

first they tooke him & h[a]ngd him halfe,  
 & let him downe before he was dead,  
 & quartered him in quarters Many,  
 412 & sodde him in a boyling Lead<sup>1</sup>;

half hanged,  
 quartered,  
 boiled,

& then they tooke him out againe,  
 & cutten all his ioynts in sunder,  
 & burnte him eke vpon a hyll<sup>2</sup>;  
 416 I-wis<sup>3</sup> th̄ did him curstlye cumber.<sup>4</sup>

cut to bits,  
 and at last  
 burnt.

a loud laughter the lady laught ;  
 O lord ! she smiled merrylie ;  
 She sayd, “ I may praise my heauenly King  
 420 that ouer I seene this vile traytor die.”

then bespake the duke of france,  
 vnto the right Lord of Learne sayd he there,  
 says, “ Lord of Learne, if thou wilt marry my  
 daught[er]  
 424 Ile mend thy living 500 a yeere.”

The Duke  
 offers his  
 daughter to  
 the young  
 Lord,

but then bespake that bonie boy,  
 & answered the Duke quicklie,  
 “ I had rather marry your daughter with a ring of  
 go[ld,]  
 428 then all the gold that ere I blinket on with mine<sup>5</sup>  
 eye.”

who accepts

<sup>1</sup> Cauldron ; H. Coleridge's Glossary, referring to “ Al so leodh his eye puttes ase a bruthen led.”—*Owl and Nightingale*, ed. Wright, p. 79. (The corresponding passage in MS. Jes. Coll. Oxon, 1 Arch. 1-29, fol. 184 back, is “ Al so boof his eye puttes as a colput dup ant gret,” as if *led* were for *lode*.) Chaucer, Prolog. *Cant. Tales* (ed. Morris, vol. ii. p. 7, l. 201-2), has :

His eyen steep, and rollynge in his heed,  
 That stemed as a forneys of a *leed*.

Herbert Coleridge also refers to *Havelok the Dane*, l. 924.—F.

<sup>2</sup> kiln.—P. Why not *hill*?—F.

<sup>3</sup> I think it should here be “ I wis,”  
*i.e.* I know.—T. Wright.

<sup>4</sup> to cumber, *inter alia*, signifies to distress : Johnson.—P.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

and marrie  
her.

432

But then bespake the old Lord of Learne,  
to the Duke of france thus he did say,  
“ seeing our Children doe soe well agree,  
they shalbe marryed ere wee goe away.”

they Lady of learne, shee was for sent  
throughout Scotland soe speedilic,  
to see these 2 Children sett vpp  
436      in their seats of gold full roiallye.

ffins.

## Scotish : ffelde :<sup>1</sup>

I. THIS piece is, with the exception of the imperfect copy lately printed by the Chetham Society, now for the first time printed. At last it comes forth to be admired ; and admired we think it will be, for its metre, its vigour, its general curiousness. It is, in a word, a short alliterative chronicle in honour of the Stanleys—one of the many “laudationes” belonging to that much-balladed family. It sets forth the two great glories of the house—its achievements on Bosworth Field, and, with great fulness, at Flodden. It is then most valuable as a specimen of such poems as probably all the great houses, to a greater or less extent, had appertaining to them, to whose composition and preservation the domestic minstrel in the olden times would especially devote himself, and whose recitation would serve for a perpetual delight on all great occasions—poems full of local and personal feeling, and curious county detail. In such celebrations of itself the Stanley family seems to have been particularly rich. Two more are treasured up in the Folio, viz. “Flodden Field” and “Lady Bessie.” This one was written by no menial hand, but by “a gentleman by Iesu” !

Percy, in his “Reliques,” quotes a few lines from this piece—a handful from the beginning, and a handful from the end. The

<sup>1</sup> [An alliterative poem] In two fits, containing a short History of the achievements of Henry the 7<sup>th</sup> & of Henry the 8<sup>th</sup> to the battle of Flodden Field, of w<sup>ch</sup> there is a very particular Account ; the Author seems to have been present at this Engagem<sup>t</sup> (vid. fol. 86. [of MS.] top), who gives some account of himself, ver. 226, fit 2<sup>d</sup>. [of MS.]—P.

N.B. It is in the same measure as the Ballad of Lisse & Death, Pag. 384 [MS.].

which, from a similitude of style, seems to have been written by the same Author.—P.

Two of these verses are properly but one, being the same measure used in Peers Flowman’s Visions.—P. The two lines are therefore printed as one (as written in nearly all MSS. and here at line 42), the break being denoted by a colon, which must not be treated as an ordinary stop.—F.

latter quotation occurs in his essay on Alliterative Metre, and is accompanied by some account of the poem. The Chetham Society copy (edited by Mr. Robson in 1855) is imperfect in three places—at the beginning, where twenty-four and a half distichs are gone ; after v. 36, where ten distichs are wanting ; and after v. 252, where the description of the vanguard of the English army (vv. 253–275) is missing. In other respects it is certainly an older and more valuable copy than the one here given. It again and again preserves the alliteration where it has been corrupted in the Folio copy. It is printed from a MS. found by Mr. Beamont among the muniments at Lyme, in a handwriting, according to Sir Frederick Madden, of Queen Elizabeth's time. The two copies mutually correct and elucidate each other. The differences between them are merely verbal ; all worth noticing are mentioned in the notes.

II. The piece is, as we have said, a short alliterative chronicle. It begins with the landing of Henry, afterwards the Seventh, at Milford Haven, and conducts him, supported by “of Derby that deare Earle” and others, to Bosworth and the throne, and at last to the “celestiall blisse.” As this triumph of the Red Rose is dilated upon more fully in “Lady Bessie,” we will imitate our poet, and

. . . will meddle with this matter  
 Noe more att this time—  
 But he that is makeles of mercy  
 Haue mind of his soule !

Then follows an account of Henry VIII.'s accession, and of his expedition into France in 1513, and the siege of Terouenne. Then we are told how the King of France, to effect a diversion, urged the King of Scotland to invade England in Henry's absence ; and then comes the great interest of the poem, the battle of Flodden. At the end of the piece we return to Henry in France, to carry him the news of the victory and witness his

exultation. And so, with an announcement of the author and a prayer breathed, "Jesus, bring vs to blisse," the song is sung.

With regard to the expedition into France, the account here given is mainly correct, but the details are not so. The power of France was exciting great jealousy in Western Europe early in the sixteenth century. The first care of Julius II., after he had curbed the pride of Venice with its assistance, was to curb it too. He succeeded in forming a league against it. He was in the act of renewing that league, when death interrupted him for ever. Leo X. succeeded to his tiara and his schemes. In April, 1513, Germany, Spain, and England concluded with him the alliance that had been previously negotiated. In May the Earls of Shrewsbury and Derby cross over to France with 25,000 men, followed presently by Lord Herbert with 25,000 more. In June, Terouenne is invested. On the thirtieth of that month the King follows his generals, leaving the Queen Regent and the Earl of Surrey Lord-lieutenant of the North, and on July 21 arrives at the besieged town. There Maximilian joins him, and serves under him. Then the Battle of the Spurs—"pugna calcaria" in Jovius—is fought, or run. At the same time a supply of provisions is intercepted, and a sally of the garrison defeated. On August 23 the place surrenders, and is severely punished for its two-months' obstinate resistance—is all destroyed except the cathedral and the monastic buildings. The messenger with the tidings of Flodden finds the walls "beaten downe" ("Flodden Field," v. 13), and the King gone on to Tournay. Maximilian, in his grandson's interest, was anxious to reduce the strong towns of the French frontier, and he led Henry whither he would.

And soe to that seige forth th̄e went  
The Noble Shrewsbury & the Erie of Derby,  
And th̄e laid seige unto the walls.

("Flodden E.," vv. 419-21.)

Tournay, in spite of the proud boast engraved on one of its gates—"Jammes ton ne a perdeu ton pucellage" (*sic apud Hall*)—and its confident pun "que Tournay n'avoit jamais tourné ni encore ne tournerait," and the prestige of its successful resistance to Edward III., capitulates at once. Late in October the King returns to England. Such was Henry's vain expedition of 1513. We need not stay to point out the little discrepancies between the above sketch of it and the narrations given in this poem, and below in "Flodden Field."

And now with regard to the grand theme of our poem—a most favourite theme with English ballad-writers, and, from a vastly different feeling, with the Scotch too—the battle of Flodden. An authentic summary of this memorable conflict is preserved in a MS. in the Herald's College, London—"the Gazette of the Battle of Flodden, Sept. 1513," printed in the Appendix to Pinkerton's "History of Scotland." The most minute account is given by Hall, who derived it no doubt from eye-witnesses. There is a third contemporary report in Jovius' "Historia sui Temporis;" a fourth in a letter from Dr. William Knight, the English minister at the court of Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, to Cardinal Bainbridge at Rome, (Harr. MS. 3462, fol. 32. b., printed by Ellis in his "Original Letters"); a fifth in the shape of a pamphlet, published probably just after the battle, reprinted by Haslewood in 1809, with this heading: "Hereafter ensue the trewe encountre or Batayle lately don betwene Englade and Scotland, in whiche batayle the Scottishe Kynge was slayne. The maner of thaduaūcesyng of my lord of Surrey," &c.; a sixth, among the State Papers, corresponding almost exactly to the Gazette, entitled, "Articles of the Bataill betwix the Kinge of Scottes and therle of Surrey iu Brankstone Feld, the 9 day of September." Between all these there is some slight diversity. Our poem agrees precisely with no one of them.

We may remind our readers how James IV., in violation of

a treaty then existing between him and England, in opposition to the advice of his counsellors, but in accordance no doubt with the popular feeling, at the instance of the French monarch, in July 1513 dispatched a letter of defiance to the English king in his camp at Turenne. Henry replied in a corresponding spirit ; but, before his reply could reach its destination, all was over. James mustered his troops at Boroughmoor (Blackator in our ballad) close by Edinburgh. While they were assembling, he ordered Lord Home (not Lord Maxwell,<sup>1</sup> as the ballad says,) to make a previous raid across the borders. Lord Home ravaged and plundered the English marches at his pleasure, Lord Dacre, according to the ballad, "keeping him in Carlisle." That there prevailed some such report to the discredit of that nobleman, at this time Warden of the East and Middle Marches, appears possible from a letter of his to Wolsey, dated May 17, 1514 (Cott. MSS. Calig. B. II. 190, partly printed by Pinkerton, fully described in "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII." 1862), in which he defends himself with great pains against the charge of remissness in his duties, and insists that "the Scots love him worst of any Englishman living." He speaks of the part he performed on the "felde of Brankston ;" and adds : " And where it is thought I make not so good espiall in Scotland as I might do, my Lords, I assure your Lordships that I maide the best espiall at all tymes hiddertoward, and shall maike in tyme to com, that I oder can or may, unfenydly, and neithre spare for cost ne charge." With whomsoever the fault lay, Lord Home's advance was unmolested. But on his return Sir William Bulmer, by a skilful ambush (not mentioned in the ballad ; there the battle is a fair pitched one), punished him with great severity :

<sup>1</sup> Maxwell.—nominally superseded by James V.'s favourite, Oliver Sinclair, when the borders were crossed,—commanded the Scotch invasion which ter-

minated at Solway Moss, 1542. There was, however, a Lord Maxwell killed at Flodden, who may be meant by the ballad.

Thus were thé beaten att the first brayd  
 All that brawling people;  
 And likewise in the latter end,  
 As yee may here after.

King James now advanced in person with the largest army ever mustered in Scotland. He occupied himself with the reduction of several border castles—of Norham, and Wark, and Ford. These were all the successes that, with all his mighty host, he achieved. At the last-named castle, which stands on the right bank of the Till some four miles from its junction with the Tweed, he was enthralled by the charms of the beautiful Mistress Heron. He did not care then “to flee to war’s alarms.” He was not inspired to “chase another mistress”—“the first foe in the field.” He wasted the precious days in amorous dalliance. His nobles murmured. His host gradually melted away. The tide of his fortune turned. Meanwhile the Lieutenant of the North had been raising the Northern counties. He advanced to Newcastle, and from Newcastle to Alnwick, with constantly increasing forces. The eagle of the Stanleys and the crescent of the Percys were soon to be seen beneath the banner of St. Cuthbert. Lord Surrey would not wait for reinforcements from the Midland counties promised him by the Queen. He marched rapidly towards the invader’s Castle of Indolence. At his approach the invader leaves it, and posts himself on Flodden Hill, an extreme eminence of the Cheviot chain, just separated from Ford by the Till. He accepts Surrey’s challenge to fight:

A thousand thankes the Earl then  
 Unto the royal King did yield,  
 Whose princely heart did not forbear  
 So simple a lord to meet in field.      (Weber’s “Fl. F.”)

but he shows no inclination to forego the advantages of his position. His numbers at this time amount to some 30,000 at the most moderate computation; Surrey’s to some 25,000. This

numerical disadvantage is of course liberally magnified in the English ballads. Says the Earl in "Flodden Field" *apud* Weber:

Put case our total English power  
Were ready drest & made in meat  
They at meals two would us devour;  
The Scottish army is so great.

and

What though our foes be five to one,  
For that let not our stomachs fail;  
God gives the strok when all is done;  
If it please him, we shall prevail.

Determined to bring about an engagement, Surrey, after having crossed to the right side of the Till near Wooler (some few miles south of Flodden), marches to Barmore (near Ford), and at last resolves on putting himself between the King and Scotland so as to cut off the enemy's supplies and his retreat. To this end he marches to the north-west, crosses the Till partly by Twizel bridge (close to the junction with the Tweed), partly by a ford to the south of that bridge, then turns southward, and is presently face to face with the enemy. All these movements Scotland, "sitting idle on dark Flodden's airy brow," permits him to perform undisturbed.

"Tharmy was devyded into 2 batailles, and to either bataill 2 wynges." (State Papers' account.) The vanward was commanded by Lord Howard the Admiral, supported on his right (our ballad wrongly says left, v. 264) by his brother Sir Edmund (our ballad calls him Eward) with Cheshire men, on his left by Sir Marmaduke Constable (our ballad says Lord Lumley) with Yorkshire and Northumberland men. The second division or rereward was commanded by the Earl himself, with Sir Edward Stanley (proleptically styled Lord Mounteagle in the ballad, v. 296) and Lancashire men on his left, on his right Lord Dacre (Lord Scroop with Sir John Stanley, according to the ballad). Such was the original arrangement. But, as they approached

the enemy, “the lord Howard caused his vaward to stale in a lytell valley, tyll the rerewarde were joyned to oon of the winges of his bataill, and then both wardes in oon fronte avaunced against the Scottes.” Lord Dacre, it would seem, fell into the rear; Lord Howard’s left wing coalesced with his father’s centre, his right wing drew close up to him. And so, as Scott says in his 121st note to “Marmion,” and as the common accounts say, “the English army advanced in four divisions.” For the Scotch army, the King was supported on his extreme left by Huntley and Home, then by Crawford and Montrose, on his right by Lennox and Argyle, Bothwell commanding the reserve. About a mile and a half to the north-west of Flodden was a little village called Brankston, and near it a slight hill, the occupation of which would have proved a great advantage to the English. Amidst the smoke of his huts, which he set on fire before descending from his heights, and, as the wind blew from the south, his movements completely shrouded from the enemy, James hastened to secure it. The smoke suddenly clearing, the English, just arrived at the foot of it, found him posted on it and close at hand. Hence the battle is very commonly styled the battle of Brankston, or Brankiston, or Branpton, or Bramston, or Braxton, or Brinston (v. 401 of our ballad). Scotch writers prefer Floddon, or Flodden. (As to the orthography, the *hill* is often mentioned. V. 329 speaks of the *dale*.)

The gushing account of the weather on the day of the conflict given in vv. 307–322 is a mere poetical commonplace, like the old descriptions of—

. . . . . lucus et ara Diana,  
Et properantis aquæ per amenos ambitus  
Aut flumen Rhenum aut pluvius . . . arcus.

(Compare vv. 175, 176.) The account reprinted by Haslewood says: “In this batayle the Scottes hadde many great Auauntages, that is to wytte the hyghe Hylles and mountaynes, a great wynde

with them, and sodayne rayne, all contrary to our bowes and Archers." The battle commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon, raged furiously for some three hours, and was stayed only by the coming on of night. It is not our business here to describe it at length. We must notice the fortune of the extreme right wing of the English, as vv. 329-350 of this ballad and a great part of "Flodden Field" are devoted to it. "The Cheshire and Lancashire men never abode stroke, and fewe of the gentilmen of Yorkshire abode, but fled," says the State Papers' account. Our poet, himself a Cestrian, is sorely troubled by this behaviour. He makes what apology he can for it—that the men couldnt fight without a Stanley at their head (see vv. 265-269, and 333-336); and he speaks bitterly of Lord Dacre, and accuses him of having set them the example of flight (v. 332), whereas—perhaps, because—it was he who came to Sir Edmund Howard's rescue and saved the wing from utter destruction. "Maistre Gray," says the Gazette, "et Mes<sup>r</sup> Humfrey demourent prisonnirs, et Messire Richard Harbottel tué, et le d'Edmond Haward fut trois fois abatu; et vint a son relief le seigneur Dacres avec XV<sup>e</sup> hommes; et tellement exploicter quil mist en fuyte les d'Escossois." The feud between the Howards and Stanleys was as old as the battle of Bosworth:

Sith King Richard feele, he never loved thee,  
For thy uncle slew his father deere,  
And deerly deemed him to dye.

says Buckingham to Derby of Surrey in "Flodden Field" (vv. 141-143). So there may possibly have been a want of cordiality between the Stanleyites of Cheshire and their leaders, the Howards. But when the great advantage in respect of position enjoyed by the Earl of Home, and his natural eagerness to avenge his late discomfiture at Milfield are considered, nothing more is wanted to account for the temporary distress of the English right wing. The leaders did not fly with their men, but fought on unyield-

ingly. In another part of the field—on the left wing—other Lancashire and Cheshire men, under Sir Edward Stanley, greatly distinguished themselves by attacking in flank and utterly routing Lennox and Argyle.

Lancashire like Lyons  
Laid them about.—(v. 383.)

This piece of good service is magnified in “ Flodden Field ” into the winning of the field<sup>1</sup>:

“ Lancashire & Cheshire,” said the Messenger,  
“ They have done the deed with their hand.”—(vv. 369, 370.)

They have woone the victory.—(v. 384.)

To one other point in the battle we may allude—the death of the King of Scots. There can be no doubt he was killed on the field. On this fact all the English accounts are unanimous; and they adduce satisfactory evidence. According to our ballad he was “ downe knocked and killed . . . under the banner of a Bishoppe that was the bold Standlye ” (vv. 386, 387). “ The King of Scottes,” according to the account amongst State Papers, “ cam with a grete puyssance upon my Lord of Surrey, havyng on his lyfte hand my Lord Darcy son ; whiche 2 bare all the brounte of the bataill ; and then the King of Scottes was slain within a spere length from the saide Erle of Surrey.” “ The Kinge of Scotts,” runs a MS. note on the back of the return of a muster-roll of an officer in the camp at Terouenne (quoted by Galt in his Life of Wolsey), “ was found slain by my Lord Dakers in the fronte of his batayll . . . and the kynge of Scotts’ body is closed in lede, and be kept till the kinges

<sup>1</sup> Ascham’s *Toxophilus*, Works, ed. Giles, v. 2, p. 79. “ The excellent prince Thomas Hawarde, nowe duke of Northfolk, for whose good prosperity with al his noble familie al English heretes dayly doth pray, with bowmen of England slew King Jamie with many a noble

Scot, even brant agenst Flodon hil ; in which battel y<sup>e</sup> stoute archers of Cheshire & Lancashire, for one day bestowed to y<sup>e</sup> death for their prince & country sake, hath gotten immortall name and prayse for euer.” fol. 40, ed. 1545.

pleasure is knownen in Barwicke." "They love me," says Lord Dacre in the letter above adverted to, "worst of any Inglesman living, be reason that I fande the body of the king of Scotts, slayne in the felde, and thereof advertised my lord of Norfolke be my writing; and thereupon I brought the corps to Berwyke, and delivered it to my said lord." The body was presently removed to London.

". . . slaine is your brother-in-law King Jamie;  
And att lovely London he shalbe found,  
My comelye prince, in the presence of thee,"

says the Queen in her letter to Henry in France, in "Flodden Field" (vv. 362-364). And when Leo X. withdrew the sentence of excommunication incurred by James by his wanton breach of his ratified treaty with England, the corpse was conveyed to the monastery at Shene in Surrey, where Stow (see his "Survey of London," 4to, p. 539) saw it, after the dissolution of the house, "throwne into a waste-room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble."

We have not to speak here of the awful distress that the news of Flodden brought to Scotland—how that country wept "for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." But we may be permitted to quote just one clause from the Proclamation made in Edinburgh the day after the battle, when a fearful rumour was already prevailing. It "chaires that all women and specialie vagabounds that thai pass to their labours, and be not sene upoun the gait clamourand and cryand, under the pane of banesing of thair persons but favors; and that the other women of gude pass to the kirk and pray, quhane time requires, for our soverane Lord and his army, and nybouris being thairat, and bald thame at their privie labours off the gaitt within thair houses, as affeirs." (See Sir David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Hailes', "Remarks on the History of Scotland.")

Such is the subject of this poem. It is handled with much vigour. “A gentleman by Iesu who this jest made” (v. 416) writes with fervent enthusiasm. His heart is warm towards his county and its brave gentlemen :

These frekes will never flee  
For feare that might happen.  
But they will sticke with their standards  
In their steele weeds.

The eagle of the Stanleys is the king of birds—“the fayrest fowle that ever flew on winge”—in his eyes, He makes the Scotch herald admire it and tremble :

Soc how he batters & beates  
The bird with her wings;  
We are feare of yonder fowle  
Soc fiercely he fareth.

He is not afraid to meet his enemy in the gate. He is full of ingenuous, simple-hearted, enthusiastic pride. That his version of the events portrayed is far from accurate in the details, has already been shown. He is often carried away by his Stanleyite ardour ; he often errs from a sheer ignorance of the facts. Bishop Percy, from v. 253, supposes him to have been present at Flodden ; but v. 91 gives as good ground for concluding him to have been at Terouenne. “The bearne that at Bagily his biding place had, and whose ancestors of old time had yerded there long” (vv. 418, 419), would never want for information, though not himself an eye-witness, about actions so closely associated with the honour of Cheshire.

The poem was probably composed some two or three years after the battle. Vv. 285–291 seem to speak of the death of the Bishop of Ely as a recent event, and he died in March 1515. But the present edition may be of much later date. The confusion of Maxwell with Home seems to place it after 1542.

With regard to the metre, see the Introduction to “Life and Death.” We will just remark here that this is one of the latest

alliterative poems known. The reader will observe that it ends with a rhyming couplet.

III. A few words may be said of the other poems that celebrate the field of Flodden. That field can boast of a considerable poetic literature. Weber, in 1808, prompted by Scott, whose "Marmion" was then the rage, published a collection of pieces concerning it. The *pièce de resistance* of his volume is a poem to be found in No. 3526 of the Harl. MSS., composed probably about 1550—a poem of 575 four-lined rhyming and frequently alliterative stanzas, divided into nine fits, written by one who had already celebrated Henry's achievements in France, who was evidently a well-practised verse-writer—a steady-going pedestrian poem. Along with it are printed "The Lamentation of King James the Fourth" and "The Bataile of Brampton" from the 1587 edition of the "Mirour for Magistrates." Both these pieces are, however, older than that work, and appear in it in a perverted shape, "the Elizabethan editor" having "thought proper to make a complete alteration in the sense of every passage bearing a theological allusion—a thing that occurs in every stanza of the second, and in many parts of the first." They are printed in a purer form from a Harl. MS. in the "Gentleman's Magazine," (New Series, July—August, 1866). Weber gives next some Skeltonian doggrel about the famous fight; then "The lamentable Complaint of King James of Scotland" from Fulwell's "Flower of Fame," 1575; then the epitaph, in Flamborough church, of Sir Marmaduke Constable, who

. . . at Brankiston feld  
Coragely avancid hymself among other ther & then;

then a ballad, possibly, according to Ritson, "as ancient as anything we have on the subject," from Thomas Deloney's "Most pleasant and delectable History of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newbury," and no doubt refurbished by Deloney; then the fragment about the Laird of Muirhead, and Miss Jane

Elliott's lines called "The Flowers of the Forest" (founded on an older piece), which are printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"; and lastly "Flodden Field," from Harl. MSS. 293 and 367, of which the Folio contains a copy (see below, p. 313).

"There is a MS. poem," says Ritson, "Ancient Songs," 1792, p. 117, "on the battle of Flowden Hill in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; but of what nature or merit the editor had no opportunity to discover." Mr. Laing, however, assures the present Editors that Ritson was mistaken in this assertion.

God and  
Mary help  
me!

I sing of  
noble kinga.

Of Henry  
VII.  
[page 80.]

and his  
prime  
supporters,

Lord Derby,

gentle  
Gilbert,

GRANT, gracious god : grant me this time  
*that I may say or I cease<sup>1</sup>* : thy soluen to please,  
& Mary his Mother : *that Masked<sup>2</sup>* all this world,  
4 & all the seemlie Saints : that sitten in heaven.  
I will carpe of Kings : *that conquered full wide,*  
*that dwelled in this land : that was alyes<sup>3</sup> Noble ;*  
Henery the seauenth : *that soveraigne Lord,*  
8 How he moued in at Milford : with men but a few.  
*there were lite<sup>4</sup> Lords in this land : that to that Lord*  
longed,  
but of derby *that deare Earle : that doughty hath beeno*  
ener,  
& the Lord chamberlaine : *that was his chefe brother,*  
12 Sauage, his sisters sonne<sup>5</sup> : a Sege<sup>6</sup> that was able,  
& Gylbert the gentle : with a Iollye meanye,  
all Lancashire, these ladds : the ledden att their will,  
& Cheshyre hath them chosen : for their chefe Cap-  
taine ;

<sup>1</sup> say or I cease, i.e. may assay before  
I cease.—P. *Say* is *speak, write, what*  
may please God.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ?for maked.—F.

<sup>3</sup> always.—Robson.

<sup>4</sup> lite, i.e. few.—P.

<sup>5</sup> MS. some.—F.

<sup>6</sup> *sege, segge, Miles.* Sax. *secg*, id.  
L(ye).—P.

- 16 Much worshipp haue thé woone<sup>1</sup> in warre : their was  
of their names  
in france & in few lands<sup>2</sup> : soe fayre them behappen  
sith Brute heere abode : & first built vp houses.  
Sir James Blunt, *that bold Knight* : he bowed to their Sir J. Blunt,  
hands ;
- 20 Soe did Sir Edward Poynings : *that proued was of* Sir E.  
*deeds* ; Poynings,  
Sir John Biron was neuer afrayd : for no burne<sup>3</sup> Sir J. Biron.  
liuinge,  
a more manfull man : was not of this Mold maked :  
thus with a royll retinewe : raked thé forwarde,  
24 On this side Bosworth in a bancke : thé bred<sup>4</sup> forth How he  
and they  
advanced to  
Bosworth,  
their standards  
with a dragon full dearfe : <sup>5</sup>*that adread was therafter,*  
rayled<sup>6</sup> full of red roses : and riches enowe.  
there he bickered<sup>7</sup> with a bore<sup>8</sup> : *that doughtie was* and  
called,  
28 Richard *that rich Lord* : in his bright armour,  
he held<sup>9</sup> himselfe no Coward : for he was a King  
Noble,  
he fought full freshlie<sup>10</sup> : his formen<sup>11</sup> amonc  
till all his bright armour : was all bloudye beronen.<sup>12</sup> whom they  
conquered  
32 then was he dungen to death : with many derse<sup>13</sup>

strokes,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One stroke of the *n* left out in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps corrupted for Scotland — perhaps foelands, i.e. hostile countries.—P. for (far).—Child. ? *fele* (many).—Skeat.

<sup>3</sup> *barne, bearne*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *braid*. O. N. *bryða*, to move a thing from its place, draw out (as a sword), brandish. H. Coleridge.—F. A.-S. *bredan*; O. N. *briða*, to spread out.—Child.

<sup>5</sup> The first fragment of the Lyme MS. edited by Mr. Robson for the Chetham Society begins here with “that dred was sone after.”—F.

<sup>6</sup> ornamented. O. H. Germ. *kragi*, indumentum, *gihragilon*, ornare. Wedgwood. Or it may be from Norm. *raier*, to score, draw lines; “rayle vynys,

*retico.*” Promptorium. *Rail* is also to tricke, run. Wedg.—F.

<sup>7</sup> *bicker, configere*, vid. Junius.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *lorde*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> *kidde*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> Ryght royll and fuerslyc.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> foremen.—P. For *formen*; see note to line 167 below.—F.

<sup>12</sup> beronen, i.e. run down with blood.—P. ? MS. is *berouen*, riven, rent?—F.

<sup>13</sup> derfe, hard, rough.—P. See l. 25.—F.

<sup>14</sup> Compare Speed's *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain*: “The corps of y<sup>e</sup> dead king, being tugged and dispitefully torne, was layd all naked upon an horse, and trussed like a hogge

and sent to  
Newark.

Henry VII.'s  
reign.

He made the  
French pay  
tribute,

[page 81.]  
and went to  
heaven.

Henry VIII.

- cast him on a Capull<sup>1</sup> : & carried him to Leicester,  
& Nakcd into Newarke : I will mine<sup>2</sup> him noe more,  
but let drough[t]en<sup>3</sup> deale with all : as him deare liketh.  
36 then said<sup>4</sup> Richmond this realme : with all the royal  
cuntrye,  
& raigine<sup>5</sup> with royltie : & riches enoughe  
full 24 yeeres : In this fayre Land.  
he made french men afeard : of his fell deedes ;  
40 they paid him tribute trulie : many told thousands,  
that the might live in their land : & him their Lord  
call.  
but death at him droue that die must he needs<sup>6</sup> ;  
thus went he forth of this world : this worship[ful  
wight]<sup>7</sup>  
44 to the celestiall blisse : with Saints<sup>8</sup> enowe.  
I will meddle with this matter : noe more att this time,  
but he that is makeles<sup>9</sup> of mercy<sup>10</sup> : haue mind of his  
soule !  
then succeeded his<sup>11</sup> sonne : a souerainge most noble,  
48 that proued was a prince : most peerlesse of other,  
that was Henery<sup>12</sup> the 8<sup>th</sup> : our most dread Lord.  
when his father, that feirce freake<sup>13</sup> : had finished his  
dayes,  
he made frenchmen<sup>14</sup> afeard : & faire him besought  
52 that he wold take their tribute : & traime<sup>15</sup> them noe  
further ;

behind a pursivant at Armes and as  
homely buried in y<sup>e</sup> Graye Fr. within  
Leicester, which being ruined his gravo  
rests as obscure, overgrown with nettles  
and weedes."—H.

<sup>1</sup> capul, a horse.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. mention.—P.

<sup>3</sup> qu. Drighton, i.e. Dominus.—P.

<sup>4</sup> qu. had or rather sway'd.—P. ? as-  
sayed, tried, if not miswritten for seized.—F.

<sup>5</sup> raigned or raigne.—P. rayned.—  
Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> written as one line in the MS. The  
break should be before that.—F.

<sup>7</sup> lorde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> MS. S.: ainta. ?for *Sacrosaints*.—F.  
First written short, S<sup>u</sup>. for *Saints*, and  
then written long, S<sup>t</sup>aints.—Skeat.

<sup>9</sup> makles or makeless of mercy (see  
fitt 2. v. 102), i.e. matchless.—P.

<sup>10</sup> myckle of myght.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> There is a short curl before the A  
of his, which may mean t.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Harry.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> A.-S. freca, a daring warrior, from  
free, freca, bold, daring.—F.

<sup>14</sup> One stroke too many in MS.—F.

<sup>15</sup> Fr. *trainer*, to throwe vp and downe.  
—F. lem.—Lyme MS.

but he nickeed<sup>1</sup> them with Nay : & none of it wold,  
 for he wold see vnder their seigniory : some of thclre  
 fayre<sup>2</sup> townes.  
 thus he greatehes<sup>3</sup> him godly : with a grat host,  
 full 15<sup>4</sup> thousand : that feirce was in<sup>5</sup> armes,  
 for to fare into ffrance : att their free will.<sup>6</sup>  
 then left<sup>7</sup> hee in this land : a Leede *that* was noble,  
 of surrey *that* sure Earle : the saddest<sup>8</sup> of all other,  
 as Lord & Leuetenant<sup>9</sup> : to Looke this land over,  
 if any alyant<sup>10</sup> in his absence : durst aduenture him  
 seluen  
 to visitt or inuade : our most valiant realme.  
 then he dressed him to Dover : our most dread King,  
 with many Lords of this land : our Lord give them Ioy!  
 of Buckingham, Duke bold : he was a [burn]e<sup>11</sup> Noble,  
 & of Da[rby] the deere Earle : he hath beene doughtie  
 euer,  
 & Shrewsbury, *that* sure<sup>12</sup> Earle : the saddest of all  
 other,  
 as a warriour full wisc : he wends with the vaward ;<sup>13</sup>  
 the Nob[le] Earle of Northumberlante : with others  
 full Many,<sup>14</sup>  
 the wende att their will : & wrought as them  
 Liiked.  
 thus theo glenten<sup>15</sup> to Callico : with great shippes of  
 warre,  
 & many a sellcoth<sup>16</sup> saylor<sup>17</sup> : where<sup>18</sup> scene on their  
 Masts.

invades  
France.

leaving  
Surrey as  
Lord.  
lieutenant.

He sails  
from Dover.

(Shrewsbury  
goes with  
the van)

crosses to  
Calais.

<sup>1</sup> Suio-Gothic *waka*, to refuse : Jamie-  
son.—F.

<sup>2</sup> corruptly written *for tkire fayre*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *gerædian*, to make ready, prepare.—

F. *gracea*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> forty.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> carry his.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> at his bidding.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> ? MS. lost.—F. arose.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> and Lorde for Leede.

<sup>9</sup> most stable or strady.—F.

<sup>10</sup> lieutenant.—P.

<sup>10</sup> alyant, i.e. alien.—P.

<sup>11</sup> burne.—Lyme MS.

<sup>12</sup> the trewe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> As a worshippfull and wise ho-  
royndeth the cowarde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>14</sup> of the same.—Lyme MS.

<sup>15</sup> Scotch *glent*, to pass suddenly :  
Jameson.—F.

<sup>16</sup> i.e. rare.—P. extraordinary.—T. W.

<sup>17</sup> many small sailes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>18</sup> were seen on.—P.

and calls a  
council of  
war there.

when thē to Callice comen : all this seemly Meany,  
our Knight<sup>1</sup> full [of] courage : carpeth these words,  
calleth to his councell : to witt their wills<sup>2</sup>

- 76 on what wise was best : his warre to beginne.  
some sett him to a Citty : *that* was sure walled,  
& told him of Turwine : a towne *that* was noble  
& oft had beeene assayd : with Emperour & other,  
80 yet wold it neuer be woone in warr : for noe way on  
line<sup>3</sup> ;  
there was noe wight in this world : *that* win it nay<sup>4</sup>  
might,

it was soe deepe deluen : with diches about.

The King  
vows to take  
Turenne or  
perish.

then our King full of Courage : carpeth these words,  
84 sayes, “ I will seige it about : within this 7 dayes,  
or win it or I hence win : with the leaue of our Lord,  
or leaue here my liffe : Lord, I you sett.<sup>5</sup> ”

[page 82.] thus he promised to the prince : [That paradico  
weldeth.<sup>6</sup> ]

- 88 there were carryages with carts : & many keeno  
weapons.

then they waward ffull valiantlie : aduanced them  
seluen ;

The  
vanguard  
advances,

with trumpetts & tabrettis : forward thē wenten ;  
beside the towne of turwin : our tents downe we  
tilden,<sup>7</sup>

and all  
besiege  
Turenne.

- 92 & sceged it surlye<sup>8</sup> : on all sides about.  
many a gaping gunn : was gurde to the walls,  
where there fell of the first shott : manie a fell  
flooder,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> for King.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Skeat says, “Observe, this is a line of debased type, each half-line being independent in its alliteration, as in l. 109, &c.” While admitting this as to l. 109, I prefer to take the first half of l. 75 as the last of a triplet with the two halves of l. 74; and the second half of l. 75 as the first of a triplet with the two halves of l. 76.—F.

<sup>3</sup> on live, i.e. alive. A Saxonism.—P.

<sup>4</sup> nō.—P.

<sup>5</sup> leete I you heete.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> Supplied by Percy, who says, “ see ffitt 2, lin. 13.”—F.

<sup>7</sup> tild.—P. A.S. *told*, a tent; *toldian*, to spread or pitch a tent.—F.

<sup>8</sup> surelye.—P.

<sup>9</sup> i.e. many a cart-load, still called a *Fodder* in the North.—P.

*that stones that were new sturrd : for stoutley they shotten.*

96 now Leane wee our King : lying att this seige,  
& carpe of the french King : care him be-happen.  
when he heard how vnkindly : his townes they were  
halched,<sup>1</sup>

he hyed<sup>2</sup> him to paris : for things *that* might happen ;  
100 there called he his councell : for to know their minds,  
or<sup>3</sup> what wise was best to worke : his warrs to begin  
he durst not venter<sup>4</sup> with our King : he was soe keene  
Holden,

for all the gloring gold<sup>5</sup> : vnder the god of heauen.

104 then his councell full Keenlye : carped on this wise,  
says, “ make forth a Messenge : to the Mighty King  
of Scotts,  
& profer him a present : all of pure gold,  
& bid him enter into England : & venter<sup>6</sup> him seluen ;  
108 he may win it in warre : & weld it as him liketh ;  
there is noe leeds in tha[t] land<sup>7</sup> : saue Millers &  
Masse preists,<sup>8</sup>

all were faren into france : *that fayre<sup>9</sup>* were in armes.

The French King

calls a council at Paris,

is advised to incite the Scots to invade England,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. saluted.—P. A.-S. *healsian*, to clasp round the *hals* or neck.—F. Lines 98, 99, 111, 113, 119, 122, 127, 135, all bad in scanning.—Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> picked.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> on, *quæ*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> counter.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> N. *glora*, to shine (Wedgwood).—F. *glaring*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> awnter.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> in the lande.—P. For the next line and a half, the Lyme MS. has the better reading (except of *proved*, which spoils the alliteration, for *fayre* or *fierce*) :—

to looke him against;

All be faren into Fraunce

that proved were in armes :

But mislneres and masse preistes  
therre bene no men elles.—F.

\* Compare Weber's "Floddon Field," v. 185-196.

King Henry, you understand,  
To France is past with all his peers ;

At home is left none in the land,  
But joust-head monks & bursten fryers.

Or rugged rustics, without rules,  
Or priests prating for pudding-shives,  
Or millners, madder than their mules,  
Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.

There's not a lord left in England,  
But all are gone beyond the sea ;  
Both knight & baron, with his band,  
With ordnance or artillery.—H.

" How much good it [shooting with the bow] hath done, both old men and chronicles do tell, and also our enemies can bear us record. For if it be true as I have heard say, when the King of England hath been in France, the priests at home, because they were archers, have been able to overthrow all Scotland." Ascham, *Taxophilus*, ed. Gilcs, p. 24.—F.

\* ? MS.—F. it should be *fierce*, vid. lin. 121 [124].—P.

and dis-  
patches Sir  
Delamont on  
this errand.

- then the King called a Earle : that wold a lord Noble,  
 112 Sir Delamont,<sup>1</sup> that deere Duke : that was doughtye  
 euer ;  
 he bad buske him & bowne him : to goe on his  
 Message ;  
 he wold <sup>2</sup> as wise of his words : as any way else.  
 then that Knight full courteously : kneeled to the  
 ground,  
 116 saies, "I am bound to goe : as ye me bidd wold ;"  
 & tooke his leave of the King : & a letter <sup>3</sup> he taketh,  
 shoggis <sup>4</sup> into a sure shipp : & shoggis <sup>5</sup> ore the water  
 into Scotland, I you to hett <sup>6</sup> : & there the King  
 findeth,  
 120 & profered him a present : of pounds many a thou-  
 sand,  
 for to wend to that warr : & worke <sup>7</sup> as him liketh,  
 & enter into England : & weld <sup>8</sup> it for euer :  
 there is noe Lord <sup>9</sup> in that Land : to looke him against,  
 124 all were faren into france : that feirce were in armes.  
 the King was glad of that gold : that he gan <sup>10</sup> brought,  
 & promised him full peertly <sup>11</sup> : his part for to take,  
 that his cozen the french King : soone shold it know.

Sir  
Delamont  
finds the  
King of  
Scotland,

who  
concretes to  
invade  
England.

<sup>1</sup> The ambassador sent by the French king into Scotland was named M. La Motte.—P. He was La Mothe-Fénelon, whose despatches have been printed.—T. Wright. Delamote.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> was ; and were for way.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> MS. better.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. joggs.—P. shott.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> query shapes or shope, vid. Pierce Plow. — P. shoggeth. — Lyme MS.

"Schoggyn or roggyn, *Agito*. Roggyn or nevyn (or schoggyn, rokkyn), *Agito*. Schoggyn, schakyn, or waveryn, *Vacillo*." Promptorium. "I shake or *shogge* upon one, *je sache*."—Palsgrave. Forby gives the verb to *shug*, signifying to shake, in the Norfolk dialect.—Way. *schog*, to move backwards and forwards.—Jameson. "And the boot in the myddil of the see was *schoggid* with waives."—Wiclitif

in Wedgwood under *shog*.—F. Used by CROMWELL in his despatch from 'Warrington,' 20th August, 1648, on the Battle of Preston : "Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action ; the Enemy *shogging* down towards the Bridge ; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight."—Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 373, 2nd ed. 1846.—Dr. Robson.

<sup>6</sup> ? hett to you : promise you. There is no *takates* in Bosworth's A. Saxon Dict.—F.

<sup>7</sup> weld.—Lyme MS., and wynde for wend.

<sup>8</sup> possessa.—P.

<sup>9</sup> lede.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> the gome.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> i.e. pertly.—P.

- 128 then summons he his soeged<sup>1</sup> : in sundry places,  
*that they byde shold at blackator*<sup>2</sup> : in ther best  
 weeds,<sup>3</sup> He summons  
his army
- By the [8<sup>th</sup> day of August<sup>4</sup>] to know theire Kings  
 mind. [page 83.]
- there came at his commandement : ketherinckes<sup>5</sup> full  
 many, of Ketho-  
rinckes  
from  
Orkney,
- 132 from Orkney<sup>6</sup> *that Ile* : there came a great Host,  
 from Galloway a gay Lord : with a great Menie,  
 all Scotland thither came : to know their Kings  
 mind : and Scots.
- many Scotts & Ketherickes : bowed to his Hand ;
- 136 such an host of *that Nation* : was neuer seene before ;  
 their names were numbred : to 9 score thousand  
 truly by their owne toungue<sup>7</sup> : as it was told after.  
 then the light att a lott<sup>8</sup> : the king and his lords,
- 140 *that the mighty Lord Maxwell*<sup>9</sup> : shold moue them  
 before Lord  
Maxwell is  
sent forward  
to explore,
- with 10000 by tale : *that* were tryed of the best,  
 to see wether any seige : durst sett<sup>10</sup> him against :  
 thus he rested in *that realme* : the riggs<sup>11</sup> altogether,
- 144 till the hard of *that battell* : how it with him  
 hapened.
- then he bowneth him boldlye : ouer the broad waters,<sup>12</sup> and reach  
the  
Millfield.  
 & manlye him Marcheth : to the Mill feelde<sup>13</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> lege *segges*, milites, vid. Jun.—P.  
 sedges.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> Blackwater, a place in the Merse.—P.  
 Blacabor.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> On Boroughmoor James V.'s forces  
 too were mustered in 1542.—H.

<sup>4</sup> viii<sup>th</sup> daie of August.—Lyme MS.  
 But the marks not cut off the folio—  
 ill besalf that binder!—require 8 and  
 day.—F.

<sup>5</sup> rineke est homo, vide. Jun. Ketherinckes  
 are Highlanders.—P. Ketterickes.  
 —Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> a kenche.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> towne.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> A.-S. *lekitan*, to cast lots; *lot*, lot.  
 —Child.

<sup>9</sup> A mistake for Lord Hume, who  
 made an inroad into England, & was  
 defeated in the Millfield, a few weeks  
 before the King of Scots left Scotland.  
 Maxwell being a great Lord in the West-  
 Border, would be uppermost in the mind  
 of a Cheshire or Lancashire man.—P.  
 Mackesfelde.—Lyme MS., and should  
 meane *for shold moue*.

<sup>10</sup> sitt, and sedge for seige.—Lyme  
 MS.

<sup>11</sup> knighting.—Lyme MS. and then they  
 for thus he.—Lyme MS. Riggs may be  
 for rinckes, men.—F.

<sup>12</sup> i.e. over the Tweed.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Milfield was close by Flodden to the  
 south.—H.

he robbeth like a rebell : the right him against ;

148 but all Light on his leeds : att the latter ends,  
for killed they were like Caytines<sup>1</sup> : as you shall here  
after.

when the commons of the country : of this comen<sup>2</sup>  
wisten,

then fled they for feare : soe crulye they fareden,

152 & made aw[ay with messengers] : to tell my Lord  
dacres

what Mischeefe the fomen made : in the march ends ;  
“but he kee[peth] him in Carleile : & keire<sup>3</sup> wold no  
further,

he wold not Meddle whithose<sup>4</sup> Men : for noe mans will.”

156 then a knight of that countrie : that was knowne full  
wide,

one Sir william Baw-bener<sup>5</sup> : that hath beene bold euer,  
he moueth towards these Menie : with men but a few,  
not fully 500 : that the freake followed ;

160 then [mett<sup>6</sup>] he with a Man that had 400<sup>7</sup> ;  
that was bold bastard hearne<sup>8</sup> : that bastard<sup>9</sup> was  
neuer, \*

a warriour full wise : & wittye<sup>9</sup> of deedes.

when they were summoned & seone : these soeges  
together,

900 English 164 the were numbred 900<sup>d</sup> : that was the highest  
Number

& the were 10000 by tale : vpon the other partye ;  
ffull vnmeete be them mached : Marry them speede !  
thus they fared ouer the feild : their formen<sup>10</sup> to secke ;

<sup>1</sup> caytives.—P.

<sup>2</sup> their comon.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> keire, certere.—P.

<sup>4</sup> with this ma[tter].—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> A corruption. Lord Hume was defeated by Sir William Bulmer. It was probably written Bawmer or Bowmer. See fo. 86, ver. 84 (l. 274).—P. Bowmer.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> mett.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> hearne, i.e. Heron, qu. a bastard of the family of Ford; called by Paulus Jovius *Heron notus*.—P.

<sup>8</sup> forte, dastard.—P. [Would spoil the alliteration.—F.] bashed.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> wighty, qu.—P.

<sup>10</sup> perhaps foemen.—P. foe men.—Lyme MS.

The English  
see before  
him.

Lord Dacres  
keeps within  
Carlisle.

Sir Will.  
Bulmer  
advances  
against the  
enemy.

against  
10,000  
Scotch.

168 neuer rest wold these rangers<sup>1</sup> : but alwaies raked  
forward

till they had seene that seige : that they sought after.  
all these scaclech<sup>2</sup> Scotts : that always scath diden.

172 euery ranke to his rest : Rudlie<sup>5</sup> [him dressed]  
not the mountenance of a Mile : from theire most  
enemyes. [page 81.]

soone after Drayned<sup>6</sup> the day : & the dew falleth,  
the sun shott vp full soone : & shone ouer the feilds,  
176 birds bradd<sup>7</sup> to the bowes : & boldly the songen :  
itt was a solace to see : for any seige liuning.  
then euery bearne full boldlye : bowneth him to his  
weapons,

full radlye in array : royally them dressed.  
180 our english men full merrilye<sup>8</sup> : attilde<sup>9</sup> them to  
shoote, [our English  
archers  
shot the  
Scots]

& shotten<sup>10</sup> the cruell Scots : with their keene arrowes ;  
many horsse in that heape<sup>11</sup> : hurled downe his  
Master ;  
then they fettled<sup>12</sup> them to flye<sup>13</sup> : as false beene the  
ever.

184 that serueth not forsoothe : who soe truly telleth,  
our English men full eagerlie : fast followed after,  
& tooke prisoners prest : & home againe wenten.

there were killed of the Scotts : more then 12 score,  
188 & as many more prisoners : were put to ther ransom : [losing above  
240 killed.  
and as many taken.]

<sup>1</sup> knyghtes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> scathlech, scathliche, hurtful : vid.  
Gl. ad Chau.—P. starlishe [? scarlishe,  
Su. G. skara, turba, cohore].—Lyme MS.  
and all the for aways.

<sup>3</sup> nighed, approached.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the night.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> a verse here is wanting.—P. radly  
him dressed.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> or Orayued, ? MS.—F. derayned,  
qu.—P. dayned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> moved quickly : see braid, p. 213,  
note 4, to l. 24. brayed.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> egerly.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> prepared, made ready ; see Wright's  
*Prov. Dict.* North-English, *etile*, to in-  
tend, to attempt, to take aim.—Brockell.  
To make an attempt, to propose, to  
design ; Isl. *aella*, destinare. Jamieson.  
—F.

<sup>10</sup> Skochen.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> MS. seape. The alliteration needs  
heape, and the Lyme MS. has it.—F.

<sup>12</sup> To settle to any work, to set about .  
it keenly. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>13</sup> MS. slye.—F. flye.—Lyme MS.

thus were thé beaten att the first brayd : all that  
brawling people,  
& likwise in the latter end : as yee may here after.<sup>1</sup>

2<sup>d</sup> ffitt.<sup>2</sup>

Lord  
Maxwell  
flees back to  
the King,

and reports  
his defeat.

The Scotch  
King

calls him  
craven,

and  
advances  
himself  
against  
Norham.

Lord Surrey

Then the mightie Lord Maxwell<sup>3</sup> : ouer the mountaines  
flees,

192 & kered<sup>4</sup> to his King : with careful tydings,  
telleth him the truth<sup>5</sup> : & tarryeth noe longer,  
sayth, "I am beaten backe : for all my bigg meny,  
and there beene killed of the Scotts : I know not how  
many."

196 then the Scottish King : full nio his witt wanteth,  
& sayd, "on who<sup>6</sup> was thou mached : man, by the  
sooth ? "

he promised him pertlye : thé passed not 1000.

"yee beene cravens," quoth the King : "care mote  
yee happen !

200 but Ile wend you to worke : wayes I you sett<sup>8</sup>  
alonge<sup>9</sup> within *that Land* : the length of 3 weekes,  
& destroy all arright : *that standeth me before :*"

thus he promised to the prince : *that paradice weldeth.*

204 then hee summond his seiges : & sett them in order ;  
the next way to Noram<sup>10</sup> : anon then he taketh ;  
he enclosed<sup>11</sup> *that Castle* : cleane round about,  
& they defended fast : the folke *that* were within.

208 without succour come soone : their sorrow is the  
more !

the Earle of Surrey himselfe : att Pomferett abideth ;

<sup>1</sup> hear after.—P.

<sup>2</sup> On the left in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Mackelsfeld.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> returned. A-S. *cerran*, to turn;

Ger. *kehren*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> MS. is broken away, but the Lyme  
MS. reads as in the text.—F.

<sup>6</sup> against whom.—F. perhaps 'how

wast,' or 'on who,' i.e. 'with whom.'—  
P.

<sup>7</sup> cowards.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> wees, I you heete.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> And lying.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> Norham in Northumberland.—P.

<sup>11</sup> unclosed.—Lyme MS.

- he heard what vnhappiness<sup>1</sup> : these scarlotts<sup>2</sup> didden ; bears, and  
He made letters boldly : all the land over, [page 85.] prepares ;  
summons
- 212 into Lancashire beline : he caused a man ryde  
to the bishoppe of Ely<sup>3</sup> : *that bode*<sup>4</sup> in those parts,  
curteously commanded him in the Kings name  
to summon the shire : & sett them in order ;  
the Bishop  
of Ely,
- 216 he was put in more power : then any prelate else.  
then the Bishopp boldye : bowneth forth his standards  
with a Captaine full keene : as it<sup>5</sup> was knowne after ;  
he made away to wend<sup>6</sup> : to warne his Deare Brother  
220 Edward, *that Egar Knight* : *that epe*<sup>7</sup> was of deeds.  
a stalke of the Stanleys : stepe vpp<sup>8</sup> him seluen, Stanley with  
then full readilye he rayseth : Knights<sup>9</sup> ten thousand ; 10,000  
knights,  
to Scikpton<sup>10</sup> in Crauen : then the comen<sup>11</sup> belue ;  
224 there abydeth he the banner : of his dcare Brother,  
till a Captaine with it came : *that knowne was full* Sir John  
wide, Stanley with  
Sir John Stanley, *that stout Knight* : *that sterne was*  
of deeds,  
with 4000 feirce men : that followed him after, 4,000  
tenants,  
228 they were tenants to the booke<sup>12</sup> : *that tended the*  
bishoppe,  
& of his houshold, I you hett : hope you none other. on each  
cuery bearne had on his brest : brodered full fayre<sup>13</sup> one's breast  
a foote of the fay[rcs]t fowle<sup>14</sup> : *that cuer flew on* an eagle's  
winge, foot three-  
crowned.

<sup>1</sup> unhapp.—Lyme MS.<sup>2</sup> *forlē* scathlocks : scathlich (apud Chaucerum) is hurtful.—P. all those harlottes [which the alliteration requires].—Lyme MS.<sup>3</sup> James Stanley was then Bp. of Ely.—P.<sup>4</sup> i.e. abode.—P.<sup>5</sup> he.—Lyme MS.<sup>6</sup> a wox to wynde.—Lyme MS.  
<sup>7</sup> quick, active, bold. Compare “so yong & so yewe as ye ar [at] pis tyme,” in *Gawayne and the Green Knight*, l. 1510, p. 48, ed. Morris; and in *P. Plowman*, Vis. v. 1, p. 203, l. 6606, (ed. Wright):“Thow art yong and *yewe*,  
And hast yeres y-nowe.”In lines 340 and 371 here, the alliteration requires *yewe*. Bosworth gives A.-S. *gep*, *gap*, deceiving ; and Madden *ȝep*, crafty, Gloss. to Lujamon.—F.<sup>8</sup> of.—Lyme MS.<sup>9</sup> rinckes.—Lyme MS.<sup>10</sup> Corrections have been made in the S and t, but I cannot make them out.—F.<sup>11</sup> he come.—Lyme MS.<sup>12</sup> i.e. Copy-holders.—P. that they tooke.—Lyme MS.<sup>13</sup> with gowldc.—Lyme MS.<sup>14</sup> The Eagle's foot was the Badge of the Stanleys.—P.

The English  
muster at  
Boulton.

Then  
advance to  
within sight  
of the Scots,

who are en-  
camped on  
a high hill.

- 232 with 3<sup>1</sup> crownes full cleare : all of pure gold :  
it was a seemly sight : to see them together,  
14000 Eagle foote : fettered<sup>2</sup> in a-ray.  
thus they cooasten<sup>3</sup> thorrow the countrye : to the  
New-castle.
- 236 proclamation in *that* place : was plainly declared,  
*that* euery battell<sup>4</sup> shold him hie : in hast *that* hee  
might,  
to boulton in Glendower<sup>5</sup> : all in goodlie haste.  
there mett the a muster : then,<sup>6</sup> many a thousand,  
240 with Knights *that* were keene : well knowne in their  
contray,  
& many a louelye Lord : vpon *that* londe hight.<sup>7</sup>  
then they moued towards the Mountaine : these Meany  
to seeche,<sup>8</sup>  
these scattered<sup>9</sup> Scotts : *that* all they scath didden ;  
244 they wold neuer rest : but alway raked<sup>10</sup> forward  
till they had seene the seiges : *that* they had sought  
aftor ;  
but they had gotten them a ground : most vngracious  
of other,  
vpon the topp of a hie hill : I hett you forsoothe,  
248 there was noe way<sup>11</sup> in this world : might wend them  
againe

<sup>1</sup> their.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> fetede.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> cooasten (? MS).—P. “The Duke of York with all his power costed the countreys, and came to the same town” (St. Albans’s). *Hall’s Chronicle*, p. 232.—Dr. Robson. “Costyn ouyr þe contrie, coostyn on the contrie, *Transpatro*.” Promptorium. Mr. Way’s note is, “Chaucer uses the verb to *costeie* in the sense of the French *costoier*, to pass alongside; as in the Complaint of the Black Knight, line 36,

“And by a riuier forth I gan *costeie*.”

Palsgrave gives the verb “to *coste* a countrey or place, ryde, go, or sayle about it, *costier* or *costoyer*. To hym that couldc *coste* the countray there is a

nerer way by syxe myle.” Cotgrave’s sense is different: “*costoyer*, to accost, side, abbord ; to bee, or ly, by the side of; also, to coast along by, or goo by the coast of.”—F.

<sup>4</sup> battell, MS.—F. *hatell*.—Lyme MS. *Hathell*, a nobleman or knight.—Halliwell.

<sup>5</sup> *Forth Boulton in Glendale*, not far from Alnwick in Northumberland; query.—P.

<sup>6</sup> men.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> light.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> seeche, i.e. seek.—P.

<sup>9</sup> skatell.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> dayled.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> forþe we, homo, vid. Jun.—P.

wee.—Lyme MS.

but he shold be killed [in the] close<sup>1</sup> : ere he climbed  
the Mountaine.<sup>2</sup>

when they Lords had on them looked : as [long as  
them liked<sup>3</sup>]

euery Captaine was commanded : their company to [page 86.]  
order.

252 " tho wee are bashed with this bigg Meany<sup>4</sup> : I blame  
vs but little,<sup>5</sup>

\*then wee tild downe ouer tents : that told were a 1000 ;  
at the ffoot of a fine hill : they setteled them all night,  
there they lyen & lodged : the length of 4 daies,

256 till euery Captaine full Keenlie : callen to their lords,  
bidd them settle them to fight : or they wold fare  
homeward.

thero company was clemmed<sup>6</sup> : & much cold did suffer;  
water was a worthy drinke<sup>7</sup> : win it who might."

260 then the Lord leuetenant : looked him about,  
& boldly vnto battell : busked he his meanye.  
the Lord Howard, the hende Knight : haue shold the  
vanward

with 14000 feirce men : that followed him after.

264 the left winge to that ward<sup>8</sup> : was Sir Eward Howarde,  
he chose to him Cheshire : theire chance was the  
worse ;  
because they knew not theire Captaine : theire care  
was the more,  
for they were wont att all warr : to wayte vpon the  
stanleys ;

Encamp  
near them.

Are bent  
on an  
engagement.

Lord  
Howard  
leads the  
vanward,

Sir Edward  
Howard the  
left wing of  
it ;

<sup>1</sup> in the cloes.—Lyme MS. valleys,  
dells, *clerece*. See l. 391 here.—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> Mountaine in MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> from Lyme MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> of theis burnes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> The Lyme MS. omits from here to  
end of l. 275.—F.

<sup>6</sup> clemmed, clammed.—P. “Welly  
clemmed,” well nigh starved with cold or  
hunger: Lancashire. Skeat. *Clam*, to  
starve, to be parched with thirst:

Brockott, who cites from Massinger, *Rom.*  
*Actor*:

When my entrails  
Were clam'd with keeping a perpetual  
fast.

Dutch *klemmen* is to pinch.—F.

<sup>7</sup> The Englysh piſtched their tents in  
the valley south of Woller, near the  
Bremish, which then might be muddy  
with the continual rain.—P.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. towards that.—P.

268 much worshipp they woone : when they *that way*  
serued,

Lord  
Lumley its  
right.

but now lanke<sup>1</sup> is their losse : our lord itt amend !

the right wings, as I weene : was my lord lumley,  
a captaine full keene : with Sir Cutberds banner<sup>2</sup>;

272 my Lord Clifford with him came : all in cleare armour ;  
Soe did Sir william Percy<sup>3</sup> : *that proued was of deeds,*  
*& Sir william Bawmer : that bold hath beene euer,*  
*with many Captaines full keene : who-soe knowes*  
*their names.*

Lord Surrey  
leads the  
rearward ;

276 & if I recon the rerward : I rest must to longe,<sup>4</sup>

but I shall tell you the best tokens<sup>5</sup> : that therewpon  
tended ;

Lord Scrope  
its right  
wing,

the Earle of Surrey himselfe : surelye it guided ;

& the Lord Scroope full comlye : with *knights full*  
*many,*

(with the  
Bishop  
of Ely,

280 he wold witt<sup>6</sup> the wing : *that to that ward longed ;*

it was a Bishoppe full bold : *that borne was att*  
*Latham,*

of Ely *that Elke<sup>7</sup> Lord : that eke<sup>8</sup> was of deeds,*

*& nere of blood to that<sup>9</sup> Earle : that named was stanley,*

284 neere of Nature to the Nevills<sup>10</sup> : *that Noble haue beene*  
*euer ;*

now, alas !  
dead.

but now death with his dart : bath driven him away ;

<sup>1</sup> lacke.—P.

<sup>2</sup> St. Cuthbert's (Hall calls him Cuthberde) banner had been borne to the battle at Neville's Cross. Soon after it a new one was made, of which a full account is given in "A description or breife declaration of all the ancient monuments, rites, and customes belonginge or beinge within the monastical church of Durham before the suppression—written in 1593" (printed for the Surtees Society). It was made away with at the Dissolution by Katherine, the wife of one Dean Whittingham, who "being a Freancho woman, as is most credably reported by those which were eyo-witnesses, did most injuriously burne and consume the same in hir fire.

in the notable contempt and disgrace of all ancyent and goodly reliques." St. Towder, in v. 368, seems to be a mistake. The Lyme MS. reads Tandere. The Scotch and English saints are apparently, as Mr. Robson suggests, confounded.—H.

<sup>3</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> son of the 4<sup>th</sup> earl of Northumberland.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. too long.—P.

<sup>5</sup> frekes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> i.e. He that *would* wit or know.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *that ilke*, i.e. that same. James Stanley, Bishop of Ely, who died March 22, 1514/5, vid. *Ath. Ox.*—P.

<sup>8</sup> epc.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> an egg of that bolde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> duke.—Lyme MS.

- it is a losse to this land : our Lo<sup>n</sup>d hanc his sonse,<sup>1</sup>  
 ffor his witt & his wisdome : & his wate <sup>2</sup> deeds ; (page 87.)
- 288 he was a pillar of peace : the people amonge ;  
 his servants they may sighe : & sorrow for his sake ;  
 what for pitty & for paine : my pen doth me fayle ;  
 Ile meddle with this matter : noe more att this time,  
 292 but he that is maklesse of mercy : haue mind on his God  
remember  
his soul!!
- soule !
- then he sent with his company : a Knight that was noble,  
 Sir John Stanley, the stout Knight : that sterne was of deeds ;
- there was neuer bearne borne : that day bare him better.
- 296 tho Left wing to the rereward<sup>3</sup> : was my Lord Mounteagle, Lord  
Mounteagle  
leads its left  
wing.
- with many leeds of Lancashire : that to himselfe longed,  
 which foughтен full freshly<sup>4</sup> : while the feild lasted.  
 thus the rere ward in array : raked euer after,
- 300 as long as the light day : lasted one<sup>5</sup> the Lands.  
 then the sun full soone : shott vnder the clonds,  
 & it darkened full dimlie : & drew towards night.  
 cuery ring<sup>6</sup> to his rest : full radlye he<sup>7</sup> dressed,
- 304 beeten fires<sup>8</sup> full fast : & fettlen<sup>9</sup> them to sowpe They camp  
and light  
their fires  
 besides Barwicke on a banke : within a broad wood.  
 then daunced<sup>10</sup> the [dayc] : soe deere god ordayned ; near  
Berwick
- Clowdes east vp full cheerlye : like Castles full hic,  
 308 then Phebus full faire : flourished out his beames

<sup>1</sup> ? sense, *anima*.—F. soule.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *hwæt*, quick or sharp in mind.—F. wale.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> to that Reward.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> fuerslie.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> qu. ouer.—F. on the grounde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> ryunce.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> him.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> beeten fires, *i.e.* strucke fires.—P. A.-S. *bētan*, to light or make a fire.—F.

<sup>9</sup> feteled.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> MS. darned.—F. dawned.—P. dayned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> The night before the battle the English encamped in the neighbourhood of Baremoore Wood, not far from Berwick, viz. about 6 miles.—P.

with Leames<sup>1</sup> full light : all the land ouer.

all was damped with dew : the daysies about,  
flowers flourished in the feild : faire to behold ;

- 312 birrds bradden to the boughes : & boldlye the songen ;  
it was solace to heare : for any seige liuing.  
then full boldlye on the broad hills : we busked<sup>2</sup> our  
standards,

Next morning the Scotch are seen moving ;

- 316 were mowing<sup>4</sup> ouer the mountaines : to macth vs they  
thoughten,

as boldly as any bearnes : that borne was of mothers,  
Soe<sup>5</sup> eagerly with Ire : attilld them to meeete.

the trumpets ring out,

- 320 Many shames<sup>6</sup> in that showe : with theire shrill pipes<sup>7</sup> ;  
heauenly was theire Melody : their Mirth to heare,  
how the songen with a showte : all the shawes<sup>8</sup> ouer !  
there was gurdyn<sup>9</sup> forth of gunns : with many great  
stones,

[page 88.]

archers shoot.

- 324 Archers vttered out their arrowes : and [egerlie they  
shotten,<sup>10</sup>]

The Scots charge with spears,

- they proched<sup>11</sup> vs with speares : & put many over  
that they blood out brast : at ther broken harnish.  
theire was swinging out of swords : & swapping of  
headds ;

we stab with bills.

- 328 we blanked them with bills : through all their bright  
armor  
that all the dale dunned<sup>12</sup> : of their derfe<sup>13</sup> strokes.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *leoma*, ray of light, beam, flame.  
<sup>2</sup> F. *beames*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> bushed with.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> Faugh—qu. perhaps the same as Haugh. Faugh is a word used in the North for fallow ground.—P. soughe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> moving or moving.—P.

<sup>6</sup> and we.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> shawmes.—P.

<sup>8</sup> shawe, with their shrill notes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> shawes, shawe, *nemus*, *saltus*, *sylva*.

Jun.—P.

<sup>10</sup> gurdyn or girding.—P. Gird, to strike, smite. H. Coleridge. To let fly. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>11</sup> from Lyme MS.—F.

<sup>12</sup> proched, i.e. approached.—P. ? North-Country “*prog*, *proggie*, to prick, to prickle. Isl. *bryðda*, *pungere*.” Brockett. “To *prodge*, to push with a stick.” Jamieson.—F.

<sup>13</sup> dynned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>14</sup> ? MS. *dorse*.—F.

then betid a<sup>1</sup> checke : *that the shire men fledden*<sup>2</sup> ; Our shire-  
 in wing with those wayes<sup>3</sup> : was with my Lord Dacres,  
 he ffeled att the first bredd<sup>4</sup> : & the followed after;  
 when theire Captain<sup>5</sup> was keered<sup>6</sup> away : there comfort  
 was gone,  
 they were wont in all warrs : to wayt on the Stanleys,  
 they neuer fayled at noe forward<sup>6</sup> : *that time that they*  
 were ;

now lost in their loofe<sup>7</sup> : our lord it amende !  
 many squires full swiftly : were snapped<sup>8</sup> to the death,  
 Sir John boote of barton : was brought from his liffc,  
 a more bolder bearne : was neuer borne of woman ;

& of yorkshire a yonge Knight : *that epe*<sup>9</sup> was of deeds,  
 Sir william werkoppe,<sup>10</sup> as I weene : was the wyes<sup>11</sup> name,  
 of the same shire figh will,<sup>12</sup> : *that was soe feirce*  
 holden,  
 besides rotheram *that Knighte*<sup>13</sup> : his resting place hadd.  
 the barne<sup>14</sup> of Kinderton full keenly : was killed them the child of  
 beside,  
 soc was hanforde,<sup>15</sup> I you hett : *that was a hend sweerc,*<sup>16</sup> Hanford,  
 full-show<sup>17</sup> full fell : was fallen to the ground ;  
 Christopher Sauage was downe cast : *that kere might Savage,*  
 he neuer ;

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. a word like *checke* crossed out.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cheshire men felden.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> wayes, wyes, men, see below 152 [of MS. *t.t. l. 341 here*]—P. *wces.*—Lyme MS., and it has no *with* after *was*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *braid*, onset.—F.

<sup>5</sup> turned, A.-S. *cerran*, to turn.—F. was away.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> A.-S. *forwurd*, a point, jot; Durham Gospels, in Bosworth : *foreword*, a bargain, *foreward*, an agreement.—F.

<sup>7</sup> *lofe, lase*, Sax.—P. is their losse.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> swapped.—Lyme MS., and *swyres* for *squires*.

<sup>9</sup> bold.—F.

<sup>10</sup> Warkehoppe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> *wye, homo, S. wiga, L(ye)*.—P.

<sup>12</sup> so in MS.; Sir William.—Lyme MS. “<sup>13</sup> fitzwilliam. In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is a portrait of two Fitzwilliams who were slain in doing duty against the Scots at Flodden.”—Skeat.

<sup>14</sup> *rinck*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>15</sup> baron.—P.

<sup>16</sup> perhaps Holford.—P. Houforde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>17</sup> gentle squire : *sugeres*, squires, Allit. Poems, p. 40, l. 87.—F. *swyer*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>18</sup> Fullseweise.—Lyme MS.

- Laurence,    348 & of Lancashire, John Laurence : god haue<sup>1</sup> mercy on  
their soules !
- these flee  
not, but  
are slain.
- these frekes wold neuer flee : for noe feare *that* cold  
happen,  
but were killed lik Conquerors : in their Kings service.  
when the Scotts & the Ketherickes<sup>2</sup> : seene our men  
scatter,
- 352 they had great yoy of their ioyinge<sup>3</sup> : & Iolly came  
downwarde.  
the Scotts King keenlie : calleth to him a herrott,<sup>4</sup>  
biddeth tell him the truth : & tarry noe longer,  
who where<sup>5</sup> the banners of the bearnes<sup>6</sup> : *that* bode in  
the valley.
- The Scotch  
King  
determines  
to attack in  
person the  
Stanleys,
- 356 "thé are standards of the stanleys : that stands by  
them seluen ;  
if he be faren into france : the frenchmen to feare,  
yett is his standard in *that* stead : with a stiffe  
Captaine,  
Sir Henery Keeglye<sup>7</sup> is called : *that* keene is of deeds.  
[† page 89.] 360 Sir Thomas Gerrard, that Iolly Knight : † Is ioyned  
there vnder  
men who do  
not flee,
- but strike,
- with Sir willi[a]m M[olynex<sup>8</sup>] with a manfull meany.  
these frekes will neuer flee : for feare *that* might  
happen,  
but they will strike with their standards : in their  
steele weeds,<sup>9</sup>
- 364 because thé busked<sup>10</sup> them att Barwicko : *that* bolds  
them the more.  
loe how he batters & beates : the bird with her  
wings,  
we are feard of yonder fowle : soe feirly he fareth ;

<sup>1</sup> our Lord have.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Highlanders : that wing in which  
the Highlanders were, gained some ad-  
vantage.—P.

<sup>3</sup> joy of their joyinge.—P. joyning.  
—Lyme MS., and jollily for jolly.

<sup>4</sup> herrott, heraut, i.e. herald.—P.

<sup>5</sup> who (or whose) were.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Only half the s written in MS.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> Kighley.—Lyme MS., and Jarred  
for Gerrard, l. 360.

<sup>8</sup> Molynex.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> feare of no weapon.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> bushed.—Lyme MS.

- & yonder streamer full straight : *that standeth him  
beside,*
- 368 yonder is the standard of Saint Towder<sup>1</sup> : trow yee noe with Sir  
other, Towder,
- that neuer beaten was in battell : for bearne vpon liue.<sup>2</sup>* unbeaten in  
the 3<sup>d</sup> standard in *that steade* : is my lord Mounteagle,  
& of yorkshire ffull epe : my yonge Lord Dacerrs,
- 372 with much puissance & power : of *that pure shire.*" The Scotch  
then the Scottish King : carpedit these words, King
- "I will fight with yondor frekes : *that are soe feirco  
holden ;*
- & I beate those bearnes : the battle is ours."
- 376 then the moued towards the Mountaine : & madly<sup>3</sup> leaves the  
came downwards ; heights.
- wee mett him in the Midway : & mached him full euen ; We meet  
then was there dealing of dints : that all the dales  
rangon,
- many helmes with heads : were hewd all to peeces.
- 380 this layke<sup>4</sup> lasted on the land : the length of 4 hours. fight for  
yorkshire like yearne<sup>5</sup> men : eagerlyc they foughten ; four hours.  
soe did darbyshire *that day* : deered many Scotts ;
- Lancashiro like Lyons : Laid them about ; Lancashire  
384 All had beeone lost, by our Lord<sup>6</sup> : had not those leeds saves us.
- beeone ;
- but the race<sup>6</sup> of the Scotts : increased full sore ; The Scotch  
but their King was downe knocked : & killed in there King is  
sight killed.
- vnder the banner of a Bishoppe : *that was the bold  
standlye.*
- 388 then they fettled them to flye<sup>7</sup> : as fast as they might ;
- but it serveth not forsooth : who-soe truth telleth ;

<sup>1</sup> St Tandere.—Lyme MS., and omits the rest of the line.

<sup>2</sup> upon live, i.e. alive.—P.

<sup>3</sup> manly.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> game, play. layke, leak, lake, Lusus.—P.

<sup>5</sup> yearne, yerne, eager, diligent, quick,

nimble.—P. yorne.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> rage, query.—P. ?rush, attack; see Merlin, l. 726, "of Harlotts a great race;" though the "care" of the Lyme MS. suits the alliteration better.—F.

<sup>7</sup> MS. s'ye; fly.—Lyme MS. 'fettled them to flye.'—P.

The Scotts  
are verriey  
routis,  
and the  
15,000 men

- our englishman<sup>1</sup> ffull egerlye : after them followed,  
& killod them like Caitiues : in Clowes<sup>2</sup> all about.  
 292 there were killed of the Scotts : that told were by tale,  
that were found in the feild : 15<sup>—</sup> thousand.  
loe what it is to be false : & the feende serve !  
they hane broken a bookothe<sup>3</sup> : to their blithe Kinge,<sup>4</sup>  
 296 & the truce that was taken : the space of 2 yeeres.  
all the Scotts that were scaped : were scattered all<sup>5</sup>  
assunder ;  
 [page 20.] they remoued ouer the More<sup>6</sup> : vpon the other morning,  
And [their stooide like stakes<sup>7</sup>] : & starr durst noe  
further,  
 400 for all the lords of their lande : were left them behind.  
besids brinston<sup>8</sup> in a bryke<sup>9</sup> : breathelesse the lycen,  
gaping against the moone : theire guests<sup>10</sup> were away.  
then the Earle of Surrey himselfe : calleth to him a  
herott,  
 404 reade him farr<sup>11</sup> into ffrance : with these fayre tydants ;  
“comende me to our kinge : these comfortable  
words ;  
tell him I haue restored<sup>12</sup> his realme : soc right required ;  
the King of Scotts is killed : with all his cursed Lords.”  
 408 when the King of his kindnesse : hard these words,  
he saith, “I will sing him a sowle knell<sup>13</sup> : with the  
sound of my gunnes.”

Lord Barre  
needs the  
good  
tidings to  
the King in  
France.

Henry  
orders

<sup>1</sup> Englishmen.—Lyme MS.  
<sup>2</sup> i.e. Cloughs. A Clough (*Scottic* *Crough*) is a broken hill: Mons prærup-  
tus.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> bookothe.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> our blithe kinge, sc. Hen. 8.—P.  
their blessed king.—Lyme MS.  
<sup>5</sup> far.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> more, hill.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> from Lyme MS.  
<sup>8</sup> The Battle was fought near the vil-  
lage of Brankston, which stands at the  
foot of Flodden, towards Scotland.—  
P. brymstone.—Lyme MS., altered to  
Brankstone in Mr. Robson's text.

<sup>9</sup> A.S. *brycg*, a bridge.—F. brinck.  
Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> perhaps ghosts or ghosts.—P.  
ghosts.—Lyme MS.  
<sup>11</sup> Bad him fare.—Lyme MS.  
<sup>12</sup> rescowed.—Lyme MS.  
<sup>13</sup> MR. fowle.—F. foul knell.—P.  
soulkin.—Lyme MS.

Passing-bells wore sometimes called  
Soul-bells. “We call them Soul-bells,”  
says Bishop Hall in his *Apology*  
against the Brownists *apud* Ellis's  
*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, “for that  
they signify the departure of the soul,  
not for that they help the passage of the  
soul.”

With regard to King Henry's re-  
ception of the good news, see Hall:  
“Nowe lett us retorne too the kyng of

- such awise,<sup>1</sup> to my Name : was neuer hard before,  
for therowas shott att a shoote : 1000 att once,  
412 that all rang with the rout : rocher<sup>2</sup> & other.  
Now is this ferle<sup>3</sup> feild : foughтен to an ende !  
many a wye<sup>4</sup> wanted his horsse<sup>5</sup> : & wandred home a  
foote ;  
all was long of the Marx men<sup>6</sup> : a Mischeefe them  
happen !  
416 he was a gentleman by Iesu : that this iest made,  
which say but as he sayd<sup>7</sup> : forsooth, & noe other.  
att Bagily<sup>8</sup> that bearne ; his bidding place had,

a salute of  
1,000 guns.

A gentleman  
wrote this  
who lived at  
Bagily,

England lyeng before Tournaye, whyche  
the 25 daye of September receyued the  
gauntelett & letters of the Earle of  
Surrey, & knowe all the dealynges of  
both parties. Then he thanked God  
& highly prayed the Earle & the  
Lorde Admyrall & his sonne & all  
the gentlemen & commons that were at  
that valiant entreprese: howbeit the  
kyng had a secrete letter that the  
Cheshyre men fledde from Syr Edmond  
Hawarde, whyche letter caused greata  
harte burnyng & many woordes, but  
the kyng thankfully accepted al  
thyngē & woulde no man to be dis-  
prayed. So on the Mondaye at nyght  
the 26 daye of September the lord  
HAWARDE & the Earle of Shropshire  
made greate fyers in theroyarmyes in  
token of ryvertye & triumph: & on  
Tewesdaye the 27 day, the tente of  
cloth of gold was sett up, & the kynges  
Chappell sange masse, & after that  
To Deum, & then the Byshoppe of  
Rochester made a sermon, & shewed  
the deathe of the kyng of Scottes, &  
much lamented the yll deathe & periury  
of him."—II.

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *avis*, information, intelligence,  
notice, advertisement, or inckling given  
of: Cotgrave.—F. a noyse.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> *Rucher*, a rocke : Cot.—F. roches.—  
Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> fuisse.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> vid. ver. 151.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The Border thioves hovered near, &  
stole their horses, & robbed their Camp.—  
P.

\* marchmen, i.e. the borderers, the inhabitants of the Marches.—P. March men.—Lyme MS. Comparo Hall: "An thee nyghte after many men lost there horses and such stoffe as they left in there tentes and pavilyons by the robbers of Tyndale and Tividale," and "the following passage scored out, not printed in *State Papers*: 'The Borders not only stale away as they lost 4 or 5000 horses; but also they took away the oxen that drew the ordnance, and came to the pavilions and took away all the stuff therein, and killed many that kept the samo.' *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII's Reign*. Compare also, for the general character of the Borderers, "Advertisements from Hexham" apud Scott's *Minstrelsy*, in the Introduction to "Jock o' the Side": "The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland and of her two women and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the lady of Northumberland was left there on foot," and the *Minstrelsy passim*.—H.

<sup>7</sup> sayth but as he sawe : sic legm.—P.  
Which said but as ye see.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> Baguleigh in Cheshire, the seat of the Leights.—P. Baguley.—Lyme MS. "Bagriley Hall is situated about three miles from Stockport in Cheshire, but on the borders of Lancashire. It is believed to be the most ancient of the timber houses of Lancashire and Cheshire, and the remains of it are in a very dilapidated state. The only part of the old

and his  
ancestors  
were there  
before  
William the  
Conqueror.

- 420 & his Ancestors of old time : hanc yearded<sup>1</sup> their longe,  
Before william Conquerour : this cuntry did inhabitt.  
Iesus bring vs to<sup>2</sup> blisse : that brought vs forth of bale,  
that hath hearkned me heare : or heard<sup>3</sup> my tale !  
ffins.

house now remaining is the hall," of the interior of which (of the 14th century) a view is given in *Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages*, vol. ii. opp. p. 236, whence the extract above is taken. On p. 237 it is stated that the village of Baggiley, or Baguleigh, had belonged to

the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden.—F.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *cardian*, to dwell, inhabit, rest, settle in. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>2</sup> them to thy.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> and heded well.—Lyme MS.

## Old Robin of Portingale.<sup>1</sup>

PRINTED from the Folio in the "Reliques," "judged to require considerable corrections." So was everything in the Bishop's eyes. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was his supreme maxim. The most notable correction here is the importation of twenty good knights, to match, with Robin, the wife's twenty-four.

GOD! let neuer soc old a man  
 Marry soc yonge a wiffe  
 as did old Robin of portingale!  
 he may rue all the dayes of his liffe.

Old Robin of  
Portingale

for the Maiors daughter of Lin, god wott,  
 he chose her to his wife,  
 & thought to haue lained in quietnesse  
 8 with her all the dayes of his liffe.<sup>2</sup>

marries the  
young  
daughter of  
the Mayor of  
Lin.

they had not in their wed bed laid,  
 scarcely were both on sleepe,  
 but vpp shce rose, & forth shce goes  
 12 to Sir Gyles, & fast can weepe,<sup>3</sup>

The very  
first night

she  
intrigues

<sup>1</sup> A tragical old ballad. N.B. When I first set to examine this, I had not yet learnt to hold this old MS. in much regard.—P.

<sup>2</sup> And thot with her to have liv'd in love  
 All free from care & strife.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> Cf. Introduction to "Arthur King of Cornwall."—H.

with Sir  
Giles, his  
steward,

Saies, "sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,  
or be not you within ?"<sup>1</sup>

- 16     "but I am waking, sweete," he said,  
      "Lady, what is your will ?"  
"I haue vnbethought<sup>2</sup> me of a wile,  
      how my wed Lord we shall<sup>3</sup> spill.

to slay him.

- 20     "24 knights,<sup>4</sup>" she sayes,  
      "that dwells about this towne,  
eene 24 of my Next Cozens,<sup>5</sup>  
      will helpe to dinge him downe."

His page  
overhears  
her.  
informs his  
master,

- 24     with that heheard<sup>6</sup> his little foote page,  
      as he was watering<sup>7</sup> his Masters steed,  
See s<sup>8</sup> . . . . . [page 91.]  
      his verry heart did bleed;

and weeps  
for him.

- 28     he mourned, sist,<sup>9</sup> & wept full sore ;  
      I sweare by the holy roode,  
the teares he for his Master wept  
      were blend<sup>10</sup> water & bloude.<sup>11</sup>

Old Robin  
asks the boy  
why he  
weeps.

- 32     with that<sup>12</sup> behارد his deare Master  
      as in his garden sate,<sup>13</sup>  
says, "euer alacke my litle page !  
      what causes thee to weepe ?<sup>14</sup>

(All these readings are by Percy.)

- <sup>1</sup> They scarce were in their wedbed laid,  
      And scarce he was asleep,  
But up and to the head steward  
      Shee goes & gan to weep.  
"Sleep you, wake you, dear Sir Gyles,  
      Arise & let me in."  
<sup>2</sup> bethought, or now bethot.  
<sup>3</sup> we'll.  
<sup>4</sup> And 24 good k<sup>u</sup>.  
<sup>5</sup> kin.

- <sup>6</sup> All this behارد.  
<sup>7</sup> water'd.  
<sup>8</sup> And for the love of his d' master,  
      or,  
      And for his master's sad peril.  
<sup>9</sup> sigh'd.  
<sup>10</sup> blent.  
<sup>11</sup> [Cf. "Child of Elle," l. 18.—H.]  
<sup>12</sup> All that.  
<sup>13</sup> Within his garden pale.  
<sup>14</sup> what makes thee thus to wail.

“ hath any one done to thee wronge,  
 36 any of thy fellowes here,  
 or is any of thy good friends dead  
 1 which makes thee shed such teares ? <sup>2</sup>

“ or if it be my head bookes man,  
 40 greiuied againe he shalbe,<sup>3</sup>  
 nor noe man within <sup>4</sup> my howse  
 shall doe wrong vnto thee.”

“ but it is <sup>5</sup> not your head bookes man,  
 44 nor none of his degree,  
 but or to morrow, ere it be Noonc,  
 you are deemed to die ; <sup>6</sup>

The page  
tells him

“ & of that thanke your head Steward,  
 48 & after your gay Ladie.” <sup>7</sup>  
 “ If it be true, my litle foote page,  
 Ille make thee heyre of all my land.” <sup>8</sup>

of his wife's  
adultery.

“ if it be not true, my deare Master,  
 52 god let me neuor dye.” <sup>10</sup>  
 “ if it be not truo, thou litle foot page,  
 a dead corse shalt thou be.” <sup>11</sup>

he called downe his head kookes man,  
 56 cooke in kitchen super to dressc: <sup>12</sup>  
 “ all & anon, my deare Master,  
 anon att your request.”

He orders  
supper to  
be got  
ready.

(All these readings are by Porcy.)

<sup>1</sup> that thou shed'st many a tear.<sup>2</sup> this tear.<sup>3</sup> aggrieved he shall, &c.<sup>4</sup> For no man now. <sup>8</sup> O it is.<sup>6</sup> Now doom'd to die are ye.<sup>7</sup> And thank y<sup>r</sup> Lady fair,  
or,

And thank your gay Lady.

[Cf. “Lord Barnard and Little Musgrave,” *edib. init.*—H.]<sup>9</sup> I will make thee mine heir,

or,

Mine heir I will make thoe.

<sup>10</sup> No good death let me dye.<sup>11</sup> lie.<sup>12</sup> And bade his supper be drest.

Old Robin  
sends for his  
wife to sup  
with him,

“ & call you downe my faire Lady,  
this night to supp with mee.”<sup>1</sup>

60

& downe then came *that fayre Lady*,  
was cladd all in purple & palle,<sup>2</sup>  
the rings *that were vpon her fingers*  
cast light thorrow the hall.

64

and pretends  
to be sick.

“ what is *your will*, my owne wed Lord,  
what is *your will* with mee ? ”<sup>3</sup>

68

“ I am sick, fayre Lady,  
Sore sick, & like to dye.”<sup>4</sup>

She feigns  
sorrow.

“ but & you <sup>5</sup> be sick, my owne wed Lord,  
soc soc it greiuth mee,  
but my <sup>5</sup> maydens & my selfe  
will goe & make your bedd,”<sup>6</sup>

72

“ & at the wakening of *your first sleepe*,  
you shall haue a hott drinke Made,<sup>7</sup>  
& at the wakening of *your first sleepe*  
*your sorrowes will hane a slake.*”<sup>8</sup>

76

He arms  
himself and  
goes to bed.

he put a silke cote on his backe,  
was 13 inches folde,<sup>9</sup>  
& put a steele cap vpon his head,  
was gilded with good red gold ;

80

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> O call now, &c.  
O call her down to me,  
And tell my Lady very sick  
And like to die I be.  
or,  
And tell my Lady gay how sick  
And like to die I bee.  
<sup>2</sup> All clad in purple pall.

<sup>3</sup> Heere at your will am I.  
<sup>4</sup> . . . sore sick my faire Lady  
And like to dye I bee.  
<sup>5</sup> thou.  
<sup>6</sup> Will make thy bed for thee,  
or,  
Will make yo' bed, quoth shee.  
<sup>7</sup> We will a hot drink make.  
<sup>8</sup> we will slake.  
<sup>9</sup> And mail of many a fold.

& he layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
 & another att his flete,  
 & full well knew old Robin then!  
 84                    whether he shold wake or sleepe.

& about the Middle time of the Night  
 came 24 good knyghts in,  
 Sir Gyles he was the formost man,  
 88                    soc well he knew *that* ginne.

About  
midnight  
the  
assassins  
enter his  
chamber.

Old Robin<sup>3</sup> with a<sup>4</sup> bright browne sword<sup>5</sup>  
 Sir Gyles head he did winne,  
 Soc did he all those 24,  
 92                    neuer a one went quicke out [agen<sup>6</sup>;]

Old Robin  
cuts them  
all down.

none but<sup>7</sup> one little foot page<sup>8</sup>  
 crept forth at a window of stone,  
 & he had 2 armes when he came in  
 96                    And [when he went out he had none].<sup>9</sup>     [page 92.]

Vpp then came *that* Ladie bright<sup>10</sup>  
 with torches burning light<sup>11</sup>;  
 shee thought to haue brought Sir Gyles a drinke,  
 100                    but shee found her owne wedd Knight,

His wife  
comes to  
look for her  
paramour.

& the first thinge that this Ladye stumbled vpon,<sup>12</sup>  
 was of<sup>13</sup> Sir Gyles his floote,  
 sayes, “euer alacke, & woe is me,  
 104                    heere lyes my sweete hart roote !”

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> the old K<sup>t</sup> then  
 And 20 good K<sup>t</sup> he placed at hand  
 To watch him in his sleep.

<sup>2</sup> 24 Traitors in.

<sup>3</sup> the old K<sup>t</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> his.  
<sup>5</sup> [Cf. “Robin Hood’s Death.” l. 71.  
 H.]

<sup>6</sup> [agen added by Percy.—F.] Not one  
 went quick agen.

<sup>7</sup> gave.         \* [Percy adds *there*.—F.]

<sup>8</sup> But he went back with one.

<sup>9</sup> faire.         " bright.

<sup>10</sup> The first thing that she stumbled on  
 It was St G. &c.

<sup>11</sup> on or at.

108      & the 2<sup>d</sup> thing *that* this Ladie stumbled on,<sup>1</sup>  
           was of<sup>2</sup> Sir Gyles his head,  
           sayes, "euer alacke, & woe is me,  
           heere lyes my true loue deade!"

Old Robin  
cuts off her  
pappes and  
cars,

112      hee cutt the pappes beside he[r]<sup>3</sup> brest,<sup>4</sup>  
           & bad her wish her will,<sup>5</sup>  
           & he cutt the eares beside her heade,  
           & bade her wish on still.<sup>6</sup>

116      "Mickle is the mans blood I haue spent  
           to doe thee & and me some good,"  
           sayes, "cuer alacke, my fayre Lady,  
           I thinke *that* I was woode!"

then  
assumes the  
cross, and  
goes to the  
Holy Land.

120      he calld then vp his litle footo page,  
           & made him heyre of all his land,<sup>7</sup>  
           & he shope the crosse in his right sholder  
           of the white flesh & the redd  
           & he sent him<sup>8</sup> into the holy land  
           wheras Christ was quicke & dead."

ffins.

(All these readings are by Percy.)  
 ' The next thing that she stumbled on  
   It was S., &c.  
 ^ on or at.  
 ^ her.  
 ^ [Cf. "Lord Barnard and Little Mus-  
   grave," *sub fin.*—H.]  
 \* And did her body spill.

• And said now weep love thy fill.  
 • And made him there his heir,  
   And said happy my native land  
   Henceforth I do forswear.  
   He shope the cross on his right  
   sholder,  
   And he hath shorn his Head.  
 • went him.

## As it befell one Saturday.

THIS song is a specimen of a species once highly popular in England and in France—known in the one country as “Tom-à-Bedlams,” in the other “Coq-à-l’ânes.” It consists of a number of disconnected phrases, of a similar form, and by this similarity exciting an expectation of sense and coherence that do not exist. The humour of the thing—such as it is—lies in the disappointment of this natural expectation and the bewilderment and distraction that ensue. The poem opens sensibly enough, and promises to have a corresponding middle and end. The path seems to lead somewhere; but it suddenly loses itself. Another path is followed, and another, and another, with the same result. At last the reader resembles a man standing at a point where ever so many roads meet—at a sort of Seven Dials—which roads lead nowhere. These songs seem to have been common in the first half of the seventeenth century. Ritson (“Ancient Songs,” 1792) gives one called “The Lancashire Song,” of eleven quite incongruous stanzas, with the common burden :

With hey the toe bent, & hei the toe bent  
 Sir Percy is under the Line;  
 God save the good Earl of Shrewsbury  
 For he is a good friend of mine.

The incoherence is sometimes carried still further—from sentences to words—e. g. in a “Fatrasie” printed by M. Jubinal in his “Nouv. Rec.” ii. 217 (see Mr. Wright’s “Essays on the Archaology and Literature of the Middle Ages”—On the Comic

Literature--and the same gentleman's "History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art").

Li ombres d'un oeuf	The shadow of an egg
Portoit l'an renuef	Carried the new year
Sus le fonz d'un pot	Upon a pot bottom.
Deus viez pingne nuef	Two old new combs
Firent un estuef	Made a ball
Pour courre le test	To run the trot.
Quant vint au paier l'escot	When it came to paying the Scot
Je qui omques ne me muef	I who never move myself
M'escrai si ne dis mot	Cried out without saying a word.
Prenéz le plume d'un buef	Take the feather of an ox
S'en vestez un sage sot.	And clothe with it a wise fool.

In the "Reliquiae Antiquae" may be seen a sermon written in the same mad style.

Such fun cannot be said to be of a very refined sort. It belongs to exuberant animal spirits and somewhat gross intellects. But a taste of it may now and then be welcome to a superior audience. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* There is a time to be orderly; there is a time to be disorderly. A little nonsense may make one's enjoyment of sense all the keener. At all events, such wild outrages on language—such triumphant defiances of reason—such noisy revellings in sheer nonsense and utter buffoonery as "Tom-à-Bedlams" were quite in accordance with other entertainments much prized by our ancestors.

In some cases these compositions were parodies of other more pretentious—not always more rational—works. "Great wits are sure to madness near allied." The writings of some great wits may have resembled—did resemble—the delirious utterances of a Bedlamite. A very slight change—the removing a very thin partition—converted such writings into "Tom-à-Bedlams." With little wits the resemblance was closer still. Men easily avenged themselves on the vapid preachers of the Middle Ages. They ridiculed without mercy their trashy discourses, and by a very few touches converted them into unmixed inanities. And in

the same way they laughed to scorn the romance-writers in the day of their decline, when the old stories had lost all their life, but were still repeated to increasingly listless ears.

“Tom-à-Bedlams” then were written sometimes for mere amusement, sometimes with a satirical purpose.

Percy, by some mistake, affixes his three asterisks to this poem.

---

AS it befell one Saturday att Noone      [page 92.]  
as I went vp Scotland gate,

I herd one to another say,

4      “Iohn a Bagilie hath lost his Mate.”

Att Eaton watter I washe my hands—  
for tickling<sup>1</sup> teares I cold scarce see—

I lifted vp my lillywhite hands,

8      “O Kattye whitworth, god be with thee !

“There is none but you & I, sweet hart,  
noe lookers on we can allowe ;

your lippes, they be soe sugerid sweete,

12      I must doe more then kisse you now ! ”

“ffarwell, my loue, my leaue I take !  
though against my will, it must be soe :—

noe Marueill all this Mone I make,

16      whom I loue best I must for-goe ! ”

“ If that thou wilt Scotland forsake,  
& come into fayre England with mee,

both kith & kinn I will for-sake,

20      bonny sweete wench, to goe with thee.”

<sup>1</sup> trickling.—P.

There was 2 men, they loued a lasse,  
 the one of them he was a Scott,  
 the other was an Englishman,  
 24                   the name of him I haue quite forgott.

As I went vp Kelsall<sup>1</sup> wood,  
 & vp that banke that was soe staire,<sup>2</sup>  
 I looked ouer my left sholder  
 28                   where I was wont to see my deere.

“There is sixteene in thy fathers house,  
 fifteene of them against me bee,  
 Not one of them to take my part,  
 32                   but only thou, pretty Katye.”

The yonge Man walked home againe  
 as time of night therto Moues ;  
 the fayre Maid calld him backe againe,  
 36                   and gaue to him a sweet payre of gloues :

“ thy father hath siluer & gold enoughe,  
 siluer and gold to Maintaine thec,  
 but as ffor that, I doe not care  
 40                   soe that thou wilt my true loue bee.”

When I was younge & in my youth,  
 then cold I haue louers 2 or 3 ;  
 Now I am old & count the howers,  
 44                   & faine wold doe, but it will not bee.

“Vpon your lipps my leane I take,  
 desiring you to be my freind,  
 & grant me loue for loue againe ;  
 48                   for why, my life is att an end.”

<sup>1</sup> Kelso, querry.—P.

<sup>2</sup> steer, i.e. steep, still used in Northamptonshire.—P.

“ My mother, Kate, hath sent for mee,  
& needly her I must obey !  
I way<sup>1</sup> not of thy constancy  
when I am fled & gone away.”

52

“ I weepe, I waile, I wring my hands,  
I sobb, I sigh, I make heauy cheere !  
Noe marueill all this moane I make,  
for why, alas, I haue lost my deere ! ”  
ffins.

56

<sup>1</sup> weigh, i.e. depend not, lay no weight on.—P.

[*The loose song “Walking in a meadow gren[e]” follows here.*]

## Glasgerion.<sup>1</sup>

This ballad—not much “corrected”—is printed in the “Reliques,” and from the “Reliques” in many other collections. A traditional version under the name of “Glenkindie,” a various form of Glasgerion, is given in Jamieson’s “Popular Songs and Ballads,” and in Alex. Laing’s “Thistle of Scotland” (1823).

The hero is probably one and the same with “the gret Glascurion,” whom Chaucer places in the House of Fame side by side with Orpheus, and Arion (Orion, Chaucer calls him), and Chiron—one of the harpers on whom the

small harpers gonne . . upwarde to gape,  
And countrefet him as an ape,  
Or as craft countrefeteth kynde.

Gawain Douglas associates him with Orpheus in his “Palice of Honour”—a work which gives many signs of Chaucer’s great influence in Scotland in the fifteenth century. Kirion the Pale was indeed an effective harper, if the accounts given of him may be credited. Not more so was his compatriot Cadwallo, “that hushed the stormy main,” or Modred, “whose magic song made huge Plenlimmon bow his cloud-capped head.” The Scotch version describes his power more fully :

He’d harpit a fish out o’ saut water,  
Or water out o’ a stane;  
Or milk out o’ a maiden’s breast,  
That bairn had never name;

and represents him on the occasion of his performance in the palace as harping all his hearers to sleep—

Except it was the young countess,  
That love did waukin keep.

---

<sup>1</sup> N.B. It was not necessary to correct this much for the Press.—P.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,  
 And syne he has harpit a gay ;  
 And mony a sich atween hands  
 I wat the lady gae.

In other respects, as in this, the Scotch version is much more diffuse, mostly with disadvantage. There the vigour of the catastrophe is impaired by the lady's suspicious admonition to her lover :

" But look that ye tell na Gib your man,  
 For naething that ye dee ;  
 For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,  
 He'll beguile baith you and me."

Gib the man does not disguise himself so as to seem a gentleman, as does the Jack of the Folio ballad, but goes in his rags, and has to explain them as having, when he hurriedly left his couch and dressed to come to his lady-love, come first to hand. The last dying speech of the lady is much less forcible :

" Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,  
 " That ever sic shame betide ;  
 That I should first be a wild loon's lass,  
 And than a young knight's bride."

In a word, the Scotch version is diluted and vulgar. Exactly the opposite of *vires acquirit eundo* is true of ballads.

It seems possible, however, that the Scotch version is more perfect in one point—in the test question put to the page before the assignation is disclosed to him :

" O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,  
 Gin I a man had slain ? "

Some such question perhaps would give more force to vv. 85–88 of our copy.

The picturesqueness and force of this ballad are admirable. The tale of love most grossly outraged—of clandestine love most rudely broken in upon—of a shame too great to be survived, is told with extreme vividness and intensity. "The

king's daughter of Normandy" stands out as a sort of feudal Lucretia. She too, in a wild time, prefers death to contamination. Perhaps there is no ballad that represents more keenly the great gulf fixed between churl and noble—a profounder horror at the crossing over of it. In a milder shape the same feeling—the same "respect of persons"—appears in the "Lord of Learn," when the false lord-personating steward is received by the Duke of France:

Then to supper that they were sett,  
Lords & ladyes in their degree;  
*The steward was sett next the duke of france,*  
An vnseemlie sight it was to see.

Glaegerion,  
of royal  
birth, a  
skilful  
harper,

**G**LASGERION was a kings owne sonne, [page 94.]  
and a harper<sup>1</sup> he was good,  
he harped in the kings Chamber  
where cappe & candle yode,<sup>2</sup>

praised by  
the King's  
daughter.

4 where cappe & candle yode,<sup>2</sup>

& soe did hee in the Queens chamber  
till ladies waxed wood :

And then bespake the Kings daughter,  
& these words thus sayd shee,<sup>4</sup>

saide, " strike on, strike on, Glasgerrion,  
of thy striking doe not blinne,  
theres neuer a stroke comes ouer this <sup>5</sup> harpe  
but it glads my hart within."

12 but it glads my hart within."

confesses to her that he loves her.

" faire might you fall,<sup>6</sup> Lady ! " quoth hee,  
" who taught you now to speake ?

I haue loued you, Lady, 7 yeere;

16 my hart I durst neere breake."

<sup>1</sup> harper.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> cup and candle stood.—P. "As merry as cup and can" is a proverb. Bohn's Handbook, p. 190.—F.

\* all were well apay'd.—P.

\* she sayd.—P.

<sup>8</sup> thy.—P.

• he fall.—P.

“ but come<sup>1</sup> to my bower, my Glasgerryon,  
     when all men are att rest ;  
     as I am a ladie true of my promise,  
 20      thou shalt bee a welcome guest.”

She appoints  
him a  
meeting.

but whom<sup>2</sup> then came Glasgerryon,  
     a glad man, Lord, was hee,  
     “and come thou hither, Lacke, my boy,  
 24      Come hither vnto mee,

He tells his  
page of the  
appointment,

“ for the Kings daughter of Normandye,  
     her loue is granted mee,<sup>3</sup>  
     & att her chamber must I bee  
 28      beffore the cocke haue crowen.<sup>4</sup> ”

“ but come you hither Master,” quoth hee,<sup>5</sup>  
     “ Lay your head downe on this stone,  
     for I will waken you, Master deere,  
 32      afore it be time to gone.<sup>6</sup> ”

who  
promises to  
wake him  
in time to  
keep it,

but vpp then rose *that Lither*<sup>7</sup> ladd,  
     and did on hose & shoone,<sup>8</sup>  
     A coller he cast vpon his necke,  
 36      hee seemed a gentleman.<sup>9</sup>

then  
disguises  
himself as a  
gentleman,

& when he came to *that Ladies* chamber,  
     he thrild vpon a pinn.<sup>10</sup>  
     the Lady was true of her promise,  
 40      rose vp & lett him in.

and keeps it  
himself,

<sup>1</sup> O come.—P.

A.-S. *līþer* est malus, sordidus, servilis.  
Junius.—P.

<sup>2</sup> & home.—P.

<sup>8</sup> \* and hose & shoone did on.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Her love hath granted me now,  
     or,

<sup>9</sup> \* mon.—P. The investiture by a

Hath granted me my boon.—P.  
     <sup>4</sup> doth crow.—P. Mr. Skeat would  
     read :

<sup>10</sup> collar and a pair of spurs was the crea-  
tion of an esquire in the middle ages.  
Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 422.

and I, beffore the cocke haue crowen,  
     must att her chamber bee.—F.

<sup>5</sup> —F.

<sup>5</sup> O mast'. M': then, q<sup>th</sup> hee.—P.

<sup>6</sup> \* goen.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ' Lither, iners, ignavus, desidiosus;

<sup>7</sup> One stroke of the *n* left out, as fre-  
quently, in the MS. ? *thril* = Scotch  
*shirl*, to thrill, cause to vibrate (Jaime-  
son), and so to knock on a metal pin or  
boss.—F.

he did not take the lady gay  
 to boulster nor noe<sup>1</sup> bedd,  
 but downe vpon her chamber flore  
 full soone he hath her layd.

not without  
exciting  
suspicion.

44

he did not kisse *that Lady gay*  
 when he came nor when he yond<sup>2</sup> ;  
 & sore mistrusted *that Lady gay*<sup>3</sup>  
 he was of some churles blood.

He goes  
home and  
wakes his  
master;

48

but home then came *that Lither ladd*,  
 & did of his hose & shoone,  
 & cast *that Coller* from about his ncke,—  
 he was but a churles sonne :—  
 “awaken,” quoth hee, “my Master deere,”  
 “I hold it time to be gone,”

52

“for I haue saddled your horsse, Master,  
 well bridled I haue your steed ;  
 haue not I serued a good breakfast,  
 when times comes I haue need.”

who rises,

56

but vp then rose good Glasgerryon,  
 & did on both hose and shoone,  
 & cast a Coller about his necke,  
 he was a Kinges sonne.

and goes to  
the lady's  
tower.

60

& when he came to *that Ladies* chamber  
 he thrild vpon a pinn ;  
 the *Lady* was more then true of promise,  
 rose vp & let him in<sup>7</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> to.—P.

<sup>2</sup> yode, went.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Nor when he came nor yode,  
 And sore *that Lady* did mistrust.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Awake, quoth he, my dear master,

The cock hath well nye crowne.—P.

<sup>5</sup> goen.—P.

<sup>6</sup> You will, Master, oft in the time of  
 need.—P.

<sup>7</sup> MS. im.—F.

saies, " whether haue you <sup>1</sup> left with me  
 68      your braclett or your gloue,  
 Or you are returned backe againe  
     to know more of my loue ? "

She wonders  
at his  
return.

[page 95.]

Glasgerryon swore a full great othe  
 72      by Oake & ashe & thorne,<sup>2</sup>  
 "Lady ! I was neuer in your chamber  
     sith the time that I was borne."

He swears  
he has not  
been there  
before.

" O then it was your litle foote page  
 76      falsly hath <sup>3</sup> beguiled me :"  
 & then shee pulld forth a litle pen-kniffe  
     that hanged by her knee,  
 says, " there shall neuer noe churles blood  
 80      spring w ithin my body.<sup>4</sup>"

She sees  
that the  
page has  
deceived her,  
and stabs  
herself.

but home then went Glasgerryon,  
 a woe man good <sup>5</sup> was hee,<sup>6</sup>  
 says, " come hither, thou lacke my boy !  
 84      como thou hither to me ! <sup>7</sup>

Glasgerion  
goes home,

" ffor if I had killed a man to-night,  
 lacke, I wold tell it thee :

charges his  
page with  
killing three  
persons,

<sup>1</sup> MS. you you.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In old heathen times they [the courts of justice] were held in consecrated groves, and in Scandinavia under the shade of the ash, in imitation of the *Aes* gods, who always sat in judgment under the ash Yggdrasill. . . . They [these holy shades] continued to be the usual seats of tribunals so long that in Germany going under the oaks or the linden trees, the favourite situation, became a phrase for going to law. "History of the Germanic Empire," in the *Cabinet Cyclop.* vol. iii. pp. 299, 300.—H.

Compare "Young Redin": when

Redin is missing, and his paramour is suspected of having disposed of him:

They've called on Lady Catherine,  
 But she aware by oak and thorn  
 That she saw him not, young Redin,  
 Since yesterday at morn.—H.

<sup>3</sup> He hath.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Within my body spring  
 Noe churles blood shall c'er defile  
 The dauter of a King.—P.

<sup>5</sup> [add] Lord.—P.

<sup>6</sup> A woe man, Lord ! was hee,  
 He sayes.—P. *thou* is marked out  
 by Percy.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> ' come hither unto me.—P.

88      but if I haue not killed a man to-night,  
Iacke, thou hast Killed 3!"

and slays  
him,

92      & he puld out his bright browne sword,  
& dried it on his sleeve,  
& he smote off that lither ladds head,<sup>1</sup>  
& asked noe man noe leaue.

and then  
slays  
himself.

96      he sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
the pumill till a stone:  
thorrow that falsenese of that lither ladd  
these 3 liues werne<sup>2</sup> all gone!<sup>3</sup>  
ffins.

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag to the *d* as if for *s*.—  
F.

<sup>2</sup> werne, *i.e.* were.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> all were gone.—P.

[The loose song "O Jolly Robin," marked "wretched stuff" by Percy,  
follows here, on page 95 of the MS.]

## Came you not from<sup>1</sup>

THIS song, says Mr. Chappell in his “Popular Music of the Olden Time,” p. 339, is of Queen Elizabeth’s time, for “it is quoted in a little black-letter volume called ‘The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon: containing the wonderfull things that he did in his life; also the manner of his death; with the lives and deaths of the two conjurers, Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightfull to be read,’ &c. no date. ‘Printed at London, by A. E., for Francis Grove, and are to be sold at his shop at the upper-end of Snow Hill, against the Sarazen’s Head :’

“‘The second time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and Miles alone to watch the brazen head; Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this song to a Northern tune of *Cum'st thou not from Newcastle?*’” The pamphlet was dramatised by Robert Greene, who died in 1592. (Chappell, ii. 779.)

CAME you not from Newcastle ?

Saw you my  
love near  
Newcastle ?

Came<sup>2</sup> yee not there away ?

met yee not my true loue

Why should  
not she and  
I love each  
other ?

4 ryding on a bony bay ?

why shold not I loue my loue ?

why shold not my loue loue me ?

why shold not I loue my loue,

8 gallant hound sedelee ?

<sup>1</sup> imperfect.—P.

<sup>2</sup> came.—P. The *m* is *n* in the MS.—F.

Near  
Newcastle  
and Durham  
I have land.

And I hane Land att Newcastle  
will buy both hose & shoone,  
and I hane Land att durham  
will feitch my hart to boone ;  
and why shold not I loue my loue ?  
why shold not my loue loue me ?  
why shold not I loue my loue,  
gallant hound sedelee ?

12  
Why should  
not we loue ?

ffins.

## ¶ haue a loue thats faire.

THIS ballad differs from, and is less complete than, that in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. 1, p. 322, which is printed in the note below,<sup>1</sup> for comparison's sake. Mr. Chappell says that "the tune is printed in J. Starter's 'Friesche Lust-Hof,' Amsterdam, 4to, 1634, p. 81, with a Dutch song written to it,

' PRETTY NANNIE,  
or

A dainty delicate new Ditty, fit for the Country, Town, or City, which shewes how constant she did prove unto her heart's delight & onely Love.

To a dainty delicate new tune named Northerne Nannie.

I have a Love so faire,  
so constant, firme, & kind,  
She is without compare,  
whose fancies me doth blind.  
She is the flower of Maids  
that ever was or can be,  
Faire nymphs lend me your ayds  
to sing of my sweet Nannie;  
Her golden hair, her face so fair,  
her glancing eye hath wounded me,  
Her cheeke like snow where Roses grow,  
Pretty Nanny,  
My mistris of true constancy,  
I am thine owne & shall be.

If Venus would defend  
and grant to grace my bed,  
I would not wrong my friend  
by no enticements led:  
No not the fairest dame  
shall win her fauour from me,  
For in the mind I am  
Ile honour none but Nannie,  
For she may comand my heart, my hand,

my body too for to ride or goe,  
If she but say by night or day,  
Pretty Nannie,  
My mistris, &c.

My love I will not change  
for Croesus gold & treasure,  
Nor will I seem to range  
from thee my joy & pleasure:  
Though some do count our sex  
to wauer in affection,  
Yet doe not thou suspect  
for I do hate that action:  
My love is set, none shall me let,  
nor me perswade, be not afraid  
From thee to turne, Ile rather burne  
with fire,  
Thou plaine shalt see that I love thee,  
and will yeeld to thy desire.

She is so rare & wise,  
& prudent in her cariage,  
That gallants did devise  
to win her unto mariage;  
But she denies all those  
that doe ask such a question,  
And to me she doth disclose  
her constant true affection.  
She will not lie, nor falsifie,  
but true doth prove like the turtle dove,  
As I doe find to me shee's kind.  
Pretty Nannie,  
My mistris, &c.

under its English name." Mr. C. sends us the following four lines of the Dutch song :—

Vrouvoedster van mijn joughd,  
Meerstersse van mijn sinnen,  
Mijn hoop, mijn troost, mijn vreught,  
Mijn suyvere Goddinne, &c.

Nancy, my  
love, is of  
peerless  
beauty.

I HAUE a loue that faire,  
soe constant, firme, & kinde !

[page 96.]

shee is without compare,

- 4      whose favor doth me blind !  
shee is the flower of Maids<sup>that</sup> hath beene, is, or can bee !  
when beautyes garlands made, it shalbe borne by Nancye.<sup>1</sup>  
Her golden haire with a face soe fayre,  
8      her cheekes like snow where roses grow ;  
Pretty Nancy<sup>2</sup> lipps with a breath soe sweete,  
a pretty<sup>3</sup> chin with a dimple in,  
hath woone my hart euen for her part ;  
12     Pretty Nancy, my Mistress of true constancy !

Let her but  
be mine ;  
most true to  
her will I  
be.

- If venus will consent my vow<sup>4</sup> to grace my bed.  
I will not wronge my freinde by noc entisment led,  
Nor the fairest dame<sup>5</sup> on earth shall gaine me favor from,  
16     If thou wilt but consent<sup>6</sup> to be my true loue, Nanny !  
for shee may command both hart & hand,  
& my body too to ryde or goe  
both night & day, if shee will but say<sup>7</sup>  
20     "Good servant, do this ffor mee."  
If I deny, then let me try  
what it is to wronge soe fayre a one ;  
denyall dew Ile neuer vew !  
24     Pretty Nancy, I haue beene thine & wilbee !

<sup>1</sup> MS. manye. Nancye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> dame that is.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Nancy's.—P.

<sup>6</sup> consent to this, or but grant me this.

<sup>3</sup> Her pretty.—P.

—P.

<sup>4</sup> but send my love.—P.

<sup>7</sup> MS. stay. Say.—P.

- To seall this bargaine vp, receiue my hart in pawne ;  
 I am that onlye man, constant loue hath made me one ;  
 then doe not thou disdaine my true loue for to bee ! !
- Grant love  
for love,  
pretty  
Nancy.
- 28 grant loue for loue againe, my pretty sweet-hart Nany !  
 Since the heauens aboue <sup>2</sup> record of loue,  
 let vs agree most willinglie  
 that the world may know it was only thou,
- 32 Pretty Nany, My Mistress of true constancy !  
 and with a kisse Ile seale thee this.  
 to thee adew ! pretty,<sup>3</sup> be trew  
 from him<sup>4</sup> whose hart shall neuer part !
- 36 Pretty Nancy, I haue beene thine & wilbee !  
 ffins.

<sup>1</sup> fancy.—P.<sup>2</sup> heaven above . . . our love.—P.<sup>3</sup> pretty one, or perhaps *prythee*.—P.<sup>4</sup> To him.—P.

[*The loose song "When Phebus addrest" follows here, MS. page 96 ; then "The Fryar and Boy," MS. p. 97 ; then what Percy terms "A loose but humorous song," "As I was ridinge by the way," MS. p. 104 ; and then "The Man that hath," MS. p. 104 ; all four printed in the Loose Songs.]*

## Earles off Chester.<sup>1</sup>

[IN 3 PARTS.—P.]

THIS poem has been printed before from a MS. copy in Cole's Collection in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 5830, f. 100) by Mr. Halliwell in his "Palatine Anthology." The present copy is very much fuller than the Museum one. Vv. 49–56, 77–84, 109–116, 214–230, 300–364, do not occur in the Cole MS. It is perhaps of later date, as in v. 128 it speaks of one Peter Venables as then enjoying the estate of the family, whereas the Museum copy there reads Thomas. Both copies are posterior to 1586, as Camden's "Britannia," which appeared in that year, is referred to in them. A Thomas Venables possessed the Kinder-ton property from 1580 to 1602. He was succeeded by a Peter, who died in 1669. Cole ascribes the authorship of the poem to Richard Bostock. The "historical poem of considerable merit on the subject of the Saxon and Norman Earls of Chester" by Lawrence Bostock, mentioned by Ormerod (iii. 135), of which he had a transcript made by Alexander Moit of Arley in the eighteenth century (p. xvi.), may be a distinct poem from this; or perhaps this is the Norman part of it, and Cole's Richard should be Lawrence.

The poem is of no great poetic merit. It is but "a laboured composition," as Mr. Halliwell justly pronounces it, the work of an annalist or genealogist rather than of a poet. But, nevertheless, it is interesting for its strong local feeling, and local portraiture both of men and of events.

<sup>1</sup> This is a very curious & valuable Poem: but is posterior to the Time of *Cumpden* who is quoted in it.—P.

The account given of the Earls is in the main correct. The writer has evidently taken great pains with it. We shall not here criticise it minutely. The reader will find many corroborations and illustrations and corrections of it in the "History of Cheshire" by Ormerod (1819), who has incorporated with his work the results of Leycester's and of King's investigations with regard to the Earls, and in Dugdale's "Baronage," and in his "Monasticon Anglicanum." The most eminent of the Earls were Randle II. and Randle III.:

This Randle, [says our poem of the former,] both in peace and war,  
Past all the English nobles far.

On the subject of Randle III. it is still more laudatory. It calls him

The Paragon of all that ile:  
Bold, beautiful,<sup>1</sup> religious, wise,  
And soundly learned, liberal,  
In all things dealing with advice  
Of naughty mind, yet wise withal.

And without doubt these Earls were among the greatest nobles of their time. For this reason they deserve our attention. But there is another fact that calls it to them, especially in a work like the present, viz. that one of them was a most popular ballad-hero of Old England. Quoth Sloth, in the "Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman":

I kan noght parfitly my pater-noster  
As the priest it syngeth,  
But I kan ry mee of Robyn Hood  
And *Randolph Erl of Chestre*.

But while the rhymes that celebrate Robin Hood have retained and extended their popularity so that they are still to be heard or read, the songs in honour of the great sharer of his fame in the fourteenth century have perished altogether. There remains not one stone upon another of the temple reared in this Earl's

<sup>1</sup> The Colo MS. reads "bountiful"—no doubt rightly.

honour. But for the mention of him in the great allegory he is in respect of poetical celebration amongst those who

illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte,—

not, it seems, because he had no "sacred bard" to hymn his praises, but because the very hymns have perished. Not a fragment of them, so far as we know, survives. But who was this Randolph? We have very little doubt that he was, as Ritson believed, our Randle III. Still we propose giving a short account both of the Second and the Third.

Randle II., as our poem rightly informs us, lived in King Stephen's time; and amongst the chief leaders of those tempestuous days he was greatly conspicuous. Ordericus Vitalis, Brompton, Simon of Durham, Gervase, Knyghton, Roger of Wendover, the author of "Gesta Stephani," Hemingford, William of Malmesbury, all describe the eminent part he played in the turbulent history of the middle of the twelfth century. He was Earl of Chester from 1128 to 1153. Very shortly after the accession of King Stephen he seems to have conceived bitter animosity against him "propter Karlel et Cumberland quam jure patrimonii sibi reposcebat" (Sim. Dur.), but which the King was granting to Scotland. He married the daughter of the Earl of Gloucester.<sup>1</sup> This alliance, with his wrongs, led him vigorously to espouse the cause of the Empress, the late King's daughter, Gloucester's half sister, when she determined to assert her right to the throne:

Syre Rauf Erl of Chestre hadde ysposued ywis  
The Robertas douter of Gloucestre, of wan we toldo are this,  
So that he huld with the Emperesse (vor el yt were amys)  
And laddle ost grot ynuu age the Kyng and hys.—(Rob. Glos.)

He suddenly, by a happy device (detailed by Ord. Vit.), secured the castle and fortifications of Lincoln. As to this fraudulent

<sup>1</sup> Brom. wrongly calls Comes Gloverne, *gener suus*.

seizure, as the chroniclers very generally characterise it, our poem is judiciously silent. Stephen at once advanced and besieged him in his ill-won city. He succeeded himself in escaping and reaching his father-in-law, whom he found most ready to support him. The two Earls at once marched to besiege the besieger—

The Earl came down the town to aid  
With all his power the siege to raise."

The King, in spite of the advice of his counsellors, in spite of forbidding omens that disturbed the celebration of the Mass, resolved on fighting. Then ensued the battle of Lincoln, described by old monkish chroniclers with a zest and vigour which show that the flesh was not altogether dead in them. On the very day of the Purification the armies stood front to front. "Gratias persolvo vobis," said Randle to his side, "jugiter exorans ut qui vobis causa sum periculi, primus omnium periculum subeam." (Brom. Gerv. gives the same substance at greater length.) Then Gloucester spoke. Baldwin, speaking for the King, who "festivâ caruit voce," encouraged the others. Then—

The battle joined courageously.  
There many a knight was beaten down  
Ere either got the victory.

There was furious fighting that winter's day beneath the walls of Lincoln. But presently of the royal army only the King's own line held its ground. The King himself fought manfully. He wielded a battle-axe with terrible effect. But at last "it was smashed (*conftracta est*) in his hands. Then one William of Kahames rushed on him, and, clutching him by the helmet, cried with a loud voice, 'Here, fellows, here! I have got hold of the King!' Immediately every body flew to him, and the King was taken, all the men of his own division being either slain or taken." (Brom. &c.) This victory was the great exploit of Randle II.'s life. Perhaps the King, or his barons, never forgave him for it. Probably his subsequent conduct showed that

he did not deserve forgiveness. In a parliament assembled at Northampton, according to Knyghton, he was treacherously seized, and only liberated on condition of his surrendering Lincoln Castle. His power seems to have been enormous. He had got, says the author of "Gesta Stephani," almost a third part of the kingdom by the sword. The friendship that was arranged between him and the King soon came to nothing. He made an attempt to recover Lincoln. He was foiled. Then, suspected, and more than suspected of an intention "quiddam priscarum insidiarum renovare," or as another chronicle runs, "ad callidam consuetæ proditionis tecnam se totum convertens," he is again closely imprisoned. During this second captivity (which, as also the first, our panegyrist of him omits to mention) Pulton Abbey (v. 230) was founded, that there prayers might be made for his health and safety. The "Gesta Stephani" gives a fearful account of his conduct after his release. "In omnem æstatem," it says, "in omnem sexum Herodianam tyrannidem, Neronianam truculentiam exercebat."

Such was his relation to King Stephen. He was a sharp thorn in that monarch's side, much vituperated by the chroniclers, who for the most part laud and magnify the King, and represent the Earl as a busy sower of those—to use the expressive language of one of them—"plurima dissensionis semina quæ ubique locorum per Angliam pullularunt." Our poem (vv. 204–211) mentions a triumph achieved by him over the Welsh. No doubt he had many a fierce skirmish with those unquiet neighbours. Knyghton mentions an invasion made by them during Randle's first captivity. "In the meantime," he writes, "the Welsh laid waste the Cestrian province; but they were intercepted at the town of Malba (Nantwich)." At a later period the Earl (perhaps with a treacherous intent, as the King's barons suspected) implores the King to come in person and suppress the enemy. He speaks of "terras suas lacrymabili depraedatione

spoliatas." He himself received a severe defeat at Consylht when invading North Wales in concert with Madoc ap Meridith, Prince of Powys.

One other act of his is referred to by our poem—the founding or helping to found the Abbey of Combermere. The immediate founder was Hugh Malbank, in 1133 (five years after Randle's accession to the earldom, see v. 212 of our poem). But Randle was recognised as "the principal founder and protector." The striking ceremony (vv. 220-2) performed in connection with its endowment, is, so far as we know, mentioned here only.

This famous Earl died in the year 1153,—not by a natural death, as our poem (v. 232) would seem to say, but by poison. In the same year, says Roger de Wendover, writing of 1155, Henry disinherited William Peveril "causa beneficij quod Ranulfo comiti Cestriæ fuerat propinatum. In hujus pestis consortio plures concii exstitisse dicuntur." Thus was the Earl cut off just on the eve of the accession of that great Plantagenet whose battles he had fought so vigorously.

Randle II. then was a man of wide fame, good or evil, in King Stephen's reign, and was perhaps at one time the most powerful man in England. With accounts of him that are evidently so violently prejudiced it is difficult to fairly estimate him. We cannot certainly chime in with the enthusiasm of our poet :

. . . Though thy body turn to dust  
Religious, valiant, just, and wise,  
Great Earl, thy honour never dies!

(the Cole MS. reads "Great Cheshire honour never dies"); nor yet with the furious bitterness of Baldwin, in his speech before the battle of Lincoln: "Deinde stat comes Cestriæ Ranulphus, vir quidem audaciæ irrationabilis, promptus ad conspirandum, inconstans ad perficiendum, animo impetuosus, periculo improvidus, altiora machinans, impossibilia temptans; quod incipit avide, effeminate deserit, ubique infortunatus, aut vinci aut

effugari assuetus;" or in the loose paraphrase of Robert of Gloucester:

Al so of the Erl of Chestre ye ne dorre abbe non care  
Fol hardy he ys ynou, ac al wythoute rede  
Hastyf wythoute porueance other wysdom in dede—  
Work he wole, as hym thyncth ac myd lute manhede.  
Hys brayn & wyt ys so feble that ther nys of hym non drede.  
Vor wat he ath manlyche bygonne, he yt ath byleuede  
Wommanlyche, as vor defaute of wyt of hys heude.

We must now turn to the greater hero of our poem—to Randle III., the Second's grandson, whom, as we have said, we believe to be the Randolph of the "Piers Ploughman," rhymes about whom Sloth knew better than his prayers. He too covered himself with glory at a battle of Lincoln. He won still higher renown on the banks of the Nile. He reached the acmé of his greatness in the beginning of the reign of Henry III. At that time there was no more famous name in England.

He was born at Album Monasterium (now Oswestry) in Powis, and hence was surnamed Blandeville or Blонdeville. He became Earl in 1181. He married, with Henry II.'s full approval, the widow of Geoffrey, the famous Constance, Shakespeare's Constance; whose possessions (her father Conan, it will be remembered, was Duke of Little Britain and Earl of Richmond), added to his own, made him, territorially, one of the greatest subjects of the English crown. Our poem recounts his estates with much satisfaction, and adds Huntingdon to them on no sufficient authority. In King John's reign the Earl divorced Constance. "He forsook his lawful wife," to quote Dugdale's "Baronage," "by reason that the king haunted her company." Knyghton says he was perhaps induced to forsake her, by the King's example. He married another Constance, the daughter of Radulph de Feugere; but he died childless, a judgment on him for his desertion of his first Constance, as it was thought.

In 1214 he translated the monks of Pulton, which was much infested by Welsh marauders, to Dieulacres in Staffordshire (see v. 478 of the ballad). He had been instructed in a vision by his grandfather to found an abbey at the latter place.<sup>1</sup> “Go to Cholpesdale, which is in the territory of Leeke,” said the apparition with great geographical precision, “and in that place wherein of old was built a chapel in honour of the Blessed Mary, Virgin, thou shalt found an abbey of the White Order of Monks, and thou shalt furnish it with buildings, and enlarge it with estates, and it shall be a joy for thee and many others who shall be saved through that place. For on that same site must be erected a ladder, whereby the prayers of angels ascend and descend; and the vows of men shall be offered to God; and let them give thanks; and over that place shall the name of the Lord be invoked with constant prayers &c.” He stood faithfully by his prince through all the troubles that gathered around him, though he seems to have plainly rebuked him for his evil practices. Henry III. speaks of him in a letter to the Pope as one who was said to have laboured loyally in John’s reign for the maintenance of the royal rights. He was about to set forth for Holy Land when the last great storm burst on the head of his master. In the midst of its fury, John died, and the voyage was postponed. There was need of Randle at home.

But before we leave King John’s reign we must mention a celebrated adventure that befell the Earl in his own country, and secondly we must point out the error committed by our poem in connecting him with the Third King Richard’s crusade.

Of the adventure the reader will find an account in Dugdale’s “Baronage,” and quoted from it, in Bishop Percy’s essay, in the “Reliques,” on the Ancient Minstrels. Randle, having

<sup>1</sup> See Dugdale’s *Mon. Anglic.* v. 627, 1825, where this story and others are quoted “Ex Hist. Angl. MS. contexta ab Henr. Archdiac. ad Alex. Linc. Episc.

an. 1145.” Some continuation of Henry’s work is meant, we suppose, for that ends with the accession of Henry II.—H.

marched into Wales with but a slender retinue, was compelled to flee for refuge into his castle of Rothelan (*i.e.* Rhuddlan). The Welsh beset him. He sent to the Constable of Chester for help, “ who, making use of the Minstrels of all sorts, then met at Chester Fair, by the allurement of their musick got together a vast number of such loose people as by reason of the before specified privilege [that Chester should have the right of sanctuary during its fair] were then in the city; whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his Steward), a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired.” Randle for this good service conferred on the Constable the patronage of the Minstrels and others who joined them in the expedition. There cannot be a doubt but that he would by feast, or largess, reward the immediate instruments of his deliverance. Without enquiring too nicely into the province of the Minstrels, we may be sure that whatever there was in the shape of ballad-mongers in the England of that time would be represented at Chester Fair, and therefore in the motley host which scared away the Welsh beleaguerers of Earl Randle; and if so, many a “ ryme ” would be composed that Fair time in praise or on the subject of “ Randolph Erle of Chestre.” The adventure would naturally be a favourite subject then, and thenceforward, with the haunters of Chester Fair. The songs that commemorated it may have formed the basis of that perished cycle alluded to in the “ Piers Ploughman.” They would of course soon be carried beyond the confines of their birth-place. They would multiply with the increasing renown, domestic and transmarine, of the great Earl. Other tales concerning him—one has been mentioned already, others will be mentioned presently—have come down to us which would evidently serve as excellent themes for ballads. Indeed, the versions

of these given us by the chroniclers may be founded on such ballads: just as some of the chronicles describing the Saxon times are perceptibly based on old poems.

Our poem's error in conducting Earl Randle to the third crusade along with Richard Cœur de Leon arises, we are inclined to think, from a confusion of him with Randle Glanville, who did indeed take part in that crusade, dying under the walls of Acre. Bale, in his "De Scrip. Brit." and Pits, following Bale, are guilty of the same confusion. (See Ormerod I. 35). Bale imputes a work "De legibus Angliæ" to Earl Randle, who, however great his merits, certainly does not appear to have been of a book-making turn. The ascription to him of "sound learning" (v. 253) by the author of our poem shows, we think, that our author's mistake is simply an echo of that made by Bale. He follows Bale, and errs accordingly. The account given of the crusade (vv. 276-347) is only moderately correct. After many delays the Christian princes—Philip Augustus and the English Richard—met at Messene in Sept. 1190. But the Emperor did not join them there, nor anywhere else; for though he was "cruce signatus," he managed to elude his vow. Philip sailed directly for Acre. Richard spent some time in revenging the ill treatment by the Cypriots of two of his ships that had been driven on their shore by a violent storm. He completely reduced and committed to perpetual imprisonment Isaac, a prince of the Comnenian family, who, appointed viceroy, had taken to himself the title of Emperor of Cyprus (he is called in our poem "the Turkish King"). Then he celebrated his marriage with Berengaria. At last he sailed to Acre, where he found Philip impatient and chafing. The town was not stormed, but surrendered. The Saracens went all to wrack, with a vengeance, as everybody will agree who remembers the hideous massacre that took place of the hostages. Five hundred Christian prisoners were set free. Then Philip, amidst many execrations, went home. Richard

fought on, marching and countermarching, once almost sighting Jerusalem, for another year; then concluded a treaty for three years and eight months with Saladin; and then he too set off towards home, not soon to reach it.

But to return from the result of the confusion of Blonville and Glanville. The reader will notice many inaccuracies in the narrative of the events that preceded the death of King John. After that event Earl Randle is represented as the great champion of the young prince. It is he, and Pembroke at his instance, who uphold his cause, crown him, overthrow the French at Lincoln, and rid the country of them. “Ranulphus comes Cestræ,” says Knyghton, “mox capit Lyncolnian contra Lodowycum, occisis in eo plurimis Francigenis: unde Lodowucus videns partem suam debilitari, accepta pecuniâ pro resignatione munitionum quas tenuit, absolutione a legato papæ accepta, Franciam rediit.” His eminent services at this crisis are rated by Walter de Wittlesey of Peterborough (see Dugdale’s “Baronage”) as highly as by our poet. And now at last, King John’s son firmly seated on the throne, he was at liberty to fulfil his crusader’s vow, 1218. In company with the earls of Arundel and Salisbury he set out for the East. The Christians, a few years before much distressed in Palestine, the kingdom founded there reduced within very narrow limits, weary of acting on the defensive, had determined on offensive operations. They had invaded Egypt, and formed the siege of Damietta. That city (a little to the north of the present one of the name), standing on the right bank of the Nile, was protected on its three land-sides by a strong triple wall, on the river side by a tower built in the middle of the river and connected with the wall by chains. The crusaders were encamped opposite it on the other side of the Nile. They first addressed themselves to the capture of the tower. By means of a wooden castle built on two floating hulls they got close up to it; and after a terrible struggle, and

imminent perils from the enemy's Greek fire, which, however, as an old chronicler tells us, "the tears of the Faithful put out" (*extinxerunt fidelium lachrymæ*), they stormed. Shortly after this brilliant exploit the Earl of Chester arrived. The river still rolled between the besiegers and the besieged; its rising greatly discomfited the former; the courage of the latter was unabated. After some enforced delay, a dissension amongst the Infidels permitted the Faithful to cross the river and occupy the camp of the succours sent to the city by the Sultan of Egypt. The siege was now renewed with the utmost vigour. Amongst the leaders most eminent in it was Randle of Chester. He is mentioned amongst those who, when the garrison made a furious sortie and drove back the assaulters, "impetum sustinuerunt paganorum, et pro muro fuerunt fugientibus quoties illis suas facies ostenderunt"—"withstood the onset of the heathen, and were as good as a wall to the fliers as often as they showed the enemy their faces." (Wend.) "Ranulfus comes," says Henry of Huntingdon, speaking of this famous siege, "dux Christianæ cohortis præstitit gloria." The departure of the Duke of Austria would augment his importance. The enemy trembled. Negotiations were opened, but broken off by the insolence of Pelagius, the Papal Legate. At last, in November, 1219, after a siege of some eighteen months, "Damietta fut prise par la grâce de Dieu." The Sultan once more offered the same terms as he had offered before—the piece of the true cross, the city of Jerusalem, and all the prisoners in Syria and Egypt in exchange for the precious capture (see vv. 464–7 of our ballad); but, unhappily, (our ballad errs on this point) the influence of the legate was strong enough to procure their rejection. But the Earl of Chester did not stay to witness the disastrous consequences of the legate's policy—the more than undoing all that the Earl and his fellows had done. After the fall of Damietta, "that noble man Ranulph, Earl of Chester, after having warred

in God's service for well nigh two years, with the legate's leave and benediction, and the goodwill of the whole army, returned home" (Knyghton). One of the stories preserved about him relates to his voyage home. "In returning from Holy Land, when one night the ship wherein he was was imperilled by a sudden sea-storm, he said to the sailors, 'How long is it to midnight?' who answered, 'A space of about two hours.' He said to all of them, 'Labour meanwhile up till midnight, and I hope in God that ye shall have aid, and the storm shall cease.' And when midnight was a drawing near, the master of the ship said to the Earl, 'My lord, commend yourself to God, for the storm waxes, and our labour fails, and we are in peril of life.' Then Ranulph straightway went forth from his cabin (*de conclavi suo*), and began to help lustily amongst the cables and yard-arms and other ship's-gear; and not long after all [the tumult] of the deep lulled, and all the storm ceased. And on the following day, when they were now ploughing the waters and their safety was growing manifest, the master of the ship says to the Earl, 'My lord Earl, would ye tell us, an it please you, wherefore you would [not] help us till midnight, and then helped us more with your single hands than all the men who were on board?' To whom said he: 'Because at midnight, and afterwards my monks and other religious men whom my forefathers and I have founded in divers places, rose to sing divine service, and then I trusted in their prayers, and I hope that God, by reason of their prayers and support (*suffragia*), gave me a courage I had not before, and made the storm cease as I foretold.' "

He survived the fifth crusade some twelve years, being to the end "a great prince in Israel" employed in the highest services (for instance, as one of the continental viceroys when Henry returned to England in 1229), opposing at the same time all excesses of the royal prerogative and papal exactions, a most mighty baron whether as a friend or a foe. He closed his

illustrious life in 1232, at Wallingford, and “was buried in the chapter-house of the monks at Chester with his forefathers” (Knighthton); “of whose decease,” writes Matthew of Westminster, “when the rumour was announced to Hubert de Burgh [the Earl was one of those “qui cum justiciario nostro contenderant”—see Henry’s Letter to Honorius], and ‘twas said that one of his greatest enemies was dead, heaving a sigh (*assumpto suspirio*) he says with a deep groan: ‘May God be propitious to his soul.’ And calling for a psalter, he, standing in front of the cross, without pausing, went right through it, fasting, for the soul of the said Earl.” So did a bitter enemy pray for the peace of the departed Earl. That his soul found peace, in answer to prayer, another old story informs us. “Whilst he lay dying, a troop as it were of men (*latitudo quasi hominum*), with some powerful being, was hurriedly passing by close to the cell of a certain solitary who abode nigh Walingford. He asked one of them who they were, and whither they made haste; and he: ‘We are Demons, and we hasten to the death of Ranulph, that we may accuse him of his sins.’ The demon was then adjured to return within thirty days, and state what had been done touching Earl Ranulph. Returning, he said: ‘We brought it about that Earl Ranulph, for his ill deeds, was adjudged to the pains of infernal fire; but the mastiffs (*Molossi*) of Dieulacres and many others with them, without stinting barked so that they filled our habitation with a loud clamour whilst he was with us; wherefore our prince, disgusted (*gravatus*), ordered to be expelled from our territories him who now proved so grievous an adversary to us; for the support which they (the mastiffs) had obtained in his behoof, as well as for others, had so delivered many souls from the penal region.’”

Such are the facts and the tales relating to Randle III. that have been handed down to us. They, combined with a consideration of the age in which he lived, induce us to identify

him, as we have said, rather than Randle II., with the Randolph of the “Piers Ploughman.” They contain many a good subject for “rymes.” He lived at an age when popular “rymes” in the English tongue were just springing up. There are yet extant such compositions belonging to the reign of Henry III. We know that Simon de Montfort was a most popular rhyme-hero some thirty years after Randle III.’s death. We have seen that Randle was brought by a strange adventure into a close and suggestive connection with the minstrels of his day, who certainly included among their many accomplishments the art of song-singing, if not of song-composing. His character was of a kind to endear him to popular taste and fancy. He withstood the King to his face (though not with the same sanguinary result) as the Earl of Leicester withstood him afterwards. He resisted the rapacity of Rome. He had fought in the Holy War at a time when it excited the utmost poetic enthusiasm. (See Raynouard’s “Choix des Poes. Orig. des Troub.” ii. 73.) He had most stoutly maintained the nationality of England by his vigorous opposition of the attempts made to place a foreign prince on its throne.

But a name once so often on men’s lips has now been long forgotten. We can only discover by investigation to whom it belonged. We can only conjecture what were the themes with which it was associated. More than a century after Randle’s death it enjoyed great popularity. Shortly afterwards it sank into oblivion. With the passing away of the baronial age the memory of this one of its greatest names passed away. A race arose that knew not Randolph,—a race with interests and heroes of its own, indifferent to the old feudal Earl with all his greatness, careless of the religion on which he had bestowed his benefactions and whose ministers had celebrated him, scorning the sacred war in which he had played so splendid a part, not discerning in him what should satisfy their own ideal—what they could adopt for their hero. This they found in him who was

the Earl's ballad-rival in Edward III.'s reign. Robin Hood won wider and wider acceptance and popularity. "Randolph Earl of Chestre" fell into complete obscurity.

WHEN Saxons Harold, Godwins sonne,  
who had beene King without all right,  
att Hastings feelde to death was done,

How  
William the  
Conqueror  
became  
king,

- 4 & all his army put to flight,  
to william who had woone the feilde  
the English peeres the crowne did yeeld ;  
by herlott,<sup>1</sup> bastard sonne was hee  
8 to Robert duke of Normandye.

- he, once established in his seate,  
amongst his men devides his lande,  
& now his power is growne soe great  
12 the english cold not him withstand ;  
he entring as a Conquerour,  
liues, lands, & goods, were in his power ;  
to his owne vse he ceased <sup>2</sup> the best,  
16 amongst his solders p'rts the rest.

distributed  
his land,

- Hugh Lopus  
1 Erle His sisters sonne, Hugh Lupus called,  
whome then the rest hee held more decre,  
the Earle of Chester was installd  
20 with many rites that royll were,

and  
appointed  
Hugh Lupus,  
his nephew,  
Earl of  
Chester.

<sup>1</sup> *Arlotta*.—Robson. The vulgar story makes his [William's] mother the daughter of Fulbert le Croy, a tanner or Skinner of Falaise, whom Robert first saw and became enamoured of as she was dancing with some of her female companions; her name, it is said, was Arlette or Harlotta. According to the contemporary historian, William of Jumièges (*Gemeticensis*), the Conqueror's mother was Herleva, the daughter of Fulbert, an officer of Duke Robert's

household. After Robert's death she married a Norman knight (*miles*) named Herluin, by whom she had two sons, both of whom made a great figure in their time: Robert, who was created earl of Montagne in Normandy, and Odo who became bishop of Bayeux; besides a daughter, who was married to Odo, earl of Albemarle. *Penny Cyclopaedia*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> seized, took seizin of, possession of.

The Earl  
appointed  
eight  
barons:

24 the names of whom full well are knowne :

1. Nigel,

Negell of Halton was the first,  
whose heyres did beare the Lacyees name ;  
thô<sup>1</sup> earles of Lincolne haue beene erst,  
in Ireland likwise of great fame.  
Thomas the Earle of Lancaster  
had Allice to wiffe, who was their heyre ;  
he, Ishulese,<sup>2</sup> did loose his head,  
& shee did neuer after wedde,

Halton  
the i  
Baron

whose lands  
escheated to  
Henry IV.

but to his brother Henery shoo  
assured her lands ; since when they were  
by Earles & Dukes vndoubtedlye  
held by the house of Lancaster  
till BULLENBROKE attaint the crowne  
by putting second Richard downe,  
since when the castle & the fee<sup>3</sup>  
are in the crowne continuallye.

2. Robert  
Fitz-  
Norman,

Robert fitz Norman next was made  
of Mountreal<sup>4</sup> BARON ; in whose heyre[s]  
that Barrony<sup>5</sup> succession had  
226 : yeerces.  
the last, who was a worthy Knight,  
to Isabell gaue all his right ;  
the second Edwards wife was shee ;  
tho there did end that barrony.

Harding  
2:

<sup>1</sup> They.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> issueless.—Cole's MS.  
<sup>3</sup> of Halton.—Robson.

<sup>4</sup> Montalt.—Robson.  
<sup>5</sup> Hawardin.—Robson.

yet all or most of Mountrealts Lands  
And signioryes that were soe fayre,  
to stanly the Earle of Darbys hands

whose lands  
came to  
Lord Derby.

52           in latter times conuayde weere,  
not only Harding,<sup>1</sup> Hope, & moulde,  
but alsoe many a goodlye hold  
which, in reward of service good,

[page 106.]

56           were bestowed on stanleys blood.

**Nant-**  
**wich 3.**     The 3 . was WILLIAM MALBEDDINGE,<sup>2</sup>  
                  of Nantwiche BARON, from whose name  
                  his grandchilde daughter did it bringe :

3. William  
Malbed-  
dinge,

60           Vernon & Bassett had the same  
by Marriage, which did come to passe  
after the first created was  
about of yeeres some 73,  
64           were parted by coparsonarye.<sup>3</sup>

but sithence then, *that Barronye*  
mongst Coheyres many soc did rest,  
*that some of them but of that fee*

whose lands  
became  
divided into  
36ths.

68           a 36 part possesst.<sup>4</sup>  
**Shib-**  
**broke 4:**     Then Guarren Vernon after him  
                  of Shibbrooke next created hec,  
                  the heyres of whom haue Barrons [bin<sup>5</sup>]

4. Guarren  
Vernon,  
whose  
barony

72           for 5 descents continuallye.  
the last deceased ; then it came  
to little-bury, & Wilbraham,  
& stafford by his sisters 3,  
76           who vnto these 3 married bee.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Hawardin ; these three castles are in Flint.—Robson.

which are such as have an equal share in y<sup>e</sup> Inheritance of an ancestor. Johnson.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Maldeberg or Malbanc.—Robson.

<sup>3</sup> Four lines seem wanting.—Robson.

<sup>3</sup> coparsonarye, the same as coparceny ; in Law, an equal share of coparceners,

<sup>4</sup> supplied by Percy.—F.

& after this it scattered was  
 amongst the heyres full many a day ;  
 till att the lenght it came to passe,  
 the gratest part therof doth stay  
 with Sir John Savage, to whose name  
 by marriage & descent it came  
 from Bostockes daughter, maiden bright,  
 whose father was a worthye Knight.

ultimately  
vested in  
Sir John  
Savage.

80

84

S. Robert  
Fitzhugh,

88

92

whose  
heritage was  
divided  
into  
moieties.

96

100

From the  
owner of one  
came the  
Egertons.

ROBERT FITZHUGHE, the next in place,  
 of Malpus Barron was created,<sup>1</sup>  
 which he enjoyed but litle space  
 before his dayes grew out of date,  
 leaving noe heyres. he being dead,  
 the Earle created in his stead  
 Eginion ap<sup>2</sup> David, vnto whome  
 succeeded Raphe, his onlye sonne.

Malpus  
5.

2 daughters, but noe sonne at all,  
 that Raphe hee had ; who, being dead,  
 the Heritage forthwith did fall  
 to those that did his daughters wedde :  
 first, david Clarke, he had the one,  
 he was the william Belwards sonne ;  
 the other, Robert Patricke had ;  
 they twixt them selues paretition made.

from Phillip, who was younger sonne  
 to David Clarke assuredlye,  
 the ancient house of Egerton  
 doth truly draw their Pedigree.  
 long after this, full many yeeres,  
 by marriage made amongst their heyres,  
 the greatest part of all the same  
 to Sutton the Lord DUDLEY came,

<sup>1</sup> create.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Eynion ap.—P.

from whom, by purchase after made,  
 that part Sir William BRUIRTONS<sup>1</sup> is,  
 to whom by Marryage alsoe had

- 112      with Egertons daughter, as I gesso,  
 another part of all that fee  
 descended to him Lineallye ;  
 soe he 7 parts of 8 possest,  
 116      Sir Randle Bruirton had the rest.

- Dunham**      Upon Hughe Massey he did bestow  
**6.**            the Dunham Massey barronye,  
                 to whom there did succeed in row  
**120**            8 heyres of his successiuelye ;  
                 from thence-forthe mongst the femall heyres  
                 it scattered was for many yeeres,  
                 yet most part after ages past  
**124**            to Boothe of Du[n]ham came at last.  
6. Hugh  
Massey,
- Kinder-**      The next was Gylbert Venables,  
**ton 7 :**        the baron made of Kinderton,  
                 from whome the same to these our dayes  
**128**            in downe-right Line did still hold on  
                 To Peeter, who now holds the same,      {page 107.]  
                 eniouing title, Lands & name.  
                 few howses shall you find besido,  
**132**            that in one name soe long abide.  
7. Gilbert  
Venables,  
whose  
barony  
Peter now  
holds.
- Stopport**      Nicholas of Stopport was the Last  
**8 :**            to whome that title he did giue;  
                 but after many agcs past,  
**136**            in which his heyres did Barons liue,  
                 Warreyn of Poynton gott the same  
                 by Marryage : which warreyn came  
                 of Earle Warreyn of Surrey, soothc,  
**140**            as Camden doth affirme for truth.  
8. Nicholas.

<sup>1</sup> Breretons.—Robeson.

these Barons all were councellors  
vnto the Earle in his affaires,  
& some were household officers,  
& left their places to their hoyres.

Earl Lupus  
in 1093 A.D.  
built  
Westchaster  
Monastery.

144

the yeere 1093  
he built westchaster monasterry,  
& 45<sup>1</sup> yeeres compleate  
he did enioye *that* famous seate.

148

## [The Second Part.]

Lupus is  
succeeded by  
his son,

2 Part { Richard his sonne, but 7 yeers old,      Richard  
                  succeeded in his fathers place;  
                  he did this famous erldome hold      2<sup>d</sup> Earle  
152 for 19 yeeres & 3 monthes space,      of Ches-  
                  & sayling then from Normandye—  
                  first Henerys sonnes to accompanye—  
                  Neer Barfliceto being run on ground,  
156 them sclues & all there traine wero drown[d].

who is  
succeeded by  
his cousin,

and he by  
his son.

160 Then Randulphe Gurnon,<sup>2</sup> next earle was he<sup>3</sup> ;  
                  he was Hugh Lupus sisters sonne,      Randle  
                  who but 8 yeeres in[i]joyed *that* place      & 3 earle  
                  cre his liues glasso wero ffullly runn.  
Randulph Meshicess,<sup>4</sup> Gernons heyre,      Randle :  
                  was next *that* did enioye *that* Chayre.  
This Randle both in peace & warr  
164 past all the english nobles ffar;

<sup>1</sup> read 'five and forty.'—F.

<sup>2</sup> This is Gernon in Ormerod's *Cheshire*. There is an oval line round the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *he*, deland.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Spelt Meschunes, l. 238; it should be *Meschines*. — Robson. *The d* of Gordon following has been altered to *n* in the MS.—F. The ballad here is wrong: the third earl was Randolph le Meschin

(spelt in various ways: Low Latin *Meschinus* = *juvenis*) de Briquesart, very frequently called de M<sup>es</sup>chines. His son and heir was Randolph de Gernons. The lines ought to be :

Then Randolph Meschin, next earl was  
he;  
Randolph de Gernons, Meschines heir,  
was next, &c.—Robson.

in his time Steven ruled this land,  
to<sup>1</sup> Maude the Empresse, dew of right,  
first Henerys heyre : him to withstand,

who in  
Maudo's  
cause  
against  
Stephen

168      shee labored all the freinds shee might.  
the Earle, to avoyd<sup>2</sup> him, raysed his power,  
woone many a citye, towne, & tower ;  
& of all those he did obtaine,  
172      he had the honor, shee the gaine.

The King, to Lincolne, seeige had layd,  
& layne before it many dayes ;  
the Earle came downe the towne to ayde,

helps to  
raise the  
siege of  
Lincoln,

176      with all his power the seeige to rayse.  
Some thought the King durst not abide  
with him the battell to haue tryde ;  
but though his coming he did know,  
180      yet from the seeige he wold not goe.

Vpon the plaine before the towne,  
thē<sup>3</sup> battell Ioyned couragiously ;  
there many a Knight was beaten downe

wins the  
battle there,

184      ere either gott the victory ;  
att lengtht the Earle did win the day,  
the Kings power broke & run awaye,  
the Kinge in Chace himselfe [was] tane,<sup>4</sup>  
188      & most part of all his soldires<sup>5</sup> slain.

to the Empresse Maude att Gloucester  
he did deliuver vp the Kinge,  
who kept him as a prisoner

and delivers  
up Stephen  
to Maude.

192      from Midsumer vnto the springe ;  
then for the erle of Gloster  
who taken was att winchester,  
her bastard brother to sett free,  
196      she gaue the King his lybertye.

<sup>1</sup> f. i. this land due of right to Maude.  
—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> They.—P.

<sup>3</sup> to avoyd, i.e. to oust him, to make  
him void, vacate the Throne.—P.

<sup>4</sup> was tane.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Spelt thus afterwards, l. 314, &c.—  
F.

& after manye a bloodye feeld  
where countles numbers had beene slaine,  
the King did to condicions<sup>1</sup> yeclde,

200           soe during life himselfe might rayne,

The Empresse soone at his decease  
shold haue the crowne to her in peace,  
& euery one that tooke his<sup>2</sup> part  
204           he pardoned freelye from his hart.

[page 108.]

Randle also  
defeats an  
invasion of  
Welshmen,

the we[l]chmen<sup>3</sup> did incursions make  
on Randulphes countye Palatine,  
whilest he such endles paines did take

208           in peace those princes to conioyne.

but heering itt, such speed he made  
with that small power then he hadd,  
whilest neere Nantwiche they sought their prey,  
212           he slew all those went not awaye.

the first yeere of his dignytye,  
an abbey there he helpet<sup>4</sup> to founde,—  
where-to Hugh Malbancke devoutlye

216           gaue all the site & other grounde,—

and helps  
to found  
Combermere  
Abbey

called the Abbey of Cumbermeare,  
indowed with Liuings good & fayre,  
wherto 2 Lordsh:pps of great worth

220           the sayd Hugh Malbancke did tread<sup>5</sup> forth,

his wiffe & children being there,  
barfooted<sup>6</sup> & bareheaded with-all  
did walke about from Mere to Mere.

224           these Lorlsh:pps ' wilkslyc ' men doe call,  
& ' dodcott ' eke, the whch doe lye  
& Ioyne together certainlye ;  
of ancient rent, as I doe heare,  
228           noc lese than 80*m* a yeere.

<sup>1</sup> conditions.—P.

<sup>2</sup> her, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Welchmen.—P.

<sup>4</sup> helpd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ? add.—F.

<sup>6</sup> barefoot.—P.

begining thus, as wee may see,  
abbeys to build with godlye feare,  
the last yeere Poolton fownded hee.

and Poulton.

- 232      he gouerned 25<sup>1</sup> yeere,  
then died, as euery other must ;  
“ but though thy body turne to dust,  
religious, valiant, Iust, & wise  
236      great Earle ! thy honor neuer<sup>2</sup> dyes ! ”

Randle dice ;

but his  
honour  
never dices !

**Hugh  
Keve-  
lock 2 :  
5 Earle.**

When great Mescheues was deceased,  
his sonne Hugh Keuelocke did enioye  
his honour, & the same encreased  
by valor & by industrie.

Rando is  
succeeded  
by his son,  
who invades  
Wales.

- 240      he with his power did wales inuade,—  
for inrodes which themselues had made  
vpon his lands,—& conquered all  
244      Broome feild, & greatest part of yalle.<sup>3</sup>

beloued both of King & peeres,  
& greatlye feared of his foes,  
he gouerned 29<sup>4</sup> yeeres,

248      & then the way of all flesh goes,  
& left to gouerne in his place  
the cheefest man of all that race,  
His sonne, called Randle Blondvile,  
**Randle  
3<sup>5</sup> 6<sup>6</sup> 252  
Earle :**

Hugh is  
succeeded by  
his son,  
Randle, the  
Paragon of  
England,

bold, bewtifull, religious, wise,  
profoundlye learned, liborall,  
in all things dealing with advice,  
256      of haughtye mind, yet milde with all,

<sup>1</sup> read ‘ five and twenty.’—F.<sup>2</sup> never.—Robson.<sup>3</sup> yale, in Robson.—F.<sup>4</sup> read ‘ nine and twenty.’—F.<sup>5</sup> Paragon : m. A paragon, or peere-  
lesse one ; the perfection, or flower of :the most complete, most absolute, most  
excellent peece, in any kind whatsoever ;  
hence also, a Patterne or Touchstone  
wherby the goodnesse of things is tryed.  
Cotgrave.—F.

who marries  
Geoffrey's  
(Henry II.'s  
son) widow,

260

this younge Erle: which soe did moue  
the 2<sup>d</sup>. Henery him to loue,  
that, his sonne Jefferey being dead,  
he did to him his widow wedd;

and gets  
now  
earldoms  
and lands  
with her.

264

of Britaine & of Richmond shee  
in her owne wright a Countesse was,  
which added to his dignitey  
of mighty Earledomes made in<sup>1</sup> a soc.<sup>2</sup>  
of Chester, lincolne, Huntinton,  
his father Earle was; but the sonne,  
fflnt, Denbye, & the Powesse lands<sup>3</sup>  
besides, had gott with-in his hands;

268

5 earldomes & 3 baronryes  
he now enioyes, with Mannours fayre,  
& many wealthy roaltyes

272

in Nottingham & in Stafordshire;  
But his great honors altered not  
his mind nor manners neuer a Iot,  
for full of Princelye<sup>4</sup> curtesie  
euen to the last continued hee.

(page 109.)

Earl Randal  
takes part in  
the third  
crusade,

276

when 2<sup>d</sup> Henery was deceaseth,<sup>5</sup>  
& CUERDELYON wore the crowne,  
his fame in forraine land increase[<sup>t</sup>;<sup>6</sup>]

280

for that great King of high renowne,  
the french King, & the Emperour,  
& AUSTRICH DUKE, a man of power,  
did Ioyne together to redeeme

284

the Citye of Ierusalem;

<sup>1</sup> ? add many.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? see.—Robson. of Earldoms made  
a mighty mass.—Cole's MS.

<sup>3</sup> Flint, Denbigh, Branfild, Powis.

land.—Cole's MS.

<sup>4</sup> MS. princelye.—F. princelye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> deceast.—P.

<sup>6</sup> increast.—P.

- for that great Souldan, Saladine,  
 in open feild not long before  
 tooke prisoners Guy of Lusignon  
 288      & many valliant christians more ;  
 after which feild the Sarazen  
 gott Ioppa & Ierusalem,  
 Tyre, Sidon, Acon & Trypolis,  
 292      & many cityes more then these.

which was  
 caused by  
 Saladin's  
 great  
 successse.

- the[n]<sup>1</sup> before Messene in Cicilee  
 the Christen princes poynt to meetc  
 with all their warlicke companye,  
 296      & their together Ioyne their fleete.  
 but man doth purpose, god dispose,  
 for att the sea such tempests rose,  
 the Emperour Lands on Syrian shore,  
 300      the french King att Tyrrana Bore,
- Kin<sup>y</sup> Richard Cuerdelyon lands*  
*vpon the fruitfull Cypressse Ile,*  
*& there he Marshalld all his bands,—*
- 304      the vantguard Randle Blondvile,  
 himsoulfe the battell as their head,  
 the reregard the Erle of Pembrook Ledd ;—  
 he heard how by a Sarazen  
 308      *that land had neuer conquerid beinc.*

Randle com-  
 mands the  
 vanguard of  
 Richard's  
 army in  
 Cyprus.

- The turkish King on the other side,  
 thinking his power made weake by sea,  
 the battell boldlye did abyde ;
- 312      but the English King did win the day,  
 the Turkish King was slaine in feild ;  
 his solidors *that escapet did yeeld,*  
 & to King Richard the<sup>2</sup> did restore  
 316      all the holds they had gott before.

The Turks  
 are beaten  
 there.

<sup>1</sup> tho or then.—P.

<sup>2</sup> they (defend).—P.

The  
crusaders  
reach  
Palestine.

- he garrisons in all did place,  
& then forthwith mand out his fleete ;  
att lenght came where the french King was,  
320      whose hart reioiced when thé<sup>1</sup> meete ;  
and being mett, thé<sup>2</sup> sayled amaine,  
the holy Land for to attaine,  
And after landed in short time<sup>3</sup>  
324      vpon the cost of Palestine.<sup>3</sup>

Randle is  
the first to  
mount the  
walls of

- 3 Part { to Acon walls thé<sup>4</sup> seege did lay,  
          & compassed it by sea & land ;  
          & after battery many a day,  
328      to assaulte, eche one prepared his bande.  
          the Erle of Chester first of all  
          by force did mount the Citye wall,  
And there in signe of victory  
332      pight Richards coulors vpon hee.

The French  
king goes  
home.  
The English  
wars on,

- 336      thé sett the Christian prisoners free ;  
          the Sarazens went all to wracke  
          sauke such as wold baptized bee ;  
          the Citye all was put to sacke ;  
which done, the french King home returned ;  
& valliant Richard still soiuorned ;  
& after, he & saladine  
340      in battell did together Ioyne.

and wins a  
great  
victory.

- King Richard gott the victorye ;  
for after countlese numbers slaine,  
great Saladino away did flee,  
344      & being sauе,<sup>5</sup> sent backe againe

<sup>1</sup> they.—P.

MS. as belonging to Part III.—F.

<sup>2</sup> they.—P.

<sup>4</sup> they.—P.

<sup>3</sup> These two lines are marked in the

<sup>5</sup> safe.

a messenger to offer peace,  
that for 3 yeercs all warrs might cease ;  
which offer Richard did accept ;

[page 110.]

348      thé<sup>1</sup> prisoners changed, & couenants kept.

how Richard in retурне, by fraude  
    was by the Archduke prisoner tane,  
how long he there did make abode,  
    how he was ransomed home againe,  
how afterwards he did advance  
his standards against the King of francoe,  
what forts and cityes he did gaine,  
& how by chance he there was slainc,

Then returning home, is kept a prisoner by the Archduke; is set free, and makes war on France.

& how in all his bloodye warr  
Earle Randle presence neuer fayld,  
how when his foes had passed farr  
in count, his courage neuer failde,  
I ouer-passe : to show I come  
in King Iohns raigne what deeds were done  
by this great Erle, what ayd he gaue,  
the crowne and Kinrdom both to sauc.

Randle never  
fails him.

the sea of Canteburye voyd,  
the Monkes by their authorytie  
which many yecres they had enioyed,  
368 chose Steven Langton to *that sea*,<sup>2</sup>  
but him the King wold not admitt;  
wherfore the Bishoppe did him gett  
vnto the Pope, & such meanes made  
372 *that conformatiōn*<sup>3</sup> therē he had:

**When in  
King John's  
reign,  
Stephen  
Langton  
appeals  
from the  
King to the  
Pope.**

*but that the King did more incense,  
as breach of his preroggative.*

the King  
banishes  
him

' they.—P.

<sup>2</sup> See. —Robson.

**Confirmation.—P.**

- wherfor the Monkes he banished hence,  
 376      & did warning to Langton giue  
           'on paine of death for to refraine,  
           & neuer come in this land againe.'  
 which heard, he straight returned home  
 380      fo[r] excommunication
- The Pope, at  
 Stephen's  
 instance,  
 excom-  
 municates  
 the King  
 and the  
 country,  
 and  
 persuades  
 France to  
 invade him  
 and it.  
 384      against the King & all the Land ;  
           wherto the pope did giue consent,  
           for such as did the church with-stand,  
           they were accurst incontinent.  
           the Neibouring Kings he did perswade  
           King Iohns dominions to Inuade,  
           & cut<sup>1</sup> the subiects of his realme  
 388      from duty & obedience cleane,
- The King is  
 forced to  
 give in.  
 392      & by this means such warr to rise  
           against the King both here & hence,  
           by out & inward enemyes,  
           that to procure the popcs dispence,<sup>2</sup>  
           to his legatt he surrender made  
           of crowne & all the power he had,  
           & then did backe receiue his crowne,  
 396      &<sup>3</sup> tribute to the church of Rome.
- So doing  
 scandalizes  
 his peers,  
 who ask the  
 French King  
 for his son  
 to reign  
 over them.  
 400      but this did soe his peeres offend  
           as scandall was<sup>4</sup> to the estate,  
           & they forthwith to franco did send  
           to the french King, for to intreato  
           that he vnto them<sup>5</sup> presontlye  
           wold send his sonne, their King to bee ;  
           &<sup>6</sup> hostages<sup>7</sup> he was content,  
 404      & with a power his sonne he sent.

<sup>1</sup> quitts.—Cole's MS.<sup>2</sup> i. e. dispensation.—P.<sup>3</sup> on.—Cole's MS.<sup>4</sup> as scandalous.—Cole's MS.<sup>5</sup> MS. then.<sup>6</sup> on.—Cole's MS.<sup>7</sup> with Hostages, qu.—P.

Noe sooner was he come of<sup>1</sup> shore,  
but the english barrons Ioynd with him ;  
winchester first, & winsor then<sup>2</sup>

The Dauphin  
advances  
into the  
country.

408      he gott, & did the seige begin  
about DOUER : but with inward greefe  
or surfett, Iohn departs this life,  
& left a sonne but 9 years old,  
412      the which of right succeed him shold.

King John  
dies.

the infants low<sup>3</sup> distressed state,—

Being voyd of meanes himselfe to ayde,—[page 111.]  
Erle Randle did comiserate,

Randle  
supports his  
youthful  
son,

416      & likwise valiant Pembroke prayd  
to ioyne with him, young Henerye  
to london to accompanye  
from Newarke, where his father dyed,  
420      & crownd<sup>4</sup> him spite of french mens pryme ;

which they accordinglye performed,

& there with dew solemnitye  
the infant with the crowne adorned,

crowns him  
at Newark,  
beats the  
French at  
Lincoln.

424      & swore his subiects to be true<sup>5</sup> ;  
& then the next insuing day  
tho towards Lincolne marcht away,  
& by assault the Citye woone,  
428      where many french to death were done.

But when french Lewis once did heare  
what numbers of his men were slaine,  
& of what force the 2 earles was,<sup>6</sup>

The Dauphin  
is fain to  
get out of  
the country.

432      without delay himselfe was faine,—  
money being payd for his expence,—  
noe claime to make, but part from hence,

<sup>1</sup> on.—P.

<sup>2</sup> and then Windsor.—P.

<sup>3</sup> loan.—Cole's MS.

<sup>4</sup> crowne. — P. Like *drown'd* for  
*drown*. — F.

<sup>5</sup> true to be.—P.

<sup>6</sup> were.—P.

& all such places to restore  
wherof he conquest made before.

Earl Randle  
prepares for  
another  
crusade,

thus hauing placed in peace & rest  
young Henery in his fathers throne,  
by all good subiects hylie blest,

436 [the] Erle returned backe home,<sup>1</sup>  
& valliant Pembroke<sup>2</sup> to<sup>3</sup> abyde,  
the infant King to rule & guide.  
Erle Randle did entend againe  
a iourney to Ierusalem,

& hauing gathered such a power  
as fitting was for his intent,  
with Quinsay, Erle of winchester,  
who loyned with him, to sea he went ;  
& by the way he vnderstoode  
how christian bands by Nilus flood  
beseeched the citye damyatte,  
& long with losse had lyen theratt.

with the  
Earl of  
Winchester, 448

452  
assists in the  
siege of  
Damietta,  
wherfore he thithor bent his course,  
& came in time to gine them ayde,  
for rayse their seige the must of force  
through extreame want, but he them stayd,  
& with the great applause of all  
he chosen was Lord Generall ;  
nor gauē the him that name in vaine,  
for they by his meanes the citye gaine.<sup>4</sup>

exchanges  
the captured  
city for  
Jerusalem,

456  
inestimable<sup>5</sup> was the store  
of gold & welthy Merchandise

<sup>1</sup> The Erle, he back returned home.  
—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Penbrooke.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? did.—F.

<sup>4</sup> MS. gainde, with the crossed through.  
—F.  
<sup>5</sup> cf. Fr. estimable, esteemable, valuable, pricable : Cotgrave.—F.

that there they gott : but he did more  
464      esteeme gods [glory] then <sup>1</sup> the prize.  
the ægyptian Souldan Saladine  
did offer him Ierusalem  
& all those holds he gott of Late  
468      in Iury, backe pro<sup>2</sup> DAMIATTE,

which he accepted in the name  
of John, who was then Iuryes King.  
him leaving to receive the same.

472 he into England backe did bring,  
without great lose, his famous bands  
renowned and feared in heathen Lands,  
& soe enriched, there was not one  
476 but had enough to liue vpon.

476 but had enough to live upon.

& instantlie on his returne  
resolving now to liue in peace,  
the great strong castle of Beeston  
480 he built, with the abbey of Delacresc,<sup>3</sup>  
& Chortley castle :—in 2 yceres  
those 2 great castles finished were ;  
in 1220<sup>4</sup>

they both were married privately,

and after liued for 12 yeeres space,  
 Loden with honour, welth, & yeeres, [page 112.]  
 both hielic in his princes grace,<sup>4</sup>  
 488      & r[e]uerence of all the peers,  
 &, equall with all those aboue,  
 most deepleye in the commons loue ;  
 But at the last, att wallingford,  
 492      his Erldomes Lost their honored Lord.

<sup>1</sup> God's glory than.—P. God's house  
esteem.—Cole's MS.

<sup>2</sup> PRO, i.e. for.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Doulacres, or Dieulacres; spelt both ways in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. 1.

p. 890, where there are many curious details about the foundation of the abbey.

— Robson.

\* There is a tag at the end of *c* as if  
for *s*.—F.

having held  
his earlship  
for half a  
century.

for 50 yeeres in 4 Kings rayne,  
Some-times in peace, somtimes in striffe,  
his Earldomes in his hands remaines;

496

He leaves  
four sisters.

then I-shule-se<sup>1</sup> he left his life.

he had 4 sisters, vnto whom  
his Land successivelye shold come :

all in his life time marryed were ;  
the Eldest of whom Iohn Scott did beare

500

by DAVID of the royll line  
of Scottish Kings, one of whose heyres  
[enjoyed the<sup>2</sup>] Scottish crowne in time,

504

as by the Cronickle appereas.

Erle Arrundell the 2<sup>d</sup> had ;  
& darby of the 3<sup>d</sup> choice made ;  
& Quinsey, the erle of winchester,  
had to his wife the youngest of 4.

508

Randle is  
succeeded by  
his nephew,

in Chester Abbey was interrd

Erle Randles body : to whose place  
John Scott, his nephew, was preferred,  
who likwise Erle of Anguish<sup>3</sup> was.

512

he after 5 yeeres, I-shules<sup>4</sup>  
att darnall dyed : the king did ceaze  
his erldomes all into his hands,  
giuing his sisters other lands ;

John Sc-  
ott : 7<sup>th</sup>  
Erle.

at whose  
death the  
King seizes  
his earldom,

516

for he 4 sisters left aliuine,  
& Allen, Lord of Galloway,  
the eldest of them had to wiffe ;

520

She Derngill bore, *that Lady gay*,  
who by Iohn Balyoll forth did bring  
John Balyoll, who was Scottish King.  
the next was mached to Robert Bruise,  
a Scottish Lord of ancient house.

<sup>1</sup> issueless.—Cole's MS.

<sup>2</sup> enjoyed the.—Cole's MS.

<sup>3</sup> Angus.—Cole's MS.

<sup>4</sup> issueless.—Cole's MS.

EARLES OFF CHESTER.

the 3 noe Ishue had ; the 4<sup>th</sup>

& last did Henery Hastings wedd,  
& to him Iseue store brought forth,  
of whom are famous houses bredd.

528

*King* Henery, after 16 yeeres,  
vnto prince Edward & his heyres,  
*Kings* of this lande, did it convay  
532 by patent ; soe vntill this day

and  
presently  
bestows it  
on Prince  
Edward.

all princes<sup>1</sup> of this Land did hold  
the same with as great roaltye  
as Lupus had the same of old,

536

& his succeeding prgenie.

soe Chester euer hath had since  
an Erle when England had a Prince ;  
& when as princes there had beene none,  
540 the profitts to the crowne haue gone.

fins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. princer.—F.

## Earle of Westmorlande.<sup>1</sup>

[This is a sequel to the Rising in the North. Page 255 [of MS.].—P.]

[IN TWO PARTS.—P.]

THE only copy known of this ballad is that here printed for the first time.

Two other ballads dealing with the subject of it—the Northern Rebellion—are well known. They are “The Rising in the North,” and “Northumberland betrayed by Douglas,” both preserved in the Folio, and printed from it by Percy with more or less corruption. Wordsworth’s “White Doe of Rylstone” is the greatest poem that deals with it.

This rebellion was one of many signs given by the North of its attachment to the old faith. Signs of that adherence had been shown more than once in Henry VIII.’s reign. The re-establishment of the Reformation shortly after Elizabeth’s accession excited much dissatisfaction. The old order of things seemed passing away irrevocably. Some nine years afterwards the arrival in England of Mary Queen of Scots gave discontent a definite aim and purpose. This was to secure her succession to the throne, and with it the permanent restoration of Romanism. The wife of the Duke of Norfolk had died in 1567. In 1569 a scheme was formed for effecting a marriage between that nobleman, the great champion of Romanism, and the exiled Romanist Queen. It meditated no immediate treason against Queen Elizabeth, at least so far as the Duke himself understood it. But it seems to have been concealed from her

<sup>1</sup> Charles Neville.—P.

with a suspicious studiousness, while both the French and the Spanish courts were informed of it and warmly encouraged it. However, with such dexterous ministers at her service as Cecil and Walsingham, and such effective means for penetrating the secrets of any policy as the ideas of that time allowed and those ministers frequently employed, the Queen was soon aware of it. Norfolk, who when the Queen alluded to it essayed to pacify her by a sneer glancing at the fate of Mary's last husband, was presently committed to the Tower. Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland (whose father had taken part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and paid the penalty), and Charles Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland—the Blandamour and Paridal of "The Fairy Queen"—who also were concerned in the plot, were summoned to make their appearance in London. They returned excuses. A second summons came. Northumberland wavered. He was deceived into believing that the time for wavering was past. Westmoreland and he arose in arms. They muster their troops at Brancepeth, and declare their object to be "to restore the religion of their fore-fathers, remove evil counsellors from the Queen, and cause justice to be done to the Duke of Norfolk and the other lords then in prison or disgrace. They seize Durham, burn the Bible and celebrate mass once more in the cathedral there; then march southwards by Darlington and Richmond and Ripon and Boroughbridge, reinstating the old religious rites as they go, to Bramham Moor (the Bramaball more of v. 8 of our ballad). There their ill-starred expedition halts. On that moor, fatal to another Percy (the Northumberland of Shakespeare's "Henry IV.") some century and a half before, hearing that Sussex is advancing against them and Warwick levying troops and Mary of Scotland transferred from Tutbury to Coventry, a strongly fortified town and distant, and in the midst of an unfriendly population, they resolve to retreat. Accordingly they retrace their steps to Barnard Castle, which, after a brave resistance by Sir George Bowes, they at last

take. During the siege they secure Hartlepool, in order that they may have a harbour in which to receive the Spanish succours they look for. Sussex advancing in pursuit, they retire to Naworth Castle, and on his nearer approach they disperse. *Plectuntur Achivi.* Sixty-six rebels are executed at Durham, many others at York and London. Meanwhile the leaders fled for refuge to the Scotch marches, first into Liddesdale [“Therles, rebels, and their principall confederates,” writes Sir Ralph Sadler to the Secretary Cecil, “do lurk and hide themselves in the woodds and deserts of Lyddesdale; but if they tarry on the borders, there is good hope to have some of them ere it be long. Therles have changed their names and apparell, and ryde like the outlawes of Lyddesdale, and we have to presume and suspect grately that they shall receyve some helpe and comfort of the lord Hume, and of the Carres in Tividale”], and then, when the Elliots (who had “given pledges to the regent of Scotland”—see “Cabala,” p. 160, “Advertisements from Hexham,” December 22, 1569) raise their forces against them, into the Bateable. The Earls parted company. Northumberland entrusted himself to an Armstrong, Hector of Harlaw, who made his name a proverb of infamy by betraying him to Murray, whose successor Morton drew on himself the curses of his country by delivering him up to England. Of his fate something more may be said in the Introduction to the ballad which bewails it. Westmoreland’s movements seem to be in our ballad confounded with those of Northumberland. Indeed the first three stanzas, with slight variations, are assigned to Northumberland in that Earl’s ballad; and to him they properly belong. Westmoreland sought an asylum at Fernisherst (near Jedburgh) with Sir Thomas Ker. In that wild sanctuary Constable, Cecil’s spy, found him, sadly crestfallen. “Then I praid my lord to consider that miserable estat that he had lewdly brought himself to, and to scke out the best way howe to recover

himself again; . . . . . he looked at me and tooke all patiently that I spoke, the teares overhaulled his cheks abundantly. I could not forbear weeping to see him sodenly fall to repentance; neither of us could speak to another of a long time; at last he wyped his chekes, and praid me to follow him; he went to his chamber in the tower and commaunded his men furth, and lockt to the dore himself, and thus he began: Cosen Robert, you are my kinsmann nere comed furth of my house, and one whome I derely love and trust. I must confess I have as lewdly overshott myself as any man could do; not the les, I pray you let me have your counsell what way you think were liklyest for me to obtaine my pardon and favor of the queen's majestie." The counsel given by this false kinsman, happily for the trusting Earl, came to nought. His companions in misfortune were hiding near him. In the autumn of 1570 he was seen by another spy, setting sail from Aberdeen to seek the protection of Spain. (Compare vv. 49-56).

So much for the first passage in his career described in our ballad. As we have said, the ballad seems to confuse him with Northumberland. With regard to v. 41, Lord Hunston, the governor of Berwick, displayed great vigour in pursuing the fugitives. The Captain Read mentioned in connection with the Berwick garrison, at one time suspected of sympathising with the rebels, afterwards greatly distinguished himself on the royal side in the fight with Leonard Dacre on the banks of the Chelt. "Capteine Reade," says Holinshed, "and the other capteins and soldiers of Berwike bare themselves right valiantlie and shewed prooef of their skill and hardie manhood in this skirmish." We may just mention that the Scotch borderers paid a heavy penalty for the hospitality shown to the Earls and their followers. Lord Sussex overran the district with fire and sword.

With regard to the second passage in Westmoreland's career

here described—his fortunes in the Spanish service—the account given has, so far as we know, no historical basis whatever. The ascertained facts are that he escaped to the Netherlands and became a pensioner of Spain. There are extant several letters written by him from Brussels and other places in the Low Countries to Burleigh, and one to his wife. In 1576—the year of Don John of Austria's appointment to the Governor-generalship of the Netherlands—Dr. Thomas Wilson informs Cecil that the English malcontents “swarm about Don John—the lewdee Erele, Stewkley the romanist, and Jenny that was at Milan;” and again, in the same year, “The Earl of Westmerland, Stewkly, and Jenny are come with the other rabble of rebels and fugityves to Don Jon, and use themselves very insolently agaynst our soverain.” The great dream of Spain was the invasion of England. One of Don John's many dreams was a marriage with the Scottish Mary. So the refugee Earl found some favour with the Spanish government. In 1583 a writer—no doubt a hearty Protestant—“on the execution of justice in England” speaks of him in a way to justify the above quoted epithet of “lewd.” He remarks that many “notable traitors and rebels,” when driven into exile, have made religion the pretext of their sufferings; yet, “divers of them before their rebellion lived so notoriously, the most part of their lives, out of all good rule either for honest manners or for any sense in religion, as they might have been rather familiar with Catalyn or favourers of Sardanapalus, then accompted good subjects under any Christian princes. As for some examples of the heads of these rebellions, out of England fled Charles Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, a person utterly wasted by looseness of life and by God's punishment, even in the time of his rebellion bereaved of his children that should have succeeded him in the earldome and his bodie nowe eaten with ulcers of lewde causes (as his companions do saye) that no enemie he

hath can wish him a viler punishment, a pitiful losse to the realme of so noble a house, never before in any age attainted for disloyaltie." Camden says, "within the compass of" 1584 "Charles Nevil, that traitorous rebel against his prince and country, the last Earl of Westmoreland of this house, ended his life obscurely in a miserable exile." But in fact he died in 1601. (See Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's "Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569.") His wife Anne (daughter of the Earl of Surrey, the poet, and so sister of the Duke of Norfolk mentioned above), "though deeply implicated in the rebellion, did not follow her lord into Scotland, but repaired to Howard House, and after some hesitation was received at Court." (Lingard. See v. 314 of our ballad.) She died in 1593.

In our text the Earl is represented as boldly turning sailor when he finds Scotland too hot for him, and, as he cruises, meeting Don John of Austria, who patronises him on the strength of something he has read in "the booke of Mable"—that a Briton, Charles Nevil, with a child's voice, should come over the sea—and conducts him to the Queen of Seville, who presently gives him a captain's commission, and, when he slays in single combat a very formidable enemy of hers, offers him her hand in marriage, and, when he declines that honour on the satisfactory ground that he is married already, bestows on him a pension of 100*l.* per diem. Perhaps this remarkable story was invented to explain and palliate the reception of a pension by an English Earl from a foreign court. The facts were that he was drawing a wretchedly meagre pension, and drawing it from sheer destitution. There can be no doubt that the English refugees in the Netherlands were miserably pinched and starved. The ballad glorifies a paltry pittance into a splendid largess, and confers it not to keep off starvation but for illustrious service done. Northern England, we have said, was fondly attached to the old religion; it was most fondly attached to its great sons, the Percies and the

Nevils. It cherished therefore, fondly, the memory of its champions in 1569. A letter of the time speaks of the “*olde good will*” of the people “deep graftyed in their harts to their nobles and gentlemen of this country which fled.” This good-will delighted to throw a glamour over the miserable fortunes of those distressed exiles. It could not entertain the graceless reality. It zealously maintained the dignity of the author of a most futile rebellion—(How well the Earl explains his homelessness :

“When we were att home in England fayre,  
Our prince and wee cold not agree”—

and established him as the mighty and successful supporter of a foreign throne. Says noble Nevil to the grateful Queen :

“If ever your grace doe stande in neede  
Champion to your highnesse againe I'll be.”

“*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*” When the ballad was written, the fame of Lepanto would be still ringing throughout Europe. Naturally then Don John, the hero of that signal victory, would be selected as the Spanish Admiral to meet and greet the Earl on his watery way.

Barbary was at this time a terrible name in Europe. The Corsairs of Tripoli and Tunis “scourged the seas,” and were said to practise fearful cruelties on their Christian prisoners. Spain had suffered severe blows from them, (as, for instance, at Gelves in 1560). In 1569 the Moriscos, hoping for succours from these dreaded kinsmen, revolted. Don John was appointed to suppress them. The war lingered on for some two years, and was therefore going on when Westmoreland fled from England. It is possible that he may have served in it, and that the rumour of some exploit—some encounter with a Moorish chieftain in it, or in connection with it—may have furnished a hint for the terrible duel so fully portrayed in our ballad.

The King of Spain (Philip II.) is ignored or forgotten, that

the Queen may be in a position to "propose" to the Sultan's vanquisher. This incident of the proposal may, perhaps, have been borrowed from "The Spanish Lady's Love." There, similarly, the gentleman replies:

"I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife :  
I will not falsifie my vow for gold or gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

And now let us speak briefly of Charles Nevil's companions—that is, the companions specified in the text, for many others shared his fortunes—his *dura navis, dura fugae mala, dura belli*. Thomas Markenfield (the "Martinfeild" of our ballad, called elsewhere, variously, Merkenfeyld, Markenfeld, Markanfeld) of Markenfield, Yorkshire, returned from exile to take part in the rising, and took a very active part in it. His brother John narrowly escaped execution for what connection he had with it. No doubt Thomas's enthusiasm was intense, his experience wide, his influence very great. Our ballad endows him with a wonderful heraldic knowledge, and knowledge of men and of languages, and even with prophetic power. Both in the Borders and in the Netherlands he seems to have accompanied Westmoreland. He and four Nortons (the father and three sons) and Edward Dacre are all amongst the fugitives demanded of the Regent by Lord Sussex. But neither he nor any one of the others is mentioned by the spy as sailing from Aberdeen with the Earl. He and three Nortons and Edward Dacre are mentioned amongst the English pensioners of Spain. There is extant a letter addressed to him in Madrid in 1593 (Harl. MSS. No. 286). "Your wife," it says, (she was one Isabel, daughter of Sir William Ingleby,) "is powre, but prayeth harl for you . . . I fear she is in great lack of worldly comforts." With regard to the Nortons, the father, Sir Richard, "an old gentleman with a reverend gray head, bearing a cross with a

stremer," as Camden describes him, was seventy-one years of age when he joined the insurrection. The "Rising in the North" errs in stating that he was put to death for his share in it. Constable saw him during his retirement in the Borders, eager to hear of his sons, and much cheered to know that they were not all taken. William, Marmaduke, and Christopher were so, with their uncle Thomas. Francis, Sampson, and George had escaped across the Borders. With Francis and Sampson the old man got over the water and partook of Spanish bounty. The Dacre mentioned amongst the Earl's men may be Edward Dacre, a son of Lord Dacre of Gilsland, or his elder brother Leonard, who attempted an insurrection in the beginning of 1570, then fled to Scotland, and then to Flanders. Edward is heard of at Namur in Dec. 1574. He was dead in 1585.

Such are the ascertained facts transmuted and exaggerated, with additions, into the present ballad. The result is extremely curious and extremely obscure. We must now leave it, with all its singularity, to our readers.

1 HOW long shall fortune fail me now,  
and keepe me heare in deadlye feare<sup>2</sup>?  
how long shall I in bale abide,  
in misery my life to leade?  
  
4 to fall from my rose, it was my chance,  
such was the Queene of England<sup>3</sup> fayre;  
I tooke a lake,<sup>4</sup> & turned my backe,  
8 on Bramaball more shee caused my flye.

Lord  
Westmore-  
land rebels  
against  
Elizabeth.

<sup>1</sup> These lines are given in one of my old copies to Lord Northumberland: they seem here corrupted.—P.

<sup>2</sup> fear and dread.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Queen Elizabeth.—P.

<sup>4</sup> play, sport.—P. thence, fight.—F.

- one gentle Armstrong that I doe ken,  
alas with thee I dare not mocke,  
Thou dweldest soe far on the west border, [page 113.]
- 12      thy name is called the Lord Locke.
- Now hath Armstrong taken Noble Nevill,  
& as one Martin-feild did profecye,<sup>1</sup>  
he hath taken the Lord Dakers,
- 16      a lords sonne of great degree;
- he hath taken old Master Nortton,  
& sonnes 4 in his compayne;  
hee hath taken another gentleman
- 20      called Iohn of Carnakie.
- then bespake him Charles Nevill;  
to all his men I wott, sayd hee,  
sayes, "I must into Scotland fare<sup>2</sup> ;
- 24      soe nie the borders is noe biding for me."
- when he came to Humes Castle,  
& all his noble compayne,  
the Lord Hume halched<sup>3</sup> them right soone,
- 28      saying, "banished men, welcome to mee ! "
- they had not beene in Humes Castle  
not a month & dayes 3,  
but the regent of Scotland he & god witt<sup>4</sup>
- 32      that banished men there shold be.
- "Ile write a letter," sayd the regent then,  
" & send to Humes Castle hastily  
to see whether Lord Humes wilbe soe good
- 36      to bring the banished men vnto mee.

Armstrong

takes  
Neville,

Dakers,

Norton,

and John of  
Carnakie.Lord West-  
moreland  
and his menflee to Hume  
Castle.The Regent  
of Scotland  
hears of his  
being therio,and  
deliberates  
how to get  
at them.<sup>1</sup> See l. 154, l. 61, &c.—F.<sup>2</sup> i.e. go. pass.—P.<sup>3</sup> *Halesing, apud Scotos est salutatio, ab Hail, salve, ave. Gloss to Gawin Douglas (rather from Halse, the neck:*to Halsc, is to fall on the neck, embrace,  
i.e. salute).—P.<sup>4</sup> *Lege, got witt, got intelligence, knowledge, &c.; see below, Stanza 12 [l. 45].*  
—P.

"that Lord & I haue beeene att deadlye fuyde,  
& hee & I cold neuer agree :

writting a letter, that will not serue :

40      the banished men must not speake with me ;

but I will send for the garrison of Barwicke,  
that they will come all with speede,

& with them will come a Noble Captaine

44      which is called Captain Reade."

Lord Hume  
transfers  
them to  
Camely  
Castle.

then the Lord Hume he got witt  
they wold seeke vnto Nevill, where he did lye ;  
he tooke them out of the castle of Hume,

48      & brought them into the castle of Camelye.

Westmore-  
land resolves  
to turn  
sailor.

then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
to all his men, I wott, spoke hee,  
sayes, "I must goe take a Noble Shippe,

52      & weeble be Marriners vpon the sea.

"Ile seeke out fortune<sup>1</sup> where it doth Lye ;  
in Scotland there is noe byding for mee."

then the tooke leaue with fayre Scotland,

56      for they are sealing vpon the sea.

As he and  
his men sail,  
they sight a  
tall ship.

they had not sayled vpon the sea  
not one day & monthes 3,

but they were ware of a Noble shippe

60      that 5 topes<sup>2</sup> bare all soe hye.

He calls  
Markenfield  
to him,

then Nevill called to Martin-feeld,

sayd, " Martin-ffceld, come hither to mee !

some good councell, Martin-feeld,

64      I pray thee gine it vnto mee ;

<sup>1</sup> fortune in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Among Sea-men, *Topes* are taken for those round Frames of Board that lyce upon the Cross-trees, near the Heads of

the Masts, where they get up to furle or loose the Top-sails. (Phillips.) *Top Castles*, ledgings surrounding the mast-head. (Halliwell.)—F.

"thou told me when I was in England fayre,  
before that I did take the sea,  
thou neuer sawst noe banner borne  
68      but thou wold ken it with thine eye,

a man  
famous  
for his  
knowledge  
of heraldry

"thou neuer saw noe man in the face,  
iff thou had seene before with thine eye,  
thou coldest hause kend thy freind<sup>1</sup> by thy foc,  
72      & then hause told it vnto mee ;

and memory  
of men

"thou neuer heard noe speeche spoken,  
neither in greeke nor Hebrewe,  
thou coldest hause answered them in any language,  
76      & then hause told it vnto mee.<sup>2</sup>"

and  
understand-  
ing of  
languages.

"Master, Master, see you yonder faire auncient<sup>3</sup>?  
yonder is the serpent & the serpents head,  
the mould-warpe<sup>4</sup> in the middest fitt,<sup>5</sup>  
80      & itt all shines with gold soe redde ;

He discovers  
from the  
enigma that

<sup>1</sup> friend.—P.

<sup>2</sup> me unto ; so the Rhyme requires.—P.

<sup>3</sup> An *Ancient* or *Anshent*, a Flag or Streamer, set up in the Stern of a Ship. Phillips.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *Taulpe*: f. The little beast called a Mole or Moldewarp. Cotgrave. In Yorkshire *mowldywarpe* still. Two drawings of the arms of Don John are given in *Examples of the Ornamental Heraldry of the Sixteenth Century*, p. 34, just published (or printed privately) by Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, M.P. The arms are the shields of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, either quartering the arms of Austria, or bearing them upon an escutcheon of pretence. The only animals that he bore were lions and eagles. Mr. J. R. Planché, Rouge Croix, says, "The arms were only on the banner, the badge and crest on the standard, pennon &c. The arms of Don John of Austria were the same as those borne by his father, without any abatement to mark his illegitimacy. His crest was a plume of peacock's feathers, and therefore I am as much at a loss as

ever to know what is meant by 'the serpent and the serpent's head, the moldwarpe &c.' There is nothing in either his coat, crest, or badge, that by any ingenuity can be twisted into such a bearing." Mr. Holmes suggests that the serpent and mole may have been a device of Don John's, as about his time people were fond of adopting devices. Whether Don John chose his own flag or not, I cannot say ; he certainly brushed his own hair as he liked, and set the fashion that way. "Don John, because the haire on the left side of his temples grew upright, used with his hand to put away all the haire from his fore-head ; and because that baring of the Fore-head looked handsome in him, thence came the Fashion of combing and keeping the haire up, insomuch as that kind of Foretop is in some places called an *Austrian*." ed. 1650. Sir R. Stapylton, *Tr<sup>n</sup> of Strada's Low-Country Warres*, bk. x. p. 21. (See his portrait, facing p. 26, bk. ix.)—F.

<sup>5</sup> i.e. in the middle part ; see page 361, st. 57 ; see also page 84 [of MS.].—P.

the ship  
belongs to  
John, Duke  
of Austria,

yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,  
a Noble warryour on the sea,  
Whose dwelling is in Cinill Land,  
84      & many men, god wot, hath hee."

[page 114.]

and urges  
flight.

then bespake him Martin-feelde,  
to all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,  
"turne our noble shipp about,  
88      & that's a token that wee will flee."

Neville  
declines to  
fly.

"thy councell is not good, Martin-feeld ;  
itt falleth not out fitting for mee ;  
I rue the Last time I turnd my backe,  
92      I did displease my prince & the Countreye."

then bespake him Noble Nevill,  
to all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
"sett me vp my faire Dun Bull,  
96      with gilden hornes hee beares all soe hye,

" & I will passo yonder Noble Duke  
by the leane of Mild Marye ;  
for yonder is the Duke of Austria  
100      that trauells now vpon the sea."

The Duke  
of Austria  
sends a  
herald to ask  
who Neville  
is.

& then bespake this Noble Duke,  
vnto his men then sayd hee,  
"yonder is sure some Nobleman,  
104      or else some youth that will not flee ;

"I will put out a pinace fayre,  
a Harold of armes vpon the sea,  
& goe thy way to yonder noble shipp,  
108      & bring the Masters Name to mee."

<sup>1</sup> Cecil land, i.e. Sicily.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This is the Neville crest to this day.  
—J. R. Planché.

When the Herald of armes came before Noble Nevill,  
 he fell downe low vpon his knec,  
 "you must tell me true what is your name,  
 112 & in what countrye your dwelling may bee."

"that will I not doe," sayd Noble Nevill,  
 "by Mary Mild, that Mayden ffree,  
 except I first know thy Masters name,  
 116 & in what country his dwelling may bee."

Neville will  
first be told  
who the  
Duke is.

then bespake the Herald of armes—  
 O that he spoke soe curteously,—  
 "Duke John of Austria is my Masters name,  
 120 he will neuer Lene<sup>1</sup> it vpon the sea;

The herald  
tells him.

"he hath beene in the citye of Rome,  
 his dwelling is in Ciuelle.<sup>2</sup>"  
 "then wee are poore Brittons," the Nevill can say,  
 124 "where wee trauell vpon the sea,

"& Charles Nevill, itt is my name,  
 I will neuer lene it vpon the sea.  
 when I was att home in England faire,  
 128 I was the Erle of westmoreland," sayd hee.

The Neville  
declares  
himself.

then backe is gone this herald of armes  
 whereas this Noble Duke did lye,  
 "loc, yonder are poore Brittons,"—can he say—  
 132 "where the trauell vpon the sea,  
  
 "& Charles Nevill is their Masters name,  
 he will neuer lene it vpon the sea ;  
 when he was at home in England fayre,  
 136 he was the Erle of westmoreland, said heo."

The herald  
reports what  
he has  
learnt.

<sup>1</sup> Lene, i.e. conceal.—P. Old Norse, *lyna*, to hide.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> Cicillee, i.e. Sicily.—P.

## [The Second Part.]

The Duke,  
remember-  
ing some old  
prophecy,  
asks for an  
interview  
with the  
Earl,

2 Part

Then bespake this Noble Duke,  
& euer he spake soe hastilye,  
& said, " goe backe to yonder Noble Man,  
& bid him come & speake with me,  
  
" for I haue read in the booke of Mable,  
there shold a brittaine come ouer the sea,  
Charles Nevill with a Childs voice :  
144 I pray god *that* it may be hee."

When these 2 nobles they didden meeete,  
they halched eche other right curtouslye ;  
yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner  
148 because a banished man, alas, was hee.

and wishes  
to see his  
men.

"call in *your* men," sayd this Noble Duke,  
"faine *your* men *that* I wold see."  
"euer alas!" said Noble Nevill,  
152 "they are but a litle small compayne."

The Earl  
calls them  
in.

first he called in Martin-field,  
*that* Martin-sfeeld *that* cold prophecye ;  
he call[ed] in then Lord Dakers,  
156 A lords sonne of high degree ; [page 115.]

then called he in old Master Nortton,  
& sonnes 4 in his compayne ;  
he called in one other gentleman  
160 Called Iohn of Carnabye :

He confesses  
that he and  
his sovereign  
could not  
agree.

"Loe! these be all my men," said noble Nevill,  
" & all *thats* in my compayne ;  
when we were att home in England fayre,  
164 our prince & wee cold not agree."

then bespake this Noble Duke,

“to try your manhood on the sea,

old Master Nortton shall goe ouer into france,

168      & his sonnes 4 in his compayne;

The Duke  
proposes to  
send the  
Nortons into  
France,

“& my Lord Dakers shall goe over into ffrance,  
there a Captaine ffor to bee;

& those 2 other gentlemen wold goe with him,

172      & for to fare in his compayne;

with Lord  
Dacres,

“& you your-selfe shall goe into Ciuill<sup>1</sup> Land,  
& Martin-field that can prophecye.”

“that will I not doe,” sayd Noble Nevill,

176      “by Mary Mild, that Mayden free,

and to take  
the Earl and  
Markenfield  
to Sicily  
with him.

“for the haue knownen me in wele and woe,  
in neede, scar[s]nesse<sup>2</sup> & pouertye:

before Ile part with the worst of them,

180      Ile rather part with my liffe,” sayd hee.

The Earl  
will not  
be parted  
from his  
followers.

& then bespake this Noble Duke,

“& euer he spake soe curteously,

sayes, “you shall part with none of them !

184      there is soe much manhood in your bodye.”

then these 2 Noblemen labored together

pleasantlye vpon the sea ;

their Landing was in Ciuill<sup>3</sup> land,

188      in Ciuilee<sup>4</sup> that ffaire Citye.

So they all  
sail together  
to Sicily.

3 nights att this Dukes, Nevill did lye,

& serued like a nobleman was hee ;

then the Duke made a supplication

192      & sent it to the Queene of Ciuilee,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cicil.—P.

th u has only one stroke in the MS., as often happens. The letter is not meant

<sup>2</sup> scarceness.—P.

for c, clearly, as it has not the accent or

<sup>3</sup> Cicil.—P.

break of a c.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Cicilee.—P.

<sup>5</sup> In this and the like names following,

The Duke  
introduces  
Westmore-  
land to the  
Queen,

- saying, "such a man is *your* citye within,  
 I mett him pleasantly vpon the sea,  
 he seemes to be a Noble Man,  
 196      & Captaine to *your* grace he faine wold bee."

- then the Queene sent for [these] Noble Men  
 for to come into her compayne.  
 when Nevill came before the Queene,  
 200      hee kneeled downe vpon his knee;

who  
welcomes  
him,

- shee tooke him vp by the lilly white hand,  
 said, "welcome, my Lord, hither to me!  
 you must first tell me *your* name,  
 204      & in what countrye thy dwelling may bee."

- he said, "Charles Nevill is my name;  
 I will neuer lene it in noe countrye;  
 when I was att home in England fayre,  
 208      I was the Erle of westmorland trulye."

and makes  
him a  
captain.

- the Queene made him Captaine ouer 40000,  
 watch & ward within Ciuell land to keepe,  
 & for to warr against the heathen Soldan,  
 212      & for to helpe her in her neede.

When the  
Sultan of  
Barbary  
hears of  
him,

- when the heathen soldan he gott witt—  
 in barbaryo where he did lye—  
 sainge, "such a man is in yonder Citye within,  
 216      & a bold venturer by sea is hee,"

he writes to  
the Queen,

- then the heathen Soldan made a letter,  
 & sent it to the Queene instantlye,—  
 & all that heard this letter reade  
 220      where it was rehersed in Ciuilce,—

saying, "hane you any man your Land within,  
 Man to Man dare fight with mee ?  
 & both our lands shalbe ioyned in one,  
 224 & cristened lands they both shalbe."

and  
proposes  
a single  
combat.

shee said, " I haue noc man my land within,  
 man to man dare fight with thee ;  
 but ev ery day thou shalt haue a battell,  
 228 if it be for these weekes 3."

The Queen  
says she has  
no one to  
meet him.

All beheard him Charles Nevill  
 in his bedd where he did lye ;  
 & when he came the Queene before,  
 232 he fell downe low vpon his knee,

[page 116.]

" grant me a boone, my Noble Dame,  
 for chrissts loue *that dyed on tree* !  
 for I will goe fight with yond heathen soldan  
 236 if you will bestowe the manhood on meec."

Neville  
offers to  
meet him.

then bespake this courteous Queene,  
 & euer shee spoke soe courteously,  
 " though you be a banished man out of your realme,  
 240 it is great pitye *that thou shold dye*."

The Queen  
hesitates.

then bespake this Noble Duke  
 as hee stood hard by the Queenes knee,  
 " as I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
 244 there shall a Brittone come ouer the sea,

The Duke  
persuades  
her to  
consent.

" & Charles Nevill shold be his name,  
 but a childs voyce, I wott, hath hee ;  
 & if he ben in Christendome,  
 248 for hart & hand this man hath hee."

then the Queenes councell cast their heads together  
*that Nevill shold fight with the heathen soldan*  
*that dwelt in the Citye of barbarye.*

All the  
arrange-  
ments are  
made.

- 252 the battell & place appointed was  
 in a fayre greene, hard by the sea,  
 & they shood <sup>1</sup> meeete att the headless crosse,<sup>2</sup>  
 & there to fight right Manfullye.

Neville asks  
to see the  
Queen's flag.

- 256 then Nevill cald for the Queenes ancient,  
 & faine *that* ancient he wold see.  
 thé brought him forth the broken sword  
 with bloodye hands therin tralye;

- 260 thé brought him forth the headless crosse,  
 in *that* ancyent it was seene :  
 “ O this is a token,” sayd Martin-feeld,  
 “ *that* sore ouerthrownen this prince hath beene.”

Neville  
orders  
his own  
standard to  
be raised;

- 264 “ O sett me vp my fayre Dun Bull ;  
 & trumpetts blow me farr & nee,  
 vntill I come within a mile of the headlesso crosse,  
*that* the headlesse crosse I may see.”

appoints  
Markenfield  
his lieu-  
tenant;

- 268 then lighted downe Noble Nevill,  
 & sayd, “ Marttin-ffeeld, come hither to me !  
 heere I make thee Choice Captain over my host  
 vntill againe I may thee see.”

and rides to  
meet the  
Sultan,

- 272 then Nevill rode to the headless crosse  
 which stands soe fayre vpon the sea :  
 there was he ware of the heathen soldan,  
 both fowle and vglye for to see.

<sup>1</sup> MS. stood, *for* should.—F.

<sup>2</sup> . . . Barouns gunne with hym rydo  
 Unto the brukene crus of ston.

Thedyr com the kyng ful soone anon,

And there he gan abyde.

*Rom. of Athelston*, in *Reliq. Antiq.* ii. 97.

—F.

- 276 then the soldan began for to call ;  
 2<sup>o</sup> he called lowd & hye,  
 & sayd, “ what is this ? some kitchin boy  
 that comes hither to fight with mee ? ”
- 280 then bespeak him Charles Nevill,—  
 but a childs voice, I wott, had hee,—  
 “ thou spekest soe litle of gods might !  
 much more lesse I doe care for thee.”
- 284 att the first meeting *that* these 2 mett,  
 the heathen Soldan & the Christen man,  
 the broke their speares quito in sunder,  
 & after *that* on foote did stand.
- 288 the next meeting *that* these 2 mett,  
 the swapt<sup>1</sup> together with swords soo fine ;  
 the fought together till they both swett,  
 of blowes *that* were both derfo<sup>2</sup> & dire.
- 292 they fought an houre in battell strong ;  
 the soldan marke Nevill with his eyc,  
 “ there shall neuer man me ouercome  
 except it be Charles Nevill,” sayd hee.
- 296 Then Nevill he waxed bold,

[page 117.] Neville  
prevale.

- & cunning in fight, I wott, was hee,  
 even att the gorgett of the Soldans Jacko<sup>3</sup>  
 he stroke his head of presentlye.

<sup>1</sup> to *strappe*, to strike, to cut off suddenly, &c.; Urry's GL. Isl. *swipan*, motus *subitus*; *ab ad swipa*, cito agere. Lye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *derfe*, active, strong, robust. Gloss. to Gawn. Douglass, who has render'd Durum a stirpe genus, AE. 9, 603, ‘of nature derfe & doure’ (N.B. doure is the Latin durum.) *Derfe*, in y<sup>o</sup> gloss<sup>y</sup>. is deriv'd from *derfan*, S. A. *laborare*; it is used in many places, & seems to be in the sense of hard, hardy, rough. See pag. 388, lin. 324; Pag. 389, lin. 379 [of MS.].—P.

<sup>3</sup> Meyrick says the military *jack* originated with the English, and quotes the *Chronicle of Bertrand du Guesclin* (temp. Richard II.), to show its use :—

“ Each had a jack above his hauberk.” He engraves a figure of Eudo de Arsic, 1260, who wears one of leather, exactly like the tunic without sleeves; it is buttoned down the front to the waist, and secured round it by a girdle. *Fairholm's Costume in England*, p. 514.—F.

who scoffs  
at him.

They fight  
with spears,

with swords.

Neville  
thanks God  
for his  
victory.

- 300 then kneeled downe Noble Nevill,  
& thanked god for his great grace,  
that he shold come soe farr into a strang Land  
to ouercome the soldan in place.

- 304 hee tooke the head vpon his sword poynt,  
& carryed it amongst his host soe fayre.  
when the saw the Soldans head,  
they thanked god on their knees there.

The Queen  
wishes to  
make him  
king,

- 308 7 miles from the Citye the Queene him mett,  
with procession *that* was soe fayre :  
shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,  
& wold haue crowned him King there.

but he is  
married  
already,  
he saye.

- 312 "Now Nay ! Now nay ! my noble dame !  
for soe, I wott, itt cannott bee ;  
I haue a ladye in England fayre,  
& wedded againe I wold not bee."

So she gives  
him 100*l.* a  
day.

- 316 the Queene shee called for her penman,  
I wot shee called him lowd & hyc,  
saying, " write him downe a 100*l.* a day,  
to keepe his men more merrylyo."

- 320 "I thanke your grace," sayd Noble Nevill,  
" for this worthy gift you haue giuen to me ;  
if cuer your grace doe stand in neede,  
Champion to your highnesse againe Ile bee."  
ffins.

flodden : ffeilde :<sup>1</sup>

[or, Lancashire & Cheshire have done the Deed.]

[In Two Parts.—P.]

Or the first 422 and the last six lines of this very curious ballad there are two other manuscript copies—in Harl. MSS. Nos. 293 and 367. These scarcely differ from each other and from the copy in the Folio, except in points of orthography. The version preserved in them has been twice printed—by Weber in his “Flodden Field” (see our Introduction to “Scottish Field,” p. 199), and by Evans in his “Old Ballads.” The last line but one of it—reading “prynces”—connects it with Queen Mary’s or with Elizabeth’s reign,—more probably with the latter. The verses that follow v. 422, up to v. 507 in the version here given, do not appear elsewhere, and are here printed for the first time. They were certainly written after 1544, as they confuse the expedition made that year into France with the one of 1513. They would seem to have been added by some poetic member, or dependent, or admirer of the Egertons of Ridley, perhaps in the time of Sir Thomas, towards the end of his life Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of James I.

The author of the poem is evidently a thorough Stanleyite. His object is to show how the house of his affection triumphed over the malice of the Howards—how its fame, obscured for a

<sup>1</sup> Fought Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> 1513. This is evidently the production of a common minister.—P.

Collated with the Harl. MSS. 293 and 367, marked in these notes A & B re-

spectively. MS. 367 (B) has been corrected by another hand. Variations of spelling are seldom marked in this collation.—H.

while by lying reports, shone out all the brighter when the true statement of the facts arrived. In carrying out this object he gives us a quaint curious picture of his time. The scene in the royal camp before Tournay is especially interesting. It is painted unpretentiously, but with great force. The King stands out in a lifelike way, rough, impulsive, thoroughly appreciating the spirit that will not submit to insult on any terms, overflowingly generous when recalled by good news to a good humour. There is something quaint, not without pathos, in the picture of the Earl of Derby as he stands between his two noble friends bidding farewell to all the brave men, who he knows well could never have fled—they must be slain,—Stanley, and Molineux, and Booth, and Savage,—and the old familiar places, which he can never visit again now that disgrace has fallen on them and him,—Lancaster, that little town, and the bright bower Latham with all its towers, and the richly wooded Knowsley, and Birkenhead, his birth-place.

The story of the ballad is that the Earl of Surrey, when sending to Henry in France the news of Flodden, improved the opportunity which the misconduct of the Cheshire men on his extreme right wing in the battle had unhappily given him.

“ Lancashiro & Cheshire,” says the [Surrey’s] Messenger,  
“ Cleane they be fled & gone;  
There was nere a man that long to the Erle of Darby  
That durst looke his enemyes upon.”

The King is highly indignant with the Earl, then in his camp with him, whose followers have so grievously betrayed his cause. The Earl is himself sadly downcast, and will not be comforted, though his noble friends Shrewsbury and Buckingham do what they can to cheer him. Then occurs a curious episode. A yeoman of the guard, a foster-brother of the Earl, flees to him for protection from the consequences of an assault which he has committed on certain of his comrades who, on the strength of the report sent by Surrey, have called him—a Stanleyite—coward.

The matter is brought before the King, who on hearing the yeoman's account of the fray pardons him, and at his instance orders that the men of Lancashire and Cheshire shall not be taunted for their reported cowardice. Just when this affair is settled, comes a messenger from the Queen, who completely subverts the previous report.

"Lancashire & Cheshire," said the Messenger,  
"They have done the deed with their hand;  
Had not the Erle of Derby beene to thee true,  
In great adventure had beene all England."

Then the horn of Derby is exalted. The King showers honours on him and other Cestrian gentlemen.

Such is the plot of this poem. What foundation there was for it Hall mentions. "The Kynge," he says, "had a secrete letter that the Cheshire men fledde from Sir Edmond Hawarde, whyche letter caused grate harteburning and manye woordes; but the Kyng," he adds, "thankefully accepted al thynge, and woulde no man to be disprayed." There is not the slightest reason in the world for supposing that the "secrete letter" was written by Surrey. Probably enough, in the dispatch he sent he mentioned the Cheshire men's flight; and that mention may have been exaggerated by Cestrian jealousy into some such evil report as that which causes so much trouble in our ballad.

Surrey's dispatch is not extant. "Eo modo," says Jovius, after describing the battle, "quum ad Tylum . . . . ad internitionem Scotiæ nobilitatis pugnatum esset, Surreius speculatoria navi quanta maxima potuit celeritate literas rei feliciter gestæ et occisi regis paludamentum multo cruento conspersum Henrico transmisit." But Jovius is incorrect here. The letter and the cloak or coat seem to have been sent to the Queen, who sent on to Henry the letter at once, and on September 16, immediately afterwards, the garment, with a second letter from Surrey and one from herself. "Sir," she writes to the King on the 16th, "My Lord Howard hath sent me a Lettre open to your

Grace, within oon of myn, by the whiche ye shal see at length the grete Victorye that our Lord hath sent your Subgetts in your absence; and for this cause it is noo nede herin to trouble your Grace with long writing, but, to my thinking, this batell hath bee to your Grace and al your reame the grettest honor that coude bee, and more than ye shuld wyn at the crown of Fraunce; thankend bee God of it: and I am suer your Grace forgetteth not to doo this, which shal be cause to send you many moo suche grete victoryes, as I trust he shal doo. My husband, for hasty-nesse, w<sup>t</sup> Ragecrosse I coude not sende your Grace the pece of the King of Scotts cote whiche John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shal see how I can kepe my premys, sending you for your baners a kings cote. I thought to sende hymself unto you, but our Englishmens herts wold not suffre it. It shuld have been better for hym to have been in peax than have this rewarde. Al that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, wold fayne knowe your pleasur in the burying of the King of Scotts body, for he hath written to me soo. With the next messanger your grace pleasure may bee herin knownen. And with this I make an ende; prayng God to sende you home shortly, for without this noo joye here can be accomplisshed; and for the same I pray, and now goo to our Lady at Walsyngham that I promised soo long agoo to see. At Woborne the xvij day of Septembre. I sende your grace herin a bille founde in a Scottishemans purse of suche things as the Frenshe King sent to the said King of Scotts to make warre against you, beseching your<sup>1</sup> to sende Mathewe hider assone this messanger commeth to bringe me tydings from your Grace. Your humble wif and true servant, Katherine." (Cott. MSS. Vesp. F. iii. fol. 15, printed in Ellis's "Original Letters" and elsewhere.) On the same day she wrote to Wolsey: "Maister Almoner, whan the last messanger went I wrote not to you, because I had not the

<sup>1</sup> you.

suerte of every thing that was doon in the bataill against the Scotts. Now syns that tyme came a Post from my lord Howard with a writing at length of every thing as it was, whiche I now sende to the King—for to me it is thought the grettest honor that ever Prince had; his Subgetts in his absence not oonly to have the Victorye but also to slee the King and many of his noblemen. This matier is soo marvelous that it semeth to bee of Godds doing aloone. I trust the King shal remembre to thanke hym for it; for soo al the Reame her hath doon; and bicause ye shal knowe by my Lord Howards Lettre every thing better than I can write, it is noo nede herin to saye any mor of it." (Cott. MSS. Calig. B. vi. fol. 35.) The King received Surrey's dispatch, so forwarded to him, on the 25th, according to Hall. "Then he thanked God and highly praised the Earle and the Lorde Admyrall and his sonne and all the gentlemen and commons that were at that valiant entrepryse. Howbeit," and then follow the words we have quoted above.

We have given in the Introduction to "Scottish Field" such an account of Henry's expedition to France in 1513, and of the battle of Flodden, fought during his absence, as may serve to illustrate that and this ballad. The French expedition of 1513 is in this ballad, in the additional verses, confounded, as we have said, with that made in 1544. In this latter expedition too Henry took part in person. In 1543 he had concluded an alliance with the Emperor, who in accordance with it proceeded himself at once to overrun Cleves, and by proxy to lay siege to Landreci, and shortly afterwards to occupy Luxemburg and Ligny. In June, 1544, the English force landed at Calais, and proceeded to form the sieges of Boulogne and Montreuil. In July Henry himself crossed the Channel, and joined the besiegers of Boulogne. Rymer gives (from Cotton MSS. Calig. E. 4, f. 91) "Diarium super viagio Regis, obsidione et captione Boloniæ." The lower town was taken on July 21. On September 8 the

King writes to his "moost derely and moost entierly biloved wief" of the progress the siege is making. The upper town surrendered on September 14. This was the one event of the expedition. It was returned thanks for by "devoute and general processions in all the townes and villages" (see the Council's letter to Lord Shrewsbury). A few days after it the Emperor, disgusted at Henry's refusal to advance and carry out the original scheme of the alliance—the occupation of Paris—concluded a peace with France at Crespy. Henry, thus deserted, does not proceed to any further operations. In October he returns to England—and so ends his second expedition into France.

The Earl of  
Surrey

NOW let vss talke of<sup>1</sup> Mount of fiodden,  
fforsooth such is our chance,  
& let vs tell what tydings<sup>2</sup> the Ear[l]e of Surrey  
4 sent to our King into france.

sends a  
letter to the  
King in  
Franco.

the Earle he hath a writting made,  
&<sup>3</sup> sealed it with his owne hand ;  
from the Newcastle vpon tine  
8 the Herald<sup>4</sup> passed from the land,  
  
& after to callice<sup>5</sup> hee arruined,  
like a noble Leed<sup>6</sup> of high degree,  
& then to Turwin soone he hyed,  
12 there he thought to haue found King Henery<sup>7</sup>;

But there the walls were beaten downe  
& our English soliders therin Laine<sup>8</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> B, of the.

<sup>2</sup> B, tythandes.

<sup>3</sup> A, surly, B, surlye.

<sup>4</sup> B, herott.

<sup>5</sup> B, Calyea.

<sup>6</sup> A.-Sax. *leod*, man, prince.—F. A, lorde.

<sup>7</sup> A, Henry our Kynge.

<sup>8</sup> A, tayne, B, layne.

sith to Turnay the way hee nume,<sup>1</sup>  
 16      wheras lay the Emperour of Almaine,<sup>2</sup>  
       & there he found the King<sup>3</sup> of England :  
       blessed Iesus, preserve that name !

The herald  
finds the  
King at  
Tournay,

when the Herald<sup>4</sup> came before our King,  
 20      lowlye he fell downe<sup>5</sup> on his knee,  
       & said, "Christ, christen King, that on the crosse dyed !  
       Noble King Henery ! this day thy speed may bee ! "

the first word that the prince did minge,<sup>6</sup>  
 24      said, "welcome, Herald out of England, to me !  
       how fares my Leeds,<sup>7</sup> how fares my Lords,  
       My knights, my Esquiers in their degree ? "

"heere greeteth you well your owne Leaeutenant,<sup>8</sup>  
 28      the Honorable Erle of Surrey ;  
       he bidds<sup>9</sup> you in ffrance to venter your chance,  
       for slaine is your brother King Iamye,  
       & att louelie London you shall him finde,<sup>10</sup>  
 32      my comelye prince, in the presence of thee."

and informs  
him that  
King James  
is slain.

then bespake our Comlye King,  
       said, " who did fight & who did flee ?  
       & who bore him best of<sup>11</sup> the mount of fflodden,  
 36      & who was false, & who was true to me ? "

The King  
asks for  
details of  
the battle.

"Lancashire & Cheshire," sayd the Messenger,  
       "cleane they be<sup>12</sup> fled and gone ;  
 There was nere a man that Longd<sup>13</sup> to the [page 118.]  
       Erle of darby  
 40      that durst looke his enemyes vpon."

The herald  
tells him  
that all  
Lord Derby's  
men fled  
headlong.

<sup>1</sup> A, nome, B, nome.—runne or *nume*, *fares* &c. is the old Northern plurals.—F.  
*i.e.*, took, from *num*, take.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Maximilian.  
<sup>3</sup> A, Prince, B, Prynce.  
<sup>4</sup> B, herott.  
<sup>5</sup> A, kneeled uppon.  
<sup>6</sup> minge, *i.e.* mention.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> i.e. men, S. *leod*, homo.—P. The *s* of <sup>\*</sup> Lieutenant.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> A, biddethe.  
<sup>9</sup> See Introduction to "Scottish Field," p. 209.—H.  
<sup>10</sup> A, uppon.  
<sup>11</sup> B, bene bothe.  
<sup>12</sup> A, belonged.

The King  
reads the  
letter;

S[t]ill in a study<sup>1</sup> stood our Noble King,  
& tooke the writting in his hand<sup>2</sup> ;  
shortlye the seale he did vnclose,  
& readilye he read as he found.<sup>3</sup>

then calls  
for Lord  
Derby.

44 then bespake our comlye<sup>4</sup> King,  
& called vpon his chualree,  
& said, "who will feitch me the King of Man,  
the Honnorable Thomas Erle of Darbye ?

48 "he may take Lancashire & Cheshire<sup>5</sup>  
that he hath called the cheefe of chualree ;  
Now falsely are they fled & gone,  
52 neuer<sup>6</sup> a one of them is true to mee ! "

Sir Ralph  
Egerton  
says,

56 then bespake Sir Raphe<sup>7</sup> Egerton the Knight,  
& lowlye kneeled vpon his knee,  
& said, " my soueraigne Lord<sup>8</sup> King Henery !  
if it like your grace to pardon mee,

If Lancashire  
and Cheshire  
did fly, it was  
for want of  
Lord Derby.

60 "if Lancashire and Cheshire be fled & gone,  
of those tydings<sup>9</sup> wee may be vnfaine,<sup>10</sup>  
but I dare lay my life & lande  
it was for want of their Captaine.<sup>11</sup>

64 "for if the Erle of Derby our Captaine had beene,  
& vs to lead in our arraye,  
then noe Lancashire man nor Cheshire<sup>12</sup>  
that euer wold haue fled awaye ! "

<sup>1</sup> A, stand.

<sup>2</sup> bond, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> fond, found, qu.—P. A, coulde.

<sup>4</sup> A, noble, B, nowble.

<sup>5</sup> A, transposes Cheshire and Lancashire and adds bothe.

<sup>6</sup> A, not.

<sup>7</sup> A, Ralfe, B, Rauphe.

<sup>8</sup> A, you, my soueraigne lord.

<sup>9</sup> B, tyhandes.

<sup>10</sup> unfaine, sorry.—P.

<sup>11</sup> captaine.—P. The Cheshire men  
who fled were under the command of Sir  
Edmund Howard.—H.

<sup>12</sup> A, Lanc nor Cheshire mene wold  
ever have fled.

"*soc it prooued well,*" said our Noble King ;  
 " by him *that deerlye dyed vpon a tree !*  
 now<sup>1</sup> when wee had the most<sup>2</sup> neede,  
 68      falslye they serued them to mee ! "

then spake william Brewerton,<sup>3</sup> *Knight*,  
 & lowlye kneeled his prince before,  
 & sayd, " my Soueraigne King Henery the 8<sup>th</sup>,  
 72      if<sup>4</sup> your grace sett by vs *soe little store*,

Sir William  
Brereton  
asks for  
another  
chance,

" where-soeuer you come in any feild to fight,  
 set the Earle of Darby & vs before,  
 then shall you see wether<sup>5</sup> wee fight or flee,  
 76      trew or false whether we be borne ! "

with Lord  
Derby at  
their head.

Compton rowned<sup>6</sup> with our King,<sup>7</sup>  
 & said,<sup>8</sup> " goe wee & leane the cowards right."  
 " heere is my gloue to thee ! " quoth Egerton ;  
 80      " Compton ! if thou be a knight,

Compton,  
scorning at  
these  
speakers.

" take my gloue, & with me fight  
 Man to Man, if thou wilt turne againe ;  
 for if our prince were not present wright,<sup>9</sup>  
 84      the one of vs 2 shold be slaine,

is challenged  
by Egerton.

" & neuer foote beside the ground gone  
 vntill the one dead shold bee."  
 our prince was moued therratt anon,  
 88      & returned him right teenouslye,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A & B, for now.

<sup>2</sup> B, greatest.

<sup>3</sup> A, Brarton, B, Breerton.

<sup>4</sup> A, And if.

<sup>5</sup> A, that we are.

<sup>6</sup> A, rounded. *Rowned*, i.e. whispered.

—P.

<sup>7</sup> A adds Anone.

<sup>8</sup> A, saying.

<sup>9</sup> A & B, right.

<sup>10</sup> A, Angerly, B, tenyslye. A.-S. *tcona*,  
reproach, insult.—F.

Enters Earl  
of Derby.

- & to him came on the other hand<sup>1</sup>  
the Honnorable Erle of Darbye ;  
& when he before our prince came,  
92      he lowlye kneeled vpon his knee,  
  
& said, “ Iesu christ *that* on the crosse dyed,  
this day, Noble Henery, thy speed may bee ! ”  
the first word *that* the King did speake,<sup>2</sup>  
96      sayd,<sup>3</sup> “ welcome, King of man & Erle of Darbye ! ”

The King  
asks how  
he likes  
Cheshire and  
Lancashire's  
conduct.

- “ how likest thou Cheshire and lancashire<sup>4</sup> both,  
which were counted cheife of chialree<sup>5</sup> ?  
falslye are<sup>6</sup> they fled & gone,  
100      & neuer a one is<sup>7</sup> trew to mee ! ”

He says  
what  
Egerton has  
said,

- “ if *that* be soc,” said the Erle free,<sup>8</sup>  
“ my Leege, therof I am not faine.  
my comlye princee, rebuke not mee,  
104      I was not there to be there<sup>9</sup> Captaine ;

- “ if I had beene their Captaine,” the Erle said then,  
“ I durst hane Layd both Liffe and land,  
he neu'r came out of Lancashire nor cheshire  
108      That wold haue feldd beside the ground !    (page 119.)

- “ but if it like your Noble grace  
a little boone to grant itt mee,  
Lett me hane Lancashire and Cheshire both,—  
112      I desire noe more helpe trulye ;—

<sup>1</sup> B. syde.

<sup>2</sup> A. sayde.

<sup>3</sup> A. was.

<sup>4</sup> B transposes these words.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS. 6032, f. 132, De Cestrisiria. (The metre is meant to be hendecasyllabic.)

O Devania, virtutis nutrix,  
Pollens nobilibus Princeps virorum  
Qui pulchri corpore, spiritu feroces,

Septi roture, prodigique vitre,  
Hostes aggrediuntur et laessunt.

Canoden: “Eximia nobilitatis altrix, nec enim alia est in Anglia provincia que plures nobiles in aciem eduxerit et plures equestres familias numerarit.” —H.

<sup>6</sup> B. nowe are.

<sup>7</sup> B. are.

<sup>8</sup> A & B. then.

<sup>9</sup> A. th ir.

"if I ffayle to burne vp<sup>1</sup> all Scotland,  
take me & hang me vpon a tree!  
I, i<sup>2</sup> shall conquer to Paris gate  
116 both<sup>3</sup> comlye castles and towers hye !

and what  
Brereton.

" wheras the walls<sup>4</sup> beeene soe stronge,  
Lancashire and Cheshire shall beate them downe."  
"by my fathers soule,"<sup>5</sup> sayd our King,  
120 & by him that dyed on the roode,  
  
" thou shalt never haue lancashire nor Cheshire right  
att thy owne obeydence for to bee !  
cowards in a feild felly<sup>6</sup> will fight  
124 againe to win the victorye."<sup>7</sup>

The King  
taunts the  
counties  
with  
cowardice.

" wee were neuer cowards," said the Erle,  
" by him that deerlye dyed on tree<sup>8</sup> !  
who brought in your father att Milford Hauen<sup>9</sup> ?  
128 King Henery the 7<sup>th</sup> forsooth was hee ;  
  
" thorow the towne<sup>10</sup> of fortune<sup>11</sup> wee did him bring,  
& soc convayd him to Shrewsburye,  
& soc crowned him a Noble King ;  
132 & Richard that day wee deemed to dye."

Derby  
reminds him  
how his  
house had  
helped  
Henry VII.

<sup>1</sup> A, brene uppe, B, bren up.  
<sup>2</sup> Aye, I.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> A, both the.  
<sup>4</sup> A inserts they.  
<sup>5</sup> A inserts then.  
<sup>6</sup> A, freely, B, fellye.—felly, i.e. desperately.—P.

<sup>7</sup> " Put a coward to his metal, and he'll  
fight the deil."—*Proverbs of Scotland*, ed.  
Hislop, 1862, p. 322; Bohn's *Handbook*  
of *Proverbs*, p. 253.—P. Compare  
Horace, Odes, iii. v. 25-36 (J. W. H.)—

Auro repensus scilicet acrior  
Miles redibit? Flagitio additis  
Damnum. Neque amissis colores  
Lana refert medicata fuco;  
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit  
Curat reponi deterioribus.

Si pugnat extricata densis  
Cerra plagis, erit ille fortis,  
Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus;  
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altoro,  
Qui lora restrictis lacertis  
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem.

<sup>8</sup> A & B, for me.  
<sup>9</sup> See Introduction to "Lady Bessie."

<sup>10</sup> perhaps turne.—P.  
<sup>11</sup> Town of Fortune, i.e. Forden, says  
Evans. Speed in his *Theatre of Great  
Britain*, to which work Evans refers,  
gives a Forton in Staffordshire, a village  
near Newport—the place here meant.  
In his Index he mentions also a Forton  
in Shropshire, but does not, I think,  
mark it in his map.—H.

The King  
turns away.

Buckingham  
comforts  
Derby,

136

and throws  
doubts on  
Surrey's  
letter.

140

144

The Earl of  
Derby makes  
his moan;

bids farewell  
to Sir Edw.  
Stanley,

148

152

<sup>1</sup> A, upon the same, B, on the same.  
<sup>2</sup> A, syde, B, side.  
<sup>3</sup> Edward Stafford, executed in 1521.

See Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*—H.

<sup>4</sup> A & B, Standley.

<sup>5</sup> Lat. *radium*, a pledge.—P. A-Sax.

*wedd.*—F.

<sup>6</sup> B, synce.

<sup>7</sup> A, feeld, B, feyld.—perhaps folle.

—P.

<sup>8</sup> “Thy vncle,” i.e. Sir William Stanley (beheaded, in spite of his good service on Bosworth Field, in 1495, for saying that “if he certainly knew the young man called Perkin to be really the son of Edward IV, he would never draw his sword or bear arms against him”).

“His father deere,” i.e. John Howard, Duke of Norfolk. He was slain on the field of Bosworth, but not by Sir William

our prince was greatlye moued at *that* worde,  
& returned him hastilye againe.<sup>1</sup>

to comfort the Erle came on the other hande<sup>2</sup>  
the doughtye Edward,<sup>3</sup> DUX of Buckingam;

“plucke vp thy hart, brother Stanlye,<sup>4</sup>  
& lett nothing greeine thee!  
for I dare lay my liffe to wedd<sup>5</sup>

it is a false writing of the Erle of Surrey.

“sith<sup>6</sup> King Richard feele,<sup>7</sup> he neuer loued thee,  
for thy vncle slue his father deere,<sup>8</sup>  
& deerlye deemed him to dye;

Sir Christopher<sup>9</sup> Savage his standard always<sup>10</sup> did  
beare.”

“alas brother!” sayd the Erle of Darbye,  
“woe be the time *that* I was made Knight,  
or were ruler of any Lande,<sup>11</sup>

or cuer had manhood in feild to fight!

“soe bold men in battle as were they,  
forsooth had neither Lord nor swaine.

farwell my vncle Sir Edward Stanley!

for well I wott *that* thou art<sup>12</sup> slaine!

Stanley. “They [Oxford and Norfolk] personally attacked each other with their spears till they were shivered to pieces; then each drew his sword. Norfolk gave the first blow at Oxford's head, which sliding down his helmet, glanced on the shoulder, and wounded him in the left arm. Oxford, enraged, returned the blow, and hewed the beaver from Norfolk's helmet, leaving the face bare. Oxford, disdaining to fight a man unguarded, declined the combat, and retreated a few paces, when instantly an arrow from a distant and unknown hand hit the Duke in the face and pierced the brain.” *History of the Battle of Bosworth.*—H.

<sup>1</sup> MS. xopher.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A, away.

<sup>3</sup> B adds thereby.

<sup>4</sup> <sup>12</sup> correction of B, weart.

"surelye whiles thy liffe wold last  
 thou woldest never shrinke<sup>1</sup> beside the plaine ;  
 nor Iohn Stanley, *that child soe younge !*

156      well I wott *that*<sup>2</sup> thou art slaine !

to John  
Stanley,

"ffarwell Kighlye ! Coward was thou neuer<sup>3</sup> !  
 old Sir Henery the good Knight,  
 I left the[e]<sup>4</sup> ruler of Latham,<sup>5</sup>

160      to be deputye both day & night.

Kighley,  
Sir Henry

"ffarwell Townlye *that was soe true !*  
 & *that* Noble Ashton of Middelton<sup>6</sup> !  
 & the sad Southwarke<sup>7</sup> *that euer was surc,*

164      forwell ! I wott *that* thou art gone.

and  
Townley,  
and Ashton,  
and  
Southwark,

"farwell Ashton vndeline<sup>8</sup>  
 & Manlye Mullenax<sup>9</sup> ! for thou art slaine ;  
 for doubtlesse while your liues wold last  
 168      you<sup>10</sup> wold never shun<sup>11</sup> beside the plaine.

and  
Molineux,

"ffarwell Adderton<sup>12</sup> with the Leaden Mall !  
 well I know thow art deemed to dye !

I may take my leaue att<sup>13</sup> you all !  
 172      the flower of Manhoode is gone from mee !

and  
Adderton,

<sup>1</sup> A & B, schunte.

four miles north of Manchester. *Walker.*  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> A, howe that.

<sup>7</sup> A, Sotheworthe, B, Sotheworke.  
There is a Southworth in Lancashire,  
north of Warrington.—Robson.

<sup>3</sup> A, none.

<sup>8</sup> A & B, under Lyne. Ashton-under-  
Line, Lancashire, six miles from Man-  
chester. *Walker.*—F.

<sup>4</sup> A, thee.

<sup>9</sup> A, Molenex, B, Mollenax.—Moli-  
neux.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Latham, Lancashire, near Ormskirk,  
and in the neighbourhood of coal-pits.  
In its park is a chalybeate water, or spa,  
called Maudlin's Well, which has wrought  
many remarkable cures. Though re-  
mote from the sea, or salt-water rivers,  
it used to cast up marine shells in large  
quantities, till millstones were laid upon  
the spring, to hinder the sand and shells  
from boiling up so high as formerly.  
*Walker's Gazetteer*, 1801.—F.

<sup>10</sup> A, ye.

<sup>6</sup> Middleton, Lancashire, near the Irk,

<sup>11</sup> A, schonte, B, schunte.

<sup>12</sup> A, Anderton, B, Aderton. Atherton,  
in Lancashire, is near West Derby.—  
Robson.

<sup>13</sup> A, nowe of, B, nowe at.

and Sir John Booth,  
Booth,  
176      " farwell Sir John Booth of Barton,<sup>1</sup> Knight !  
          well I know that thou art slaine !  
          while thy liffe wold last to fight,  
          thou <sup>2</sup> wold neuer [shun] be-sids<sup>3</sup> the plaine,

and Butler,  
and Sir  
Bode,  
180      " farwell Butler <sup>4</sup> & Sir Bode <sup>5</sup> !  
          sure you haue beene euer to mee ;  
          & soe I know that [still <sup>6</sup>] you wold,  
          if that vnslaine <sup>7</sup> you bee.

and Savage,  
184      " farwell Christopher <sup>8</sup> savage, the Knight <sup>9</sup> ! [page 129.]  
          well I know that thou art slaine !  
          for whiles thy life wold last to fight,  
          thou wold <sup>10</sup> neuer [shun] besids <sup>11</sup> the plaine.

and Dutton,  
Sir Dane  
and  
Kinderton,  
188      farwell Dutton & Sir Dane <sup>12</sup> !  
          you haue beene euer trew <sup>13</sup> to mee.  
          farwell the Baron <sup>14</sup> of Kinderton <sup>15</sup> !  
          beside the feild thou wold not <sup>16</sup> flee !

and Fitton.  
192      " farwell, flitton of Gawsworth <sup>17</sup> !  
          either <sup>18</sup> thou art taken or slaine ;  
          doubtlesse while thy life wold last,  
          thou wold <sup>19</sup> neuer [shun <sup>21</sup>] beside the plaine."

Earl of  
Shrewsbury  
comforts  
him.  
196      as they stood talkinge together there,  
          the Duke & the Erle trulye,  
          came ffor to comfort him th[e] trew Talbott  
          & the noble Erle of Shrewsburye <sup>22</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> Barton, Cheshire, NW. of Malpas. Barton, Lancashire, between Preston and Garstang. *Walker*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A, woldeste, B, woulde.

<sup>3</sup> shun beside : see st. 41<sup>st</sup>.—P.

<sup>4</sup> A, Butteler.

<sup>5</sup> A, Bolde, B, Bode.

<sup>6</sup> A, still.

<sup>7</sup> unslaine.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. xopher.—F.

<sup>9</sup> A, weight, B, wighte.

<sup>10</sup> A, woldeste.

<sup>11</sup> shun beside : see stanza 41<sup>st</sup>.—P.

<sup>12</sup> MS. Dane ; A, Done, B, Downe.

<sup>13</sup> A, by me stode.

<sup>14</sup> Venables.—H.

<sup>15</sup> Kinderton, Cheshire, near Middlewich. *Walker's Gaz.*—F.

<sup>16</sup> A, woldeste.

<sup>17</sup> A, Fytton of Gosworthe, R, Gowse-wurthe. Gawsworth Hall is in Cheshire, near Macclesfield. *Walker*, 1801.—F.

<sup>18</sup> A & B, other.

<sup>19</sup> A prefax For.

<sup>20</sup> A, woldeste.

<sup>21</sup> shun.—P.

<sup>22</sup> A, Sherwebury. *Dels &*—Robson.

" plucke vp thy hart, sonne Thomas, & be Merry,  
 & let noo tydings greeve thee !  
 am not I godfather to our King ?  
 200 my owne god-sonne forsooth is heo."

he tooke the Duke of Buckingam by the arme,  
 & the Erle of Shewsburye by the other :  
 " to part with you it is my harme ;  
 204 farewell my father & my brother !

He con-  
tinues his  
farewells.

" farewell Lancaster that little Townc !  
 farewell now for euer & aye !  
 many pore men may pray for my soule  
 208 when they lye weeping in the lanc.<sup>1</sup>

Farewell  
Lancaster,

" ffarwell Latham, that bright bower<sup>2</sup> !  
 9 towers thou beares<sup>3</sup> on hye,  
 & other 9 thou beares on the outer walls ;  
 212 within thee may be lodged kings 3.

and Latham,

" ffarwell Knowsley,<sup>4</sup> that little tower  
 vnderneath the holtes<sup>5</sup> soc whore<sup>6</sup> !  
 euer when I thinke on that bright bower,  
 216 white<sup>7</sup> me not<sup>8</sup> though my hart be sore.

and  
Knowsley,

<sup>1</sup> MS. lane ; B. lawne. in the lane  
they weeping lye.—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> A. boure.

<sup>3</sup> A. beareste. beares is right in the  
old northern dialect.—F.

<sup>4</sup> An inhabitant of the house writes  
to me, " Knowsley can never have been  
correctly described as a 'tower.' It was  
in those days, and still for the most part  
is, a straggling, irregular building, very  
long and low, with nothing about it re-  
sembling a castle. There are two small  
turrets above one of the entrances, but  
of no great height. On the whole, I  
suspect the author of the ballad was in-  
fluenced rather by the exigencies of rhyme  
than by a desire to describe with accuracy.  
There is a sloping ground behind the

house,—hardly enough of it to be called a  
hill,—and as there is now a good deal of  
wood about, and in former days there  
was probably much more, the house may  
fairly be assumed to have been 'under-  
neath the holts so hoar.'”—S. “Knows-  
ley: a portion of this mansion, with two  
round towers, is said to have been built  
by Thomas, the first Earl of Derby, for  
the reception of his son-in-law, King  
Henry VII.” *Domestic Architecture*, vol.  
iii. pt. ii. p. 214.—F.

<sup>5</sup> holte, a wood, rough ; also a hill (as  
here).—P.

<sup>6</sup> hore, hoar, hoary white.—P.

<sup>7</sup> A. Wyte.

<sup>8</sup> Wyte me not, i.e. blame me not.—P.

" farwell Tocstaffe,<sup>1</sup> that trusty parke,  
& the fayre riuere that runnes<sup>2</sup> there beside !  
there I was wont to chase the hind & hart ;  
220 now therin will I neuer abide !

and  
Tocstaffe,

" farwell bold Birkhead,<sup>3</sup> there was I boorne,  
within the abbey & that Monesterye ;  
the sweet covent for mee may mourne ;  
224 I gaue to you the tythe of Beeston,<sup>4</sup> trulye.

and  
Birkenhead,

" farwell westchester<sup>5</sup> for evermore,  
& the watter gate, it is my<sup>6</sup> owne ;  
I givē a mace pro the serient to weare,  
228 to waite on the Maior, as it is knowne ;

Westchester,

" will I neuer come that citye within ;  
but, sonne Edward, thou may<sup>7</sup> clayme it of wright.  
farwell westhardin,<sup>8</sup> I may thee<sup>9</sup> myn !  
232 Knight & lord I was of great might !

and  
Westhardin.

" Sweete sonne Edward, white Looke<sup>10</sup> thou make,  
& euer hane pitty on the pore cominaltye<sup>11</sup> !  
farwell hope & Hopedale !

and Hope,  
and Mold.

236 Mould & Moulesdale,<sup>12</sup> god be with thee !  
I may take leaue with a sorry<sup>13</sup> cheere,  
for within thee will I neuer bee.

<sup>1</sup> Tockestafe, B, Tuckestaffe. Toxteth.—Robeson.

<sup>2</sup> B, rennoth.

<sup>3</sup> A, Berkenhede, B, Byrkhead, corrected to Birkenhead. Birkenhead, Cheshire, between the Dee and the Mersey. Walker.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Bidston, Cheshire, between Hyle lake and the river Mersey.—Robeson.

<sup>5</sup> See "Robin Hood & Queen Katherine," above, p. 38, l. 14, &c.—F.

<sup>6</sup> A, myn.

<sup>7</sup> A, mayest.

<sup>8</sup> ? Hawarden. — Robeson.

<sup>9</sup> A, thee, B, call thee.

<sup>10</sup> A, booke, B, bokes.

<sup>11</sup> A, comynty, B, comyntie.

<sup>12</sup> Hope & Hopedale, Mole & Molesdale, were manors belonging to the Earl of Derby in the County of Flint. Feby 6. 1661 was act passed for restoring the Earl of Derby to these estates. See History of J<sup>t</sup> House of Lords, 8vo. 1742.—P.

<sup>13</sup> A, hevye, B, heavye.

[The Second Part.<sup>1</sup>]

as they stooode talking together therc,<sup>2</sup>  
 240      the Duke & the Lords trulye,<sup>2</sup>

While he  
speaks to  
him,

2<sup>1</sup>: Parte. { Came Iamie<sup>3</sup> Garsed,<sup>4</sup> a yeman of the guard  
           that had beeene brought vp with the Erle of  
           Derbye:  
           like the devill, with his fellowes he had farcd,  
 244      he s[t]icked<sup>5</sup> 2, & wounded 3;

there fies to  
him Garsed,  
who has just  
slain two  
fellows and  
wounded  
three.

After, with his sword drawen in his hand,  
       he fled to the Noble Earle of Derbye.  
       “ stand vp, Iamye<sup>6</sup> ! ” the Erle said,  
 248      “ these tydings nothing liketh mee.

“ I haue seene the day I cold haue sauced thic,  
       such 30 men if thou hads[t]<sup>7</sup> slainc,  
       & now if I shold speake for thee,  
 252      Sure thou weret<sup>8</sup> to be slainc<sup>9</sup> ;

The Earl  
doubts  
whether he  
can save  
him now.

[page 121.]

“ I will once desire my bretheren ecche one<sup>10</sup>  
       that they will speake for thee.”  
       he prayd the Duke of Buckingam  
 256      & alsoc the Erle of Shrewsburye,<sup>11</sup>

He asks his  
friends to  
speak for  
him.

alsoc my Lord fitzwater<sup>12</sup> soe wise,  
       & the good Lord willowbye,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A & B have no divisions into Parts.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. leaves these lines in the First  
Part.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> A, James.  
<sup>4</sup> A, Garsey, B, Garsyd.  
<sup>5</sup> sicked, i.e. sickned, made sick, or  
perhaps sticked, i.e. stuck.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> A, James.

<sup>7</sup> A, haddest.  
<sup>8</sup> A, weartc.  
<sup>9</sup> A, slayne.  
<sup>10</sup> B, echon.  
<sup>11</sup> Robert Radclift.—H.  
<sup>12</sup> A, Fitzwaters.  
<sup>13</sup> Willoughby, B, Wyllaber.

Sir Rice apthomas, a *Knight* of price,  
260      they all spoke for long<sup>1</sup> Iamye.

*Gawed is  
sent for by  
the King,*

they had not stayd<sup>2</sup> but a litle while there,  
the Duke & the Erles in their talkinge,  
but straight to the Erle came a messenger  
264      *that came latelye from the King,*

*to be hanged.*

and bad *that long Iamie*<sup>3</sup> shold be sent;  
there shold neither be grith<sup>4</sup> nor grace,  
but on a boughe he shold be hanged

268      In middest<sup>5</sup> the feild before the Erles face.

“if *that be soe*,” said the Erle of Derbyc,  
I trust our prince will better bee ;  
such tydings maketh my hart full heavye  
272      *afore his grace when *that wee bee.*”*

*Derby and  
his friends  
go with  
Gawed*

the Duke of Buckingam tooke Iamie by the one arme,  
& the Erle of Shrewsburye by the other ;  
*afore them they put the King of Man ;*

276      it was the Erle of Darhye & noc other.

the Lord fitzwater followed fast,  
& soe did the Lord willowbyghe ;  
the comfortable cobham<sup>6</sup> mad great hast ;  
280      all went with the Noble Erle of Derbye.

the hind Hassall hoved<sup>7</sup> on fast  
with the Lusty Lealand trulye,  
soe did Sir Alexander Osbaston,<sup>8</sup>  
284      came in with the Erle of Derbye ;

<sup>1</sup> A, for longe.

<sup>2</sup> A & B, standen.

<sup>3</sup> Iamie in MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> grith, preparation, qu.—P. A.-Sax.

<sup>5</sup> gri<sup>1</sup>. 1. Peace or protection such as was given by the king to official men. 2. The privilege of security within a certain

space. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>6</sup> A, amyderste.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham, d. 1521.—H.

<sup>8</sup> A, hied.

<sup>9</sup> A, Osboldstone, B, Osboston.

the royall Ratclifie *that rude was neuer,*  
 & the trustye Trafford keene to trye,  
 & wight<sup>1</sup> warburton out of Cheshire,  
 288 all came with the Erle of Darbye ;

Sir Rice ap Thomas, a *Knight of Wales,*  
 Came<sup>2</sup> with a feirce<sup>3</sup> Menye<sup>4</sup> ;  
 he bent his bowes on the bent<sup>5</sup> to abyde,  
 292 & cleane vnsett<sup>6</sup> the gallow-tree.

when<sup>7</sup> they came afore our King,  
 lowlye they kneeled vpon their knees ;  
 the first word *that* our prince did Myn,<sup>8</sup>  
 296 “ welcome ! Dukes & Erles to mee !

“ the most welcome<sup>9</sup> hither of all  
 is our owne<sup>10</sup> traitor Long Iamie !  
 Iamie ! how Durst thou be soe bold  
 300 as in our presence for to bee,

“ to slay thy bretheren within their hold ?  
 thou was sworne<sup>11</sup> to them, & they to thee.”  
 then began long Iamie to speake bold :  
 304 “ my legee, if it please<sup>12</sup> your grace to pardon mee,

“ When I was to my supper sett,  
 they called me coward to my face,  
 and of their talking they wold not lett,  
 308 & thus with them I vpbrayded was.

<sup>1</sup> A, mighty evene.

[amp]tionshire for to mention.—P.

<sup>2</sup> A *inarts* forthe.

<sup>9</sup> The sense seems to require *welcome*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A, fyrsse, B, feirce.

<sup>10</sup> No: welcome to judgment;

<sup>4</sup> multitude.—P.

or spoken ironically.—F.

<sup>5</sup> bent, i.e. field, see ‘Life & Death.’

<sup>11</sup> Correction of B, yondere.

—P.

<sup>12</sup> Cp. the sworn brethren in Eger and

<sup>6</sup> *vnsett* for *unsett*, surrounded.—F.

Grine.—F.

<sup>7</sup> A, whenas.

<sup>13</sup> A, lyke.

<sup>8</sup> To *wyn* or *wing* is used in North-

before the  
King,

who  
wonders at  
Garcet's  
boldness.

Garcet says  
he was  
called  
coward by  
his fellows.

and Lord Derby, his good patron, was called coward.

"thó bade me flee from them apace  
to that coward the Erle of Derbye.  
when I was little & had small gracie,

312 he was my helpe & succour truelye ;

"he tooke [me] from my father deere,  
& kepte<sup>1</sup> me<sup>2</sup> within his woone<sup>3</sup>  
till I was able of my selfe

316 both to shooe & picke<sup>4</sup> the stone ;

He reminds the King how he came to be a yeoman of the guard.

"then after, vnder Greenwich, vpon a day  
a Scottish Minstrell came to thee,  
& brought a bow of yew<sup>5</sup> to drawe,  
320 & all the guard might not stirr that tree.

"then the bow was giuen to the Erle of Derbye,  
& the Erle delinerved it to mee ;

7 shoots before your face I shott,  
324 & att the 8<sup>th</sup> in sunder it did breake<sup>6</sup> ;

"Then I bad the Scott bow downe his face [page 122.]  
& gather vp the bow, & bring it to his King ;

then it liked your noble grace

328 into your guard for me to bring<sup>7</sup> ;

He could never bear his Earl called coward.

"Sithen I haue liued a merry liffe ;  
I thanke your gracie & the Erle of Darbye ;

but to haue the Erle rebuked thus,

332 that my bringer-vp forsooth was hee,

The King hattonnes him.

"I had rather<sup>8</sup> suffer death," he said,  
"then be false to the Erle that was true to me."

<sup>1</sup> A, kepte.

<sup>2</sup> Correction of B, 'as his own.'—F.

<sup>3</sup> dwelling.—F.

<sup>4</sup> To Pick, to pitch at a mark. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>5</sup> A & B, vewe.

<sup>6</sup> A, fice, B, be, corrected to fice. fice, so y<sup>e</sup> rime [requires].—P.

<sup>7</sup> me for to bring, qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> A, lyuer, B, leaver.

"Stand vp Iamie!" said our King,

336 "haue heere my charter, I gine it thee;

"let me haue noe more fighting of thee  
whilest thou art wthin ffrance<sup>1</sup> Lande."

"then one thing you must grant," said Iamie,

340 "that your ward<sup>2</sup> theron may stand,

"who-soe rebuketh Lancashire or Cheshire,  
shortlye shall be deemed to dye."

and orders

our King<sup>3</sup> comanded I<sup>4</sup> cry I-wis

344 to be proclaimed hastilye;—

"if the Dukes & Erles kneele on their knees,  
itt getteth on sturr the comonaltye<sup>5</sup>;

if wee be vpbrayded thus,

348 manye a man is like to dye."

the King said, "he that rebuket<sup>6</sup> Lancashire or Cheshire  
shall hane his iudgment on the next tree."

that  
Lancashire  
and Cheshire  
shall not be  
scolded at.

then soe they were<sup>7</sup> in rest

352 for the space<sup>8</sup> of a night, as I weene.

& on the other day, without Leasinge,

there came a Messenger from the Queen;

Next day  
comes a  
messenger  
from the  
Queen,

"& when he came before our King,

356 lowlye he kneelled vpon his knee,

& said, "chr[i]st thee save, our Noble King,<sup>9</sup>

& thy speed this day may bee!

heere greeteth thee well thy lone & liking,<sup>10</sup>

360 & our honorable Queene &<sup>11</sup> ladye,

<sup>1</sup> A, frenche, B, ffranse.

<sup>7</sup> A *inserts* stylle, B, styl.

<sup>2</sup> word, q.—P.

<sup>8</sup> second or next.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A, prince.

<sup>9</sup> A, This oweare noble kyngo, B, This

<sup>4</sup> A, A.

oure noble kyngne.

<sup>5</sup> B, comynalite.

<sup>10</sup> A, lyffe & sponse.

<sup>6</sup> A, rebukith.

<sup>11</sup> A, and fair, B, faire.

who tells  
him that  
King James  
is slain.

" & biddeth you in ffrance to be glad,  
for slaine is your brother-in-law King Iamie ;  
& att louelye London he shalbe found,  
my comlye prince, in the presence of thee."

The King  
asks for  
details.

then bespeak our comlye prince,  
saiinge,<sup>1</sup> " who did fight & who did flee ?  
& who bare them best of<sup>2</sup> the Mount of fflodden ?  
368      & who his false, & who is<sup>3</sup> true to mee ? "

The mes-  
senger says  
the success  
is due to  
Lancashire  
and  
Cheshire.

" Lancashire<sup>4</sup> & Cheshire," said the Messenger,  
" they haue done the deed with their hand !  
had not the Erle of derbye beene to theo true,  
372      in great aduenture had beene all England."

The King  
confers  
honours on  
the Cheshire  
men.

then bespeak our prince on hye,<sup>5</sup>  
" Sir Raphe<sup>6</sup> Egertton, my marshall I make thee ;  
Sir Edward Stanley, thou shalt be a Lord,  
376      Lord Mounteagle thou shalt bee ;

Buckingham  
informs  
Derby

" young John Stanley shalbe a Knight,  
& he is well worthy for to bee."  
the Duke of Buckingham the tydings hard,<sup>7</sup>  
380      & shortlye ran to the Erle of darbye :

of the good  
tidings  
that have  
come.

" Brother, plucke vp thy hart & be merrye,  
& let noe tydings greeve thee !  
yesterday, thy men called<sup>8</sup> cowards were,  
384      & this day they haue woone the victorye."

The King  
receives  
Derby back  
into favour.

the Duke tooke the Erle by the armie,  
& thus they ledden to the prince [trulyc<sup>9</sup>].  
7 roods<sup>10</sup> of ground the King he came,

<sup>1</sup> A & B, And sayd.

<sup>2</sup> A, uppon. P, at.

<sup>3</sup> A, weare.

<sup>4</sup> A, Lenkeshir.

<sup>5</sup> A, with an highe word, B, on highe.

<sup>6</sup> B, Rauphe.

<sup>7</sup> A, thes righte.

<sup>8</sup> A omits called.

<sup>9</sup> A & B, trulye.

<sup>10</sup> B, rowdes.

388     & sayd, "welcome, King of man & Erle of Derby !  
 the thing that I haue taken from thee,  
 I geeve it to thee againe whollye,

392     "The Maurydden <sup>1</sup> of Lancashire & Cheshire both  
 att thy bidding euer to bee ;  
 ffor those men beene <sup>2</sup> true, Thomas, <sup>3</sup> indeed ;  
 they beene trew both to thee & mee."

396     "yett one thing greeveth me," said the Erle,  
 & in my hart maketh me heavye,  
 this day to heare the wan <sup>4</sup> the feild,  
 & yesterday cowards <sup>5</sup> to bee."

[page 123.]

Lord Derby  
wonders  
at the news.

400     "it was a wronge wryting," sayd our King,  
 "that came ffrom the Erle of Surrey ;  
 but I shall him teach his prince to know,  
 if euer wee come in our countryre !"

The King  
says the first  
account was  
Lord  
Surrey's.

404     "I aske noe more," sayd the Noble erle,<sup>6</sup>  
 "ffor all that my men haue done trulyc,  
 but that I may be Judge my selfe ?  
 of that Noble Erle of Surreye."

Derby asks  
that he may  
judge  
Surrey.

408     "Stand vp, Thomas ! " sayd our prince,  
 "Lord Marshall I <sup>8</sup> make thee,  
 & thou shalt be Judge <sup>9</sup> thy selfe,  
 & as thou saiest, soe shall it bee."

The King  
agrees.

<sup>1</sup> ? Welsh, *Mawredd*, greatness, grandeur; *mawreddus*, magnificent, grand. Pughe.—F. A, Marshallynge; B, Man-  
ratten.

<sup>2</sup> A, be.

<sup>3</sup> Though the ballad gives Thomas as Lord Derby's name, p. 320, l. 48, and Lord Shrewsbury calls him "Sonne Thomas," p. 327, l. 197, Weber, whose text, Harl. 293, reads "be true to Thomas indeed," puts a note here saying, "We have here

an example of the proverbial popularity of *True Thomas of Ercildom*." Flodden Field, p. 347, n. 1.—F.

<sup>4</sup> A, wan.

<sup>5</sup> A, the erle nowe.

<sup>6</sup> A, that I myselfe his judgmente  
maye pronounce, B, gyve judgment my-  
selfe.

<sup>8</sup> A inserts will.

<sup>9</sup> A & B, give the judgment.

Derby will  
spare his  
life, he says.

412 "then is his liffe saued," sayd the Erle,  
"I thanke Iesu & your grace trulye ;  
if my vnkle slew his father deere,  
he wold haue venged him on mee."

The King  
posts him  
and Lord  
Shrewsbury  
on the south  
side of  
Tournay.

416 "thou art verry patient," sayd our King<sup>1</sup> ;  
"the holy ghost remaines,<sup>2</sup> I thinke, in theo ;  
on the south side<sup>3</sup> of Turnay thou shalt stande,  
with my godfather the Erle of shrewsbury."

In three  
days it is  
taken.

420 & soe to that seige forth the went,<sup>4</sup>  
the noble Shrewsburye & the Erle of Derbye,  
& the Laid seige vnto the walls,<sup>5</sup>  
& wan the towne in dayes 3.<sup>6</sup>

The King  
posts Sir  
Alexander  
Ratcliffe,  
too, on the  
south side.

424 & then bespake our noble King,  
thesē were the words said hee,  
sayes, " come Alexander Ratcliffe, Knight,  
come hither now vnto mee,  
ffor thou shalt goe on the south side of Tournay,  
& with thee thou shalt hane 1000<sup>7</sup> 3."

428 then forth is gone Alexander Ratcliffe, Knight ;  
with him he leads men 1000<sup>8</sup> 3 ;  
but or ere 3 dayes were come to an end,  
432 the ffrenchmen away did flee.

He offers  
him the  
government  
of the town,

then King Henery planted 300<sup>9</sup> Englishmen  
that in the citye shold abyde & bee :  
Alexander Ratcliffe, he wold hanc mad him gouernour  
ther,

<sup>1</sup> A, our kyng sware.

<sup>2</sup> A, remayne the. See "Lord of Learn,"  
l. 12, p. 184.—H.

<sup>3</sup> See Hall: "Then the Kyng with  
all his battayle planted hys sieg on the  
northe parte of the citee. Therle of  
Shrewsbury with his battayle warded  
towarde the south syde of the ryver, &  
there lay that night. Lorde Harberte  
with the renward planted his battall in

the west syde of the citee, & with great  
ordinance daily bett the walles & towers  
of the citee."—H.

<sup>4</sup> A, fearthe they ganged.

<sup>5</sup> A adds batled.

<sup>6</sup> The Harl. MSS. do not contain the  
following 86 lines, but end with vv.  
510-13.—H.

<sup>7</sup> thousands three, query.—P.

- 436     but he forsooke it certainelye,  
& made great intreatye to our King  
    that he might come into England in his com-  
        pa[n]ye.
- 440     & then bespake Noble King Henery,  
440     & these were the words said hee,  
sayes, "come hither Rowland Egerton, Knight,  
    & come thou hither vnto mee ;
- 444     "for the good service *that* thou hast done,  
444     well rewarded shalt thou bee."
- then forth came Rowland Egerton,  
    & kneeled downe vpon his knee,
- 448     saies, "if it like your grace, my gracious King,  
448     the reward *that* you will bestow on mee,  
I wold verry gladye haue it in Cheshire,  
    ffor *thats* att home in my owne country."
- 452     & then bespake him Noble King Henery,  
452     & these were the words said hee,  
    "I haue Nothing, Egerton, in all Cheshire  
        *that* wilbe any pleasure for thee  
    but 5 Mills stands att Chester townes end,  
456     thē gone all ouer the water of Dee."
- still kneeled Rowland Egerton,  
    & did not rise beside his knee,  
sayes, "if it like your highnesse, my gracious King,  
460     a Milner<sup>1</sup> called I wold never bee."

but Sir  
Alexander  
prefers  
returning to  
England.

The King  
offers Sir  
Rowland  
Egerton

the five mills  
on the Dee,  
at Chester;

but Egerton  
does not  
care to be  
called a  
miller.

And then bespake him Noble King Harrye,     [page 124.]  
    these were the words said hee,

<sup>1</sup> Milner, vet. ang. pro Miller.—P.

saith, " Ile make mine avow to god

- 464 & alsoe to the trinitye,  
there shall neuer be King of England  
but the shalbe Miller of the Mills of Dee !

The King  
offers to  
make him  
Ranger of  
Snowden.

- 468 " I haue noe other thing, Egerton,  
that wilbe for thy delight ;  
I will give thee the Forrest of Snoden <sup>1</sup> in wales,  
wherby thou may give the horne & lease ;  
in siluer it wilbe verry white,  
472 & meethinkes shold thee well please."

Egerton  
does not  
care to be  
that.

Still kneeled Rowland Egerton on his kneec ;  
he sayes, " if itt like your highnes, my gracions  
King,  
a ranger <sup>2</sup> called wold I neuer bee."

- 476 then our King was wrathe, & rose away,  
sayes, " I think, Egerton, nothing will please thee."  
& then bespake him Rowland Egerton  
kneeling yet still on his knee,

He asks

- 480 sayes, " if itt like your highnesse, my gracious King,  
that your highnes pleasure will now heer <sup>3</sup> mee,  
In Cheshire there lyes a litle grange <sup>4</sup> house,  
in the Lordsh[i]ppe of Rydeley <sup>5</sup> it doth Lyee,

<sup>1</sup> Snoden, i.e. Snowden.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Ranger of the Forest is one whose office is to walk daily through his Charge to see, hear, and enquire, as well of Trespasses as Trappers in his Baylywick; to drive the Beasts of the Forest out of the Disforested into the Forested Lands, and to prevent all Trespasses of the Forest. *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719.—F.

<sup>3</sup> hear.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Fr. Beauregard: m. A Summer-house or *Graunge*; a house for pleasure, and recreation. Cotgrave. *Grange* (Lat.), a great farm which hath Barns, Stables, Stalls, and other Places necessary for Husbandry. *Gloss. Angl. Nova*.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Notitia Cratrensis* (Chetham Society), note: " Ridley Hall, the seat of the Egerton family from the time of Henry VIII., who granted the estate to Sir Ralph Egerton, second son of Philip Egerton of Egerton, Esq. as a reward for taking the French standard at Tournay. . . . The house was quadrangular, and approached by a massive gateway." And Leland (*Itin.* vii. 33): " Ridle Hawle was made of a poure olde place the fairest Gentilmans howse of all Cheshire by Syr William Standeley, Helper to Kyng Henry VII. It is a ryght goodlye howse of stone & tymber." Ormerod: "The manor of Ridley, which became forfeited to the crown by

- 484 "a tanner there in it did dwell,—  
my leuge, it is but a coto with one eye,—  
& if your grace wold bestow this on mee,  
ffull well it wold pleasure me!"
- for a little  
grange  
house in  
Cheshire,
- 488 then bespake our Noble King Harrye,  
& these were the words saith hee,  
saies, "take thee *that* grange house, Egerton,  
& the Lordshippe of Rydley faire & free;
- which is  
given him.
- 492 "for the good service thou hast to me done,  
I will giue it vnto thy heyres & thee:"  
& thus came Row[land] Egertton  
to the Lordshippe of Rydley faire & free.
- 496 this Noble King Harry wan great victoryes in france  
thorrow the Might *that* Christ Jesus did him send :
- first our King wan Hans & Gynye,<sup>2</sup>  
& walled townes, the truth to say ;
- The King  
takes Hans,  
and Guisnes,
- 500 & afterwards wan other 2 townes,  
the names of them were called turwin & Turnay ;
- Teronenne.  
Tourney.
- high Bullen & base Bullen he wan alsoe.  
& other village townes many a one,<sup>3</sup>
- Boulogne,
- 504 & Muttrell<sup>4</sup> he wan alsoe,—  
the Cronicles of this will not lye,—
- and  
Montreuil.
- & kept to Calleis, plainsht<sup>5</sup> with Englishmen,  
vnto the death *that* he did dye.

the attainder of Sir William Stanley, was granted by King Henry VIII. as a reward for taking the French standard at Tournay, to Sir Robert Egerton of Ridley, second son of Philip Egerton of Egerton, Esq., the founder of a family whose existence in the county was confined to a few generations, but whose splendour

during that period has never been rivalled by any branch of that ancient stock."—H.  
<sup>1</sup> MS. me pleasure. *sorte*, pleasure  
me.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Guisnes.—P.

<sup>3</sup> a one. defend. Rhythmi gratia.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Montreuil in Picardy.—P.

<sup>5</sup> plenisht, i.e. replenished.—P.

- 508 thus was lancashire & Cheshire rebuked  
thorow the pollicye of the Erle of Surrey.  
Now god *that* was in Bethlem borne,  
& for vs dyed vpon a tree,  
512 sauе our Noble prince *that* wereth the crowne,  
& haue mercy on the Erles soule of derbyc !<sup>1</sup>  
ffins.

A, Shewe this mersye one the Earle of Derby.

## Eger and Grine.<sup>1</sup>

[In Six Parts.—P.]

Of this once popular, and deservedly popular romance, there are two copies known—the following one of the Folio, now printed from the Folio for the first time; and a copy printed at Aberdeen in 1711,<sup>2</sup> of which an abstract is given by Mr. Ellis in his “Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances,” and a reprint, by Mr. Laing, in his “Early Metrical Tales,” in 1826. The latter copy is evidently a much diluted version of the old romance. “The printer,” says Mr. Ellis, “has evidently followed a very imperfect MS., with which also he seems to have taken great liberties; and the story, as it now stands, is so obscurely told, that the catastrophe is quite unintelligible, and has been in the present abstract supplied by conjecture.”

The diffuseness of the said copy may be appreciated when we state that it consists of 2860 lines, of which 2782 contain the story given in the Folio in 1473 lines, in little more than half the space. The last 60 furnish a feeble continuation of the original story. Sir Graham (so Sir Grime is called there) dies; Sir Eger's bride discovers the trick that has been played upon her, and betakes herself to a religious life. Sir Eger fights in Holy Land. Returning, and finding his affronted wife dead, he marries Sir Graham's widow. “This romance,” says Mr. Ellis, “is by no means deficient in merit; but I do not know of its

<sup>1</sup> This Old Piece is not much Inferior to one of Ariosto's Gates.—P. There is a mark as if of contraction over the n of Grine.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Laing informs the editors that he possesses an edition twenty-four years earlier than this one. “It was a be-

quest,” he writes, “by my old friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and has this title: ‘*The History of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Grey-Steed*. Printed in the year 1687.’ It is a little 18mo, pp. 72, black letter, without either the place of printing or printer's name.”

existence in a perfect state, either in M.S. or in print, unless it be preserved entire in Bishop Percy's folio."

Every one who cares for old romances will, we think, find pleasure in the Folio version now at last brought to the light. We see no reason for suspecting that it deviates from the original romance in respect of its story. The spelling and the language are considerably corrupted or modernised; but the incidents and circumstances remain as they were. The frame of the picture is damaged; but the picture lives. In the later editions of his "Reliques," in his list of Ancient Metrical Romances, Bishop Percy just mentions his copy. In 1800 he communicated an account of it to Dr. Robert Anderson, for the information of Sir Walter (then plain Walter) Scott, the substance of which is reproduced by Dr. Leyden in his remarks on the romances mentioned in the "Complaint of Scotland" (edited by him in 1801). It is printed *verbatim* in Mr. Laing's Preface to his reprint of the romance.

Sir Walter Scott, after speaking of "Gawen and Galogras," "Galoran of Galloway," and "Sir Tristrem," as romances in which "there does not appear the least trace of a French original," and probably "compiled by Scottish authors from the Celtic traditions which still floated amongst their countrymen," subjoins the hypothesis, that "to this list we might perhaps be authorised in adding the 'History of Sir Edgar and Sir Grime;'" for although only a modernised copy is now known to exist, the language is unquestionably Scottish, and the scene is laid in Carrick in Ayrshire." We see no reason for referring it to Celtic traditions. But it may, perhaps, be of domestic growth. Certainly this romance enjoyed an early and extensive popularity in Scotland. Perhaps the earliest mention<sup>1</sup> of it belongs to the year 1497; when the Treasurer's accounts inform us: "ixs" was paid to "twa fithelearis<sup>2</sup> that Sang Gray Steil to the king," James IV., then

<sup>1</sup> See Leyden's *Comp. of &c. and Mr.*  
Laing's *Preface to his reprint.*

<sup>2</sup> Not "Sachalaria." That reading is,  
as Mr. Laing informs the editors, a  
transcriber's blunder.

holding his court at Stirling. James V., as we learn from Hume of Godscroft's history of the family of Douglas, "when he was young, loved" Archibald Douglas of Kilspendie "singularly well, for his ability of body, and was wont to call him Gray Steill." Then, as we have already intimated, the romance is referred to in the "Complaynt of Scotland," 1549, as one well and widely known. Sir David Lyndsay, about the same time—who indeed has been set forth by some critics as the author of the "Complaynt," mentions it more than once : as in his "Squire Meldrum"—

I wate he faucht that day als weil  
As did Schir Gryme againes Gray Steill—

in his Interlude of "The Auld Man and his Wife"—

This is the sword that slew Gray Steill  
Necht half a myle beyond Kinneill.

A poem, written in 1574, by John Davidson, then one of the ministers of Edinburgh, published twenty-one years afterwards at Edinburgh, says that poets have in all time delighted to celebrate worthy persons :

Even of Gray Steill, who list to luke,  
Their is set foorth a meikle bake.

"William, first Earl of Gowrie," says Mr. Laing, "is denominated Gray Steill in one of Logan's letters, produced as a proof of that alleged and mysterious conspiracy, which in all probability shall [Anglice will] remain a question of doubtful interpretation." Subsequently, allusions to our romance abound. "In a curious MS. volume," to quote again from Mr. Laing's valuable Preface, "formerly in the possession of Dr. Burney, entitled 'An Playing Booke for the Lute ;' 'Noted and collected' at Aberdeen by Robert Gordon, in the year 1627, is the air of 'Gray Steel ;' and there is a satirical poem on the Marquis of Argyle, printed in 1686, which is said 'to be composed in Scottish rhyme,' and is 'appointed to be sung according to the tune of Old Gray Steel.' "

“Besides these allusions,” adds Mr. Laing, “other evidence of the popularity of this romance might have been adduced from common sayings and proverbial expressions which are current to this day in various parts of the country, although all knowledge of the hero and his exploits have long since ceased to be remembered.

“Indeed, this romance would seem, along with the poems of Sir David Lyndsay, and the histories of Robert the Bruce, and of Sir William Wallace, to have formed the standard productions of the vernacular literature of the country. The author of the ‘Scots Hudibrass,’ originally printed at London, 1681, under the title of ‘A Mock Poem, or the Whiggs Supplication,’ in describing Ralph’s Library says:

And here lyes books, and therē lyes ballads,  
As Davie Lindsay, and Gray Steel,  
Squire Meldrum, Bevis, and Adam Bell,  
There Bruce and Wallace.

“To this effect, John Taylor, ‘the water poet,’ a noted character in the reign of Charles I., speaks of Sir Degre, Sir Grime, and Sir Gray Steele, as having the same popularity in Scotland that the heroes of other romances enjoyed in their respective countries ‘filling (as he quaintly says) whole volumes with the ayrie imaginations of their unknowne and unmatchable worths.’”<sup>1</sup>

The reader will not, we think, be surprised at the wide popularity these many allusions imply. The poem is not only valuable for its faithful picture of mediæval life, with its adventures, and gallantry, and that mysterious atmosphere we called “romantic,” but for the force and beauty of its story. It has charms beyond those which attract the antiquarian, or the historical eye. The subject of the piece is the true and tried friendship of Sir Eger and Sir Grime. Such a friendship was a

<sup>1</sup> Argument to the verses in praise of the Great O’Toole, originally printed 1623, 8vo., and included in Taylor’s works, 1634, folio, sign. Bb. 2.

favourite subject with the old romance-writers. See "Amys and Amylion," and "Athelstan" (printed from a Caius College MS. in "Reliquiae Antiquae"). What Damon and Pythias were to each other, and Pylades and Orestes, that were Eger and Grime.

They were fellows good & fine;  
They were nothing sib of blood,  
But they were sworn Brethren good;  
They kept a chamber together at home;  
Better love loved there never none.

Of such a kind was the fast friendship of Wallace and Graham, the recollection of which, perhaps, may have induced later Scotch reciters or editors of the story to change Grime's name into Graham. Graham had become to them the ideal representative of the friend that sticks closer than a brother.

This romance then, like the Fourth Book of the "Fairy Queen," sings of friendship. It sings how a true knight stood faithfully by his friend when misfortune overtook him, and fought his battle, and won it, and was rewarded with the same happiness which he had so nobly striven to secure for his friend—success in love. The causes of his friend's misfortune are highly characteristic of the age in which the romance was probably composed—the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. They are: (1) Sir Eger's own adventurous spirit. He is a younger brother, who, "large of blood and bone," but possessing no broad lands, has to fight his way in the world. "Ever he justs and he fights." Ever unvanquished, he wins the love of Winglaine, Earl Bragas' daughter, who has set her heart on marrying such an one. But with her love pledged to him, and with all his honours, he cannot rest from seeking adventure. He hears of a fresh enemy; he sets off in quest of him.

Upon a time Eger he would forth fare  
To win him worship, as he did see;  
Whereby that he might praised be  
Above all knights of high degree.

(2) Winglaine's inflexible resolve to give her hand to one who had never known defeat. The new enemy, against whom her lover is gone, is the formidable Sir Gray-Steel. The lover comes back from his encounter with him stained with defeat.

So he came home upon a night  
 Sore wounded, & ill was he dight ;  
 His knife was forth, his sheath was gone ;  
 His scabbard by his thigh was done ;  
 A truncheon of a spear he bore,  
 And other weapons he bare no more.  
 On his bedside he set him down ;  
 He siked sore, & fell in swoon.

Winglaine overhears the miserable story he gives his much sorrowing friend of his expedition; and her heart is hardened against him. He has committed what is in her eyes an unpardonable offence—he has been beaten. She laughs to scorn the version of the affair, which the *fidus Achates* circulates, to protect his friend's fair fame. She listens to Sir Grime's intercession with supreme obduracy. She will no longer lay any commands of hers upon him, she says.

All that while Eger was the knight  
 That wan the degree in every fight,  
 For his sake verily  
 Many a better I have put by  
 Therefore I will not bid him ride,  
 Nor at home I will not bid him abide ;  
 Nor of his marriage I have nothing ado ;  
 I wot not, Grime, what thou sayest thereto.

But poor, wounded Eger loves her as intensely as ever. Such is the terrible distress from which friendship delivers him. If Eger can yet overthrow Gray-Steel, or be believed by Winglaine to have overthrown him, all may yet be well. The friend determines himself to go forth against the enemy, but to persuade the lady that her lover has gone. His generous scheme succeeds. He returns triumphant; and makes everybody believe that it is Eger returning so. Winglaine now relents, as she thinks Sir Eger has redeemed his honour; and, after some show

on his part of feigned indifference to her overtures, *prisca reddit venus*, and the happy day is fixed.

The Earl & Countess accorded soon ;  
 The Earl sent forth his messenger  
 To great lords far and near,  
 That they should come by the 15th day  
 To the marriage of his daughter gay.  
 And then Sir Eger, that noble knight,  
 Married Winglaine, that lady bright.  
 The feast it lasted forty days  
 With lords & ladies in royal arrays ;  
 And at the forty days end  
 Every man to his own home wend.

And in due time

Winglaine bare to Sir Eger  
 Fifteen children that were fair ;  
 Ten of them were sonnes wight,  
 And five, daughters fair in sight.

Such is the outline of this charming old tale. The central scene is the land of Beam. But the expeditions against Sir Gray-Steel into the Forbidden Country are described at great length and with excellent effect. The introduction of the lady who entertains and nurses, or advises the knights when engnged in them, and who eventually marries Sir Grime, is accompanied with most pleasant and graphic pictures of the lady's bower of chivalric times. As Winglaine represents the sterner side of the female character, Loosepain represents the gentler. Says Sir Eger :

The Moon shone fair, the stars cast light ;  
 Then of a Castle I get a sight,  
 Of a Castle & a Town ;  
 And by an arbour side I light down ;  
 And there I saw fast me by  
 The fairest bower that ever saw I.  
 A little while I tarried then,  
 And a lady came forth of a fresh Arbour ;  
 She came forth of that garden green,  
 And in that bower fain wold have been.  
 She was clad in scarlet red  
 And all of fresh gold shone her head ;  
 Her red was red as rose in rain,  
 A fairer creature never seen.  
*Methought her coming did me good.*

She is full of gentle consideration for the wounded and vanquished knight—for his wounded spirit as well as for his pierced and bruised body.

The Lady lovesome under line  
 With her white hands she did wash mine ;  
 And when she saw my right hand bare,  
*Alas ! my shame is much the mair !*  
 The glove was whole, the hand was nomen ;  
 Thereby she might well see I was overcomen ;  
*And she perceived that I thought shame ;*  
*Therefore she would not ask my name.*  
*Nor at that word she said no mair,*  
*But all good easements I had there.*

This gentle-souled lady proves an excellent doctor—

Why was she called Loosepain ?  
 A better leech was none certain.—

(see v.v. 243–328), and a most kindly nurse. *Haud ignara mali*—her betrothed had been slain by Sir Gray-Steel, and her brother too, in striving to avenge him—she endeavours to forget her own griefs while she “succours” the miserable Sir Eger; but ever and anon, in the midst of her tender, gracious nursing of him, they recur to her, and she must needs weep. The old romances paint few more beautiful touching pictures than this one :

She sat down by the bedside,  
 She laid a psalter on her knee ;  
 Thereon she played full lovesomely ;  
*And yet for all her sweet playing,*  
*Ofttimes she had full still mourning ;*  
 And her two maidens sweetly sang,  
 And oft the wept, or their hands wrang ;  
 But I heard never so sweet playing,  
 And ever amongst so sore siking.  
 In the night she came to me oft,  
 And asked me whether I would ought,  
 But always I said her nay,  
 Till it drew near the break of day.

No wonder Sir Eger describes her afterwards as

the gentlest of heart & will  
 That ever man came until.

She receives Sir Grime with the same sweet hospitality—happily he did not need experience her leechcraft, either before or after his combat with Graysteel—disturbed by the same irrepressible sorrow.

Meat nor drink none would he,  
He was so enamoured of that fair lady.

He discovers the secret of her tears.

"Sir," she said, "I must never be weel  
Till I be avenged of Graysteel,  
For he slew my brother, my fathers heir,  
And also my own lord both fresh & fair;  
For Sir Attelstan shold me have wedd,  
But I came never in his bed." &c.

So Sir Grime rides forth against Sir Gray-Steel, not only as Eger's friend, but as Loosepain's lover. He rides with a lighter heart, therefore ; around him the small birds singing, the flowers springing. The lady Loosepain, sitting at home in her chamber, thinks of him gone to the Forbidden Country.

At supper where she was set  
Never a morsel might she eat.  
"Ah!" she sayd, "now I think on that knight,  
That went from me when the day was light :  
Yesternight to the chamber I him led ;  
This night Graysteel has made his bed.  
Alas ! he is foul lost on him !  
That is much pity for his kin !  
For he is large of blood and bone ;  
And goodly nurturē he lacketh none.  
And he is fair in arms to fold,  
He is worth to her his weight in gold,—  
*Woe is me for his love in his country !*  
She may think long or she him see !"  
With that she thought on her Lord Attelstan  
That the water out of her eyen ran.

Who is so hard-hearted as not to rejoice when at this juncture—

. . . . Grime knocked at the chamber door,  
And a maiden stood there on the floor.

"O madam!" she said, "Now is come that knight  
 That went hence when the day was light!"  
 And hastily from the board she rise,  
 And kissed him twenty sithe.  
 "How have you faren on your journey?"  
 "Full well, my love," Sir Grime did say. &c.

Of course the old, old, never wearisome *finale* follows. The brave, true, virgin knight

("I had never wife," he says, "nor yet lady.  
 I tell you truly by Saint John  
 I had never wife nor yet leman.")

marries the sweet tender-hearted lady. The betrothal—the hand-fasting—takes place at once; the marriage, after Sir Grime has revisited the land of Beam, and ensured the happiness of his friend, returning to Earl Gares' land—

There Sir Grime, that noble knight,  
 Married Loosepain, that lady bright,  
 . . . . .  
 A royal wedding was made then.

The third knight of the poem is Sir Gray-Steel. He is described as

. . . . . "A venturous knight,  
 That kept a forbidden country both day & night,  
 And a fresh island by the sea,  
 Where castles were with towers hie.

The Forbidden Country was made an island by a river and the sea together. It was well furnished with parks, and palaces, and castles, and towers, and with watchmen. For the lord of it, his shield and spear were red; his steed so big as to make Sir Egar's by the side of it look but a foal; his spear was great and long. In the four quarters of his shield were a dragon, an unicorn, a bear, and a wild boar; in the midst "a ramping lion that would bite sore." His armour is of wonderful and lavish magnificence,

made of silver and gold, and precious stones. He carries a golden mace with a topas at the end of it. His horse's furniture is of the same splendid sort—reins of silk hung with bells of gold, saddle of selcamar,<sup>1</sup> fretted with golden bars, breastplate of Indian silk.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, his strength ebbed and flowed, being greatest at noon, least at midnight. He fought better on horseback than on foot. He was believed to be invincible. With his hands too he had

. . . A hundred knights & mo,  
Shamefully driven them to dead  
Without succour or any remed,

and made their ladies captive. He was wont to cut off the little finger of the right hand of those he slew or overthrew, probably for some purpose of sorcery.<sup>3</sup> The features of this figure have evidently an Oriental cast. The brilliant opulence of Gray-Steel's appearance and his practice of witchcraft both point to an Oriental origin. He is a terrible infidel. At a later time, when an allegorical application of the old romances was the fashion; when they were being turned to uses never dreamt of by their prime authors, and it was insisted that "more was meant than met the ear"; when those tendencies were working that produced their most glorious result in the "Fairy Queen"; when men were attempting to use for new thoughts the old forms of expression, just as they were retaining for Protestantism the cathedrals that had so long re-echoed the liturgy

<sup>1</sup> Some rich stuff like *siclatoun*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In an old English poem on the siege of Ronen, A.D. 1418, Henry is described as riding

On a broune steede;  
Of blak damask was his wede;  
A peytrele of golde full bryst  
About his necke hynge down riȝt.

*Archæologia*, vol. xxii.

The *peytrelle* or *poitral* was a piece of horse-furniture of this period.—*Huncle's British Costume*, p. 230.

"Also the synne of here ornatment, or of appareile, as in thinges that apperteynen to rydyng, as in to many delicate horses . . . and in to curious harnoys, as in sadelis, and bridils, croupours, and peytrelle, covered with precious clothing, and riche barres and plates of gold and of silver." Chaucer, *Persones Tale*. Poet. Works, ed. Morris, iii. 298.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Compare the Hand of Glory in "The Antiquary"; in "Thalaba," book v. Fingers seem to have been used in a similar way.—H.

of Rome—at this time the “Forbidden Country” and Sir Gray-Steel may have had assigned them a fresh significance. The religious interpretation of them is obvious. The edition of 1711 reads for the Forbidden Country “The Land of Doubt.” This latter title cannot fail to remind us, if the former did, of certain adventures that befall the hero of the “Pilgrim’s Progress.” Bunyan must have been well familiar with the common versions circulating in his time of the old romances. Perhaps he may have heard a version of this very one from one of the many Scotchmen who for various reasons overran this country in the seventeenth century.

A supposed difficulty remains. We have seen that James, in his youthful days, nick-named a Douglas whom he then loved, his “Gray Steill.” “There might be some reason as to Lord Gowrie’s nick-name,” writes Mr. C. K. Sharpe, *apud* Mr. Laing’s Preface, “for it is plain that Gray Steill was a sort of magician; and Spottiswood says that Gowrie ‘was too curious, and said to have consulted with wizards,’ &c.; but for Lord Eglintoun, it is only known that he fought stoutly for the Solemn League and Covenant, was never vanquished by Sir Grime, and had no deeper dealings with the devil than the rest of his fellow Puritans.” With regard to Douglas, we should conjecture that the name was given him in banter. Affection often uses the seemingly most inapt terms. It expresses itself contrariously. It is much given to irony. It can convert the hardest names into terms of endearment. It can make the rudest speeches civil, the harshest titles complimentary, denunciations into caressings, blows into kisses. So there is no difficulty in James giving his favourite such a hard name. As to Lord Eglintone, if it is only “known that he fought stoutly for the Solemn League and Covenant,” quite enough is known to prepare us for the application of the most abusive terms to him. What with the great differences, and the endless bitter little

differences that "pitted" the face of his age, he must have been a very unique person indeed if he did not get called by every possible bad name at one time or another. Naturally enough, the popular taste, requiring brevity in a title, and fascinated by the mystery and weird air that surround Sir Gray-Steel, attached his name to the romance, though it celebrates him and two others; and so, as we have seen, it is often referred to "Graysteel."

We think our readers will agree with Percy's verdict that "it is one of the best of the ancient epic tales" preserved in the Folio—will perhaps extend their praise. It is, indeed, a poem of very high excellence, vivid, picturesque, terse, delicate, tender, vigorous. It breathes the very spirit of romance, and re-creates for us the old sights and scenes of romantic life in all their strange grotesque beauty. The knight-errant in his pride, and in his fall; the Forbidden Land with its weird lord; the castle standing out in the moonshine, as the broken knight rides away from the field of his shame; the scarlet-clad, gold-head-dressed lady who meets, and greets, and doctors, and nurses him; the wilderness and the forest; the wonderful sword Egeking, of whose "guider" "no man ever of woman born durst abide the face beforne"; Sir Eger in "a window," reading books of romance; Winglaine on the walls seeing the waygate of her lover; Sir Grime taking his inn at a burgess's house; Loosepain playing her guest to sleep; the avenger riding about the plain in quest of the oppressor; the oppressor rushing on the avenger like a lion "in his woodest time"; the fighting "together fell and sore, the space of a mile and something more"; the hacking, and swooning, and dying; the steeds left to themselves when their masters are dismounted, fighting furiously together after the example of their furiously fighting masters; the castle of stone hard by the terrible field, where the victor sees and hears "ladies, many a one, wringing, and wailing, and riving their hair, striking, and crying, with voices full clear"; the lady doing off his armour and searching

his wounds, and "never so sound as when she saw he had no death wound"—these are some of the pictures that our romance gives us; that teach us how unlike, and how like we are the men who played their parts some five centuries ago on the stage we now are occupying.

In Beame dwells		IT ffell sometimes <sup>1</sup> in the Land of Beame, there dwelled a Lord within <i>that</i> realme, the greatest he was of renowne except the King <i>that</i> ware the crowne;
Eari Bragas, and has	4	thē called him to name Ertle Bragas ; he marryed a ladye was fayre of face ; they had noe Child but a daughter younge, in the world was none soe fayre thing :
a lovely girl, Wing- layne, whil marry no one unless	8	They called <i>that</i> Ladye winglanye <sup>2</sup> ; <span style="float: right;">[page 125.]</span> husband wold she neuer haue none, <sup>3</sup> Neither for gold nor yett for good,
he wins every battle he fights.	12	nor for noe highnese of his blood, without he wold with swords dent <sup>4</sup> win euery battell where he went.
Of two friends, Sir Grime of Garwicke	16	soe there were many in <i>that</i> Realme rich, but they cold find but few such, for the Ertle rydeth with such a route of Lords & knights hardye & stout.
and Sir Eger,	20	there was in <i>that</i> same time a curtoons knight called Sir Grime ; & of Garwicke <sup>5</sup> Lord was hee ; he was a wise man and a wittye.
	24	soe there was in <i>that</i> same place a young Knight men called Egace, but his name was Sir Eger, for he was but a poore bachlour,

<sup>1</sup> sometimes in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Winglayne.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. dint, as we say, by meer dint of,

&c.—P. Blow.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Garwicke, or rather Garnwicke. See

<sup>5</sup> name.—P. p. 143, v. 64 [of MS.]—P. Garwicke,

[61.—F.

- for his elder brother was liuande,<sup>1</sup>  
 28 & gouerned all his fathers Land.  
 Egar was large of blood & bone,  
 but broad Lands had hee none,  
 but euermore he wan the honour  
 32 through worshipp of his bright armour ;  
 & for loue *that* he was soe well taught,  
 euer he Iusted & hee fought ;  
 & because he was soe well proued,  
 36 the Erles daughter shee him Loued.  
 they Ladye granted her good will,  
 her father sented<sup>2</sup> there soone till,<sup>3</sup>  
 he was glad *that* shee wold,  
 40 *that* shee wold in hart fold<sup>4</sup>  
 for to take vntill her fere<sup>5</sup>  
 a baru[n]<sup>6</sup> or else a bacheleere.  
 these K[i]ights Sir Egar & Sir Grime,  
 44 they were fellowes good & fine ;  
 they were nothing sib<sup>7</sup> of blood,  
 but they were sworne Bretheren good<sup>8</sup> ;  
 they keepe<sup>9</sup> a chamber together att home ;  
 48 better loue Loved there never none.  
 Vpon a time Egar he wold forth fare  
 to win him worshippe, as he did ere,  
 wherby *that* he might praysed bee  
 above all knyghts of high degre.  
 52 soe hee came home vpon a night,  
 sore wounded, & ill was he dight :  
Then Eger  
goes out to  
win fame,  
but comes  
home  
wounded or  
despoiled.

<sup>1</sup> livande, i.e. living.—P.<sup>2</sup> i.e. assented.—P.<sup>3</sup> i.e. to.—P.<sup>4</sup> either fold, as in folding sheep, fold in one's arms, "enclose or embrace in her heart," or as in folding a cloth, "turn in her heart."—F.<sup>5</sup> companion, mate, &c.—P.<sup>6</sup> baroune.—P. a hole in the MS.—F.<sup>7</sup> related.—P. "But th' Birtle folk are a dhyel on um sib an sib, rib an'rib—o' ov a litter—Fittons an' Diggles, an' Fittons and Diggles o'er again." *Edwin Waugh's Sketches of Lancashire Life*, 1857, p. 206.—F.<sup>8</sup> Compare, in the *Romance of Athelston*, Rel. Ant. vol. 2, p. 85 :For love of here metyng thar,  
 They secur hem wedyd brethryns for  
 ever mar;  
 In trewthe trewely dede hem bynde.—F.  
 \* kept.—P.

Grime com-  
forts him  
and sorrows  
for his  
defeat.

Eger in-  
ments over

his lost  
worship

and man-  
hood,

- 56      his kniffe was forth, his sheath was gone,  
       his scaberd by his thigh was done,  
       a truncheon of a speare hee bore,  
       & other weapons he bare noe more.  
       on his bed side he sett him downe,  
       60      he siked sore, & fell in swoone.  
       Sir Grime of Garwicke shortlye rose,  
       & ran to Sir Egar, and said, " alas,  
       for thee, Egar, my hart is woe  
       64      *that euer I were soe farr thee froe !*  
       for when wee parted att yonder yate  
       thou was a mightye man, & milde of state ;  
       & well thou seemed, soe god me speede,  
       68      to proue thy manhood on a steede ;  
       & now thou art both pale and greene,<sup>1</sup>  
       & in strong battell thou hast beene ;  
       thou hast beene in strong battell,<sup>2</sup>  
       72      it was neuer litle *that made thee fayle."*  
       " <sup>3</sup>Now as it hath behappned mee,  
       god, let it neuer behappen thee  
       Nor noe other curteous Knight

[page 126.]

- 76      *that euer goeth to the feild to fight,*  
       for to win worshipp as I haue done !  
       I haue bought it deare & lost it soone !  
       for other Lords hane biddn<sup>4</sup> att home,  
       80      & saued their bodyes forth of shame,  
       & kepeed<sup>5</sup> their manhood faire & cleane !  
       well broked<sup>6</sup> my loue before mine eyen,  
       & I am hurt & wounded sore,  
       84      & manhood is lost for euer-more."

<sup>1</sup> Compare χλωρός, pale-green, light-green, greenish-yellow, strictly of the colour of young grass, corn, &c. χλωρός, Od. 16, 47, ii., generally pale, χλωρός θέος, pale fear. Il. 479, &c. Lid. and Scott.—H.

<sup>2</sup> battayle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Egar loquitur.—P.

<sup>4</sup> biden, i.e. abode . . . hame.—P.

<sup>5</sup> kept.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ? rejected, lost. See Wedgwood under broker. Du. *braken*, To Vomit, to cast, or to Spewe. Hexham.—F.

- then said Grime to Sir Egar,  
 “ ye greeue you more then meeete were ;  
 for that man was never soe well cladd,  
 88 nor yett soe doughtye in armes dread,<sup>1</sup>  
 but in battell place he may be distayned.<sup>2</sup>  
 why shold his manhood be reprooud,  
 or his Ladye or his loue repine ? ”
- 92 then said Egar, “ lett be, Sir Grime !  
 for fairer armour then I had,  
 was never Cristian Knight in cladd ;  
 I had a body *that seemed well to doe,*  
 96 & weapons *that well longed therto ;*  
 well I trusted my Noble steed,  
 soe *that I did my good rich weed ;*  
 & well I trusted my Noble brand ;  
 100 the best of all I trusted my hart & my hand !
- I heard tell of a venterous Knight  
*that kept a fforbidden countrye bath day & night,*  
*& a fresh Iland by the sea*
- 104 where castles were with towers hye.  
*ouer the riuier were ryding frythes*<sup>3</sup> 2,  
 & soone I chose to the one of tho ;  
 in short while had I rydden
- 108 in *that Land that was fforbidden,*  
 but I heard mouing<sup>4</sup> in the greete<sup>5</sup>  
*as itt had beene of a steeds feete.*
- My horsse gladdedd with *that cheere,*  
 112 cast vp his head & was a steere,<sup>6</sup>

and tells  
Grime his  
mishap.

He heard of  
a daring  
knight  
who forbad  
others his  
land ;

he rode  
there,

<sup>1</sup> dradde, i.e. dreaded. Chau.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> I quench or put out. *Je destaine.*  
 The water that boyleth over wyll  
 quench the fyre. I stayne a thyng, I  
 marr the colour or gloose of it: *Je*  
*destayne.* I distayne, I change the  
 colour of a thyng: *je destaings.* . . .  
 This drinke hath distayned my doublet  
 foul. Palsgrave. *Destaindre*, to distaine,  
 to dead, or take away the colour of.  
 Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *ryding places* in l. 937.—H. ? fords.  
*Frythes*, in *Gavaine and the Greene*  
*Knight*, are enclosed woods, (see Glos-  
 sary). *Firth*, *fyrth*, a sheltered place,  
 enclosure. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>4</sup> moving.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> greet, gret, sand or gravel in Rivers  
 —G[awain] D[douglas]. Gl.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> steer, is to stir, move briskly. G.D.;  
 Chau.—F.

- saw the Knight in red and gold,
- 116 he groped together as he wold haue runen :  
I hearkned when more din had comen ;  
I looked on the way nye before,  
& see a *Knight* come on a sowre <sup>1</sup> ;  
red was his sheld, red was his speare,  
& all of fresh gold shone his geere ;  
&, by the death *that I must thole*,<sup>2</sup>
- 120 my steed seemed to his bnt a fole ;  
his speare *that* was both great & long,  
faire on his brest he cold itt honge ;  
& I mine in my rest can folde.
- charged him,
- 124 I gane my horsse what head he wold,  
our steeds brought vs together soone :  
alaa, *that* meeting I may mone !  
ffor<sup>3</sup> through coate armour & acton,<sup>4</sup>
- 128 through brest plate & Habergion,  
through all my armour lesse & more,  
Cleane through the body he me bore ;  
& I still in my sadle sate,
- was run right through the body,
- 132 my good spere on his brest I brake.  
the 2<sup>d</sup> time he came againe,  
he fayled of me, & my steede he has slaine.  
then I gott vpp deliuerlye,<sup>5</sup>
- 136 not halfe soe soone as need had I ;  
I thought to haue wrocken<sup>6</sup> my steeds banc,  
but *that* great outrage my selfe hath tane ;  
I drew a sword of Mettle bright,
- Eger then attacked on foot with his sword :
- 140 & egerlye I sought vnto *that Knight* ;  
I stroke at him with all my maine,  
I failed of him, & his steed has<sup>7</sup> slaine.  
when hee see *that* itt was soe,
- 144 to counter<sup>8</sup> on floote he was full throe<sup>9</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> Sore, is sorrel col<sup>t</sup>; perhaps it is here a horse of that colour; G.D. Sore also signifies valde, vehementer. *Jus.* if so, perhaps *a* is redundant.—P.

<sup>2</sup> suffer.—P.      <sup>3</sup> MS. ffro.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. hocqueton.—P.

<sup>5</sup> nimblly, quickly; vid. Chauc. Gl.—P.

<sup>6</sup> wroken, wreaked, revenged.—P.

<sup>7</sup> have, or *is* or *was*.—P.

<sup>8</sup> encounter.—P.

<sup>9</sup> bold.—F.

[page 127.]

- hee drew a sword, a worthy weapon ;  
the first dint *that* on me did happen,  
throug all my armour, lesse and more,  
148      7 inches into the sholder he me shore<sup>1</sup> ;  
& I hitt him with whole pith<sup>2</sup>  
aboue the girdle, *that* he groned with,  
& with *that* stroke I cold him lett  
152      whiles another shortlye on him I sett,  
& well I wott I had him gotten,  
but with *that* stroke my sword was broken.  
then I drew a kniffe,—I had noe other,  
156      the which I had of my owne borne brother,—  
& he another out of sheath hath tane,  
& neere hand together are we gone :  
first he wounded me in the face ;  
160      my eyen were safe, *that* was my grace ;  
then I hitt him vpon the head,  
*that* in his helme my blade I leade.<sup>3</sup>  
god ! lett neuer Knight soe woe be gon<sup>4</sup>  
164      as I was when all my false weapons were done<sup>5</sup> !  
yett<sup>6</sup> with the haft *that* was left in my hand,  
fast vpon his face I dange  
*that* the blood sprang out from vnder the steele :  
he lost some teeth, *that* wott I weeble.  
My Habergion *that* was of Millaine<sup>7</sup> fine,—  
168      first my fathers and then was mine,  
& itt had beene in many<sup>8</sup> a thrust,  
& neuer a naile of itt wold burst ;—  
my acton was<sup>9</sup> of Paris worke,  
saued me noe more than did my sarke,  
for his sword was of Noble steele,
- the Red  
Knight  
cut him  
7 inches  
into the  
shoulder ;
- his sword  
broke,
- he got a  
wound in  
the face,
- was cut  
through  
habergion
- and  
acqueton

<sup>1</sup> did share, divide.—P.<sup>2</sup> met. vigour; so in Chau.—P.<sup>3</sup> perhaps laid.—P. leaved, left.—F.<sup>4</sup> overwhelmed with sorrow.—P.<sup>5</sup> done.—P.<sup>6</sup> First written y<sup>t</sup> in the MS. and then ett added.—F.<sup>7</sup> Cp. the "Milleine knife," l. 167 of "King Arthur and the King of Cornwall."—F.<sup>8</sup> many.—P. Only one stroke, with a mark over it, in the MS. for the s.—F.<sup>9</sup> that was.—P.

into the flesh.	176	he strake hard—and it lasted weele— through all my armour more & lesse, and nener ceaced <sup>1</sup> but in the fleshe. then, sore <sup>2</sup> foughten, I waxed wearye,
Eger swooned.	180	for blood as drye as any tree; I fought soe long, I ffell in swoone, <sup>3</sup> till betweene his hands I fell downe.
When he woke, his steed was dead;	184	when I came to my-selfe, my steed <sup>4</sup> was away ; I looked on the Land where he lay ; my steed lay slaine a litle me froe, & his head backe striken in tow.
he crept to a brook and washed his eyes;	188	then I was ware of a runing strand, <sup>5</sup> & thither I crope <sup>6</sup> on foot & hand, & from my eyen I washt the blood ;— all was away shold have done me good ;— then I looked on my right hand ;
his right little-finger was gone.	192	my little fingar was lackand. then I went further on the greene where more strong battells hadden beene ; a slaine Knight & spoyled lay,
So was another slain knight's.	196	his little fingar was away ; & by that Knight I might well see that one man had delt both with him & me.
Eger caught a horse,	200	then of a saddled horsse I gatt a sight, & by him lay a slaine Knight ; his steede was both good & fine, but not halfe soe good as mine.
rode to	204	all that day did I ryde till itt was in the euen tide ;
a castle	208	the Moone shone fayre, the starres cast light ; then of a castle I gott a sight, of a Castle & of a towne, & by an arbour side I light downe ;

<sup>1</sup> ceased.—P.<sup>2</sup> being sore fought.—P.<sup>3</sup> Only one stroke of the s in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> foo; sic legorem.—P.<sup>5</sup> Fr. plage: f. A flat and plaine shore or strand by the seaside. Cot.—F.<sup>6</sup> crope, i.e. crept.—P:

- & there I saw fast me by  
The fairest bower that euer saw I. [page 127.] and bower,  
a little while I tarryed there,
- 212 and a lady came forth of a fresh Arbor ; whence  
shee came forth of *that* garden greene,  
& in that bower faine wold haue beene ;  
shee was cladd <sup>2</sup> in scarlett redd,
- 216 & all of fresh gold shone her heade,  
her rud was red as rose in raine,  
a fairer creature was neuer seene.  
me-thought her coming did me good,
- 220 & straight upon my feete I stooode.  
“Good Sir,” quoth shee, “what causes you here to  
lenger ?
- for ye had meetter <sup>3</sup> of great easmend <sup>4</sup> ;  
& heere beside is a castle wight,  
224 & there be leeches <sup>5</sup> of great sleight,  
cuning <sup>7</sup> men with for to deale,  
& wonderous good happ hane for to heale ;  
& there is the gentlest Lady att will
- 228 that euer man came in misery till ;  
therfore I councell you thither to wend,  
for yee had neede of great easmend.”  
“Lady,” said Egar, “as itt be-happened mee,
- 232 I irke to come in any companye.  
I beseeche you, Lady faire and sweete,  
helpe *that* I were sounded <sup>8</sup> with one sleepe,  
& some Easment for me and my hackney.”
- 236 “Sir,” sayd shee, “I will doe the best I may.  
Sir, sith I am first *that* with you mett,  
I wold your neede were the better bett.<sup>9</sup> ”
- then a faire maid, shee tooke my steede,
- who asked  
him to  
come in and  
be cured  
by the  
gentlest  
lady living.
- Eger went :  
his steed was  
stabbed.

<sup>1</sup> This is the second page 127, the MS. being wrongly numbered.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. has a tag like an *s* to the *d*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> were moester, qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> easemend, easement.—P.

<sup>5</sup> physicians.—P.

<sup>6</sup> skill.—P.

<sup>7</sup> made sound, eased.—F.

<sup>8</sup> remedied. A-S. *bitan*, to repair, restore, remedy.—F.

<sup>9</sup> cunning.—P.

- his bloody armour taken off, and drink given him.      240      & into a stable shee did him leade,  
                         & into a chamber both faire & light  
                         I was led betweene 2 Ladyes bright.  
  
 The lovely lady washed his hands.      244      all my bloodye armour of me was done,  
                         the Lady searched my wounds full soone,  
                         shee gaue me drinke for to restore,  
                         for neere hand was I bled<sup>1</sup> before ;  
                         there was neufer alle nor wine  
  
 put him to bed.      248      came to mee in soe good a time ;  
                         a siluer bason she commanded soone,  
                         & warme water therin to be done ;  
  
 saw his finger was lost.      252      the Ladye Loue-some vnde[r] line,<sup>2</sup>  
                         with her white hands shee did wash mine,  
                         & when shee saw my right hand bare,  
                         alas ! my shame is much the more<sup>3</sup> !  
  
 and played to him.      256      the gloue was whole, the hand was nomen,<sup>4</sup>  
                         therby shee might well see I was ouercomen ;  
                         & shee perceived that I thought shame ;  
                         therfore shee would not aske me my name,  
                         nor att that word shee sayd noe more,  
                         but all good easments I had there.<sup>5</sup>  
  
 while her maidens sang.      260      then till a bed I was brought ;  
                         I sleeped neufer halfe soe soft ;  
                         the Ladye fayre of Hew & hyde,  
  
 264      shee sate downe by the bedside ;  
                         shee a laid a souter<sup>6</sup> vpon her knee,  
                         theron she plaid full lounesomlye,  
                         & yett for all her sweet playinge,  
  
 268      oftentimes shee had full still mourninge ;  
                         & her 2 maydens sweetlye sange,

<sup>1</sup> bled, bled dry, exhausted from loss of blood.—F.

<sup>2</sup> linen.—F. ‘under gore (petticoat) or line’ was for the woman; ‘under shield’ for the man:

There was none that under schilde  
                         Durste mete his crokede stede.

Fowre knyghtis undir schelde  
                         Come rydand fulle righte.

*Sir Perceval*, l. 1387.

<sup>3</sup> mair.—P.

<sup>4</sup> nomen, took away.—P.

<sup>5</sup> thore.—P.

<sup>6</sup> souter, i.e. Psalter, Psaltery.—P.

- & oft the weeped, & their hands wrange ;  
but I heard neuer soe sweet playinge,  
272 & euer amongst, soe sore siking.  
in the night shee came to me oft,  
& asked me whether I wold ought ;  
but alwayes I said her Nay  
276 till it drew neerr to the breake of day ;  
then all my bloodye tents out shee drew,  
againe shee tented <sup>1</sup> my wounds anew : [page 128.]  
wott yee well itt was noe threede,  
280 the tents *that* into my wounds yeede,  
they were neither of lake nor Line,<sup>3</sup>  
but they were silke both good & fine ;  
twise the tenting of my wounds  
284 cost *that* Ladye 20 pounds,  
without spices and salues *that* did me ease,  
& drinke *that* did my body well please ;  
& then shee gaue me drinke in a horne ;  
288 neuer since the time *that* I was borne  
such a draught I neuer gatt ;  
with her hand shee held me after thatt.  
the drinke shee gaue mee was grasse greene ;  
292 soone in my wounds itt was seene ;  
the blood was away, the drinke was there,<sup>4</sup>  
& all was soft *that* erst was sore<sup>4</sup> ;  
& methought I was able to ran and stand,  
296 & to haue taken a new battell in hand ;  
the birds sange in the greene Arbor,  
I gate on foote and was on steere.  
the Ladye came to me where I lay,
- and she  
sighed.
- Next day  
she dressed  
Eger's  
wounds
- with silken  
plugs.
- and healed  
them up  
with a  
grasse-green  
drink,
- which made  
him feel  
ready to  
fight again ;

<sup>1</sup> I tent a sore or a wounde, I put a  
tent in it. *Je mets une tente.* You shall  
never heale this depo woundr if you tent  
it not. Palgrave.—P.

<sup>2</sup> thread.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A. S. *lach*, garment; *lin*, flax. Halli-  
well gives "Lake. A kind of fine linen.  
Shirts were formerly made of it. It is

mentioned in a laundress's list of articles  
in MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, f. 141, and by  
Chaucer. The following passage esta-  
blishes its colour :—

The daisé y-corowned as white as *lake*,  
An violetts on bankes be [?] bedene.

MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, f. 11."—P.

<sup>4</sup> thore or sair.—P.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. needs.—P.

\* Fine cloth made at Rennes, in Brittany.—F.

\* i.e., above. G.D.—P.

it. qu.—P.

**honde.—P.**

二〇

\* perhaps *argon*, id. as *argon*, Fr. *saddle-bow*.—P.

*' bonde.*—P.

SYNS. since.—P.

' Ah ! doux ! — P.

**dere, kedere, ne-**

*John, Robert, Robert, John.*

- I had nothing *that Ladye* to giue ;  
but my golden beades forth I drew,  
332     *that* were of fine gold fresh and new.  
shee wold not receiue them at my hand,  
but on her bedside I lett them liggand<sup>1</sup> ;  
I tooke leauue of *that Ladye* bright,  
336      & homewards rid both day & Night.  
I fared full well all *that* while  
till I came home within 2 mile ;  
then all my wounds wrought att once  
340      as kniues had beene beaten thorrow my bones ;  
out of my sadle I fell *that fraye* ;  
when I came to my selfe, my steed was away  
thus hane I beene in this farr countrye,  
344      such a venterous *Knight* mett with mee.  
Men called him Sir Gray Steele ;  
I assayed him, & he ffended weeble.
- Eger gave  
the lady his  
gold beads,
- rode home,
- and fainted  
when two  
miles off.
- His defater  
was Sir  
Gray-Steele.

## [The Second Part.]

- Then spake Grime to Sir Egar      (page 129.)  
348      with soft words & faire,  
2<sup>d</sup> Parte “*that man was neuer soe wise nor worthye,*  
nor yet soe cuning proued in clerye,<sup>2</sup>  
nor soe doughtye of hart nor hand,  
352      nor yett so bigg in stowre<sup>3</sup> to stand,  
but in such compayne he may put in  
but he is as like to loose as win ;  
& euer I bade you to keepe you weeble  
356      out of the compayne of Sir Gray Steele,  
for he is called by command  
the best *Knight* in any Land.  
sith the Matter is chanced soe,  
360      wee will take the wayes of choice 2 :
- Grime  
comfort  
Eger ;
- he had  
warned him  
to keep out  
of Sir Gray-  
Steele's way.

<sup>1</sup> left *y<sup>m</sup>* liggand, i.e. lying.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Fr. *clergie*, learning, skill, science, Clarkeship. Cot.—F.

<sup>3</sup> battle.—P.

Wingeynes  
maner know  
nothing  
about it.

from your loue and laydye Lained<sup>1</sup> this shalbee;  
shee shall know nothing of our priuitye."

364 but little wrist Egars nor Sir Grime  
where the lady was *that same time*;

for the Lady that Egars loue was,  
her chamber was within a little space;  
of Sir Egars shee soe sore thought

368 *that* shee lay wakened, and slepted nought.

a scarlett Mantle hath shee tane,  
to Grimes chamber is shee gone;

shee heard them att a priuie dain<sup>2</sup>;  
shee stayd with-out, & came not in.

But she has  
overheard  
all of it,

372 372 when shee heard that Egars body was in distreasse,  
shee loued his body mickle the worse.<sup>3</sup>

and despises  
Eger.

words this lady wold r.c.t say,

376 but turned her backe & went awaye,

yet soe priuilye shee is not gone

but Grime perceived *that* there was one;  
an vnfolded window opened hee,

380 & saw the way-gate of *that* Ladye.

"what is *that*?" said Egars, "maketh *that* dinn?"

Grime sayd, "my spanyell hound wold come in."

to his fellow Sir Egars he said noe more,  
but he repented *that* she came there.<sup>4</sup>

Grime gets  
doctors for  
Eger,

384 Gryme hath gotten *that* same night

Leeches *that* beene of great sleight,  
coning men with for to deale,

388 *that* had good happ wounds to heale.

yett Long ere day word is gone

*that* Egars the Knight is comen home,  
& hath moe wounds with sword & kniffe<sup>5</sup>

who has  
seventeen

392 then had cuer man *that* bare liffe:

17 wounds hee hath tane,

<sup>1</sup> lained, i.e. concealed.—P.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke of the *s* of priuie is  
wanting. *Dain* may be *dian*. ?A.-S.  
*dian*, bed, place of rest.—F.

<sup>3</sup> worse.—P.

<sup>4</sup> thore.—P.

<sup>5</sup> knife.—P.

- 7 beene thorrow his body ran ;  
the Leeches cold doe him noe remedē,  
but all said " Egar wold be dead." wounds,  
seven  
through the  
body.
- 396 In the morning the Erle & the countesse,  
to Grymes chamber can thé passe ;  
the Erle said, " how doth Sir Egar the Knight ? " Earl and  
Lady Bragas  
ask after  
Eger,
- 400 then answered Grime both wise and wight :  
" he doth, my Lord, as you may see." and how his  
mishap  
befell.
- " alas ! " said the Erle, " how may this bee ? " Grime  
makes up a  
story,
- 404 Grime answered him hastily,  
" my Lord, I shall tell you gentleye :  
&<sup>1</sup> vncoth<sup>2</sup> Land he happened in,  
where townes where both few & thinn ;  
giffe he rode neuer soe fast,
- 408 7 dayes the wildernesse did last.  
he heard tell of a venterous Knight  
that kept a forbidden countrye day & night,  
& a mile by the salt sea,
- 412 castles fayre & towers hye ;  
On the other<sup>3</sup> side a fayre strand, [page 130.]
- a faire florrest on the other hand,  
on the one side run a fresh riuere,
- 416 there might noe man nigh him nere ;  
for he that ouer that riuier shold ryde,  
strange aventures shold abyde ;  
hee shold either fight or flee,
- 420 or a weed<sup>4</sup> in that Land leaue shold hee ;  
the wedd that he shold leaue in this land  
shold be the litle fingar of his right hand ;  
& or he knew himselfe to slowe,
- 424 his litle fingar he wold not forgoe. that Eger  
rode into  
Gray-  
Steele's land,
- boldlye Egar gaue him battell tho ;  
his helme and his hawberckes he tooke him fro,  
soe did he his sword & his spere defeated  
Gray-Steele,

<sup>1</sup> for an.—F.<sup>2</sup> unknown, strange, Gl. Chau.—P.<sup>3</sup> one side, sic leg.—P.<sup>4</sup> wedde, i.e. a pledge.—P.

- 428 & much more of his golden gayre<sup>1</sup> ;  
 and was riding home,
- when fifteen 432 & homewards as he rode apace  
 thieves attacked and thorow the wylde Forrest & the wyldenesse,  
 wounded him, he thought to haue scaped withouten Lett.  
 then 15 theeves with Egar Mett ;  
 they thought Egar for to have him sloe,  
 his gold and his good to haue tooke him froe :  
 thrise through them with a spere he ran,
- though he 436 7 he slew, and the master man,  
 slew eight of them. yett had hee scaped for all that dread ;  
 they shott att him, & slew his steed ;  
 hee found a steed when they were gone,  
 wheron Sir Egar is come home ;
- 440 for if Sir Egar dye this day,  
 " If he die, the flower of  
 knighthood  
 is gone ! "
- 444 farwell flower of Knight-hoode for euer & aye ! " then the Erle profferred 40<sup>4</sup> in Land  
 for a Leeche that wold take Egar in hand.  
 9 dayes were comen & gone
- Winglayne or any Leeche wold<sup>2</sup> Egar vndertane ;  
 will not come for nine days ; it was 9 dayes and some deale more  
 448 or his ladye wold come there<sup>3</sup> ;  
 & att the coming of that fayre Ladyc,  
 her words they were both strange & drye :  
 shee saies, " how doth that wounded Knight ? "
- then asks coldly after 452 then answered Gryme both wise & wight,  
 Eger, " he doth, Madam, as yee may see."  
 " in faith," said the Lady. " thates litle pittyce :  
 he might full well haue bidden<sup>4</sup> att home ;
- 456 worshipp in that Land gatt he none ;  
 and sneern at his having lost his finger. he gane a fflingar to lett him gange,  
 the next time he will offer vp the whole hand."
- Gryme was euer wont to gange  
 460 in councell with the ladye to stand,  
 & euer told Egar a fayre tale

<sup>1</sup> geere.—P.<sup>2</sup> had.—P.<sup>3</sup> thore.—P.<sup>4</sup> i.e. bided, abode.—P.

- till the Knight Sir Egar was whole ;  
 for & her want & will<sup>1</sup> had beene to him lenging,  
 it wold have letted him of<sup>2</sup> his mending.  
 464      soe long the Leeches delt with Sir Egar  
           till he might stoutlye goe & stirr ;  
           till itt once befell vppon a day  
 468      Gryme thought the Ladye to assaye  
           whether shee loued Sir Egar his brother  
           as well as euer shee did before :  
           Grime said, " Madame, by godds might,  
 472      Egar will take a new battell with yonder Knight ;  
           he is to sore wounded yett for to gone ;  
           itt were worshipp to cause him to abyde at home,  
           for he will doe more for you then mee."  
 476      then answered *that fayre Lady*,  
           " all *that*<sup>3</sup> while *that Egar was*<sup>4</sup> the Knight  
           *that wan* the degrees in euery fight,  
           for his sake vercleye  
 480      Manye a better I haue put by ;  
           therfor I will not bidd him ryde,  
           nor att home I will not bid him abyde,  
           Nor of<sup>5</sup> his Marriage I haue Nothing adoe<sup>6</sup> ; [page 131.]  
 484      I wott not, Gryme, what thou saist therto."  
           Gryme turned his backe of the Ladye faire,  
           & went againe to his brother Sir Egar,  
           sett him downe on his bed side,  
 488      & talked these words in *that tyde* :  
           " Egar," he said, " thou & I are brethren sworne,  
           I loued neuer better brother borne ;  
           betwixt vs tow let vs make some cast,  
 492      & find to make our formen<sup>7</sup> fast,  
           for of our enemies wee stand in dread,  
           & wee Lye sleeping in our bedd."

Eger gets  
able to walk.

Grime tests  
Winglayne's  
love for  
Eger :

she says,  
while he  
won every-  
thing

she refused  
his batters  
for him ;

but now  
she'll have  
nothing  
to do with  
him.

Grime turns  
his back on  
her,

and asks  
Eger how  
they can be  
revenged on  
their foes.

<sup>1</sup> "wanton will," qu; from this mistake I shoud suspect this Poem transcribed only from y<sup>e</sup> mouth of a minstrel.—P.  
*But g for yf, and went* meaning "desire," make sense.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. there is something like an e following the f.—F.      <sup>3</sup> the.—P.  
 ' MS. Egar y<sup>e</sup> was.—F.      y<sup>e</sup>! Egar was.  
 —P.  
<sup>4</sup> with \* to do: qu.—P.      ' formen.—P.

		Egar said, "what mistrust haue yee with mee ?
496		for this 7 monthes if I here bee, shall neuer a man take my matter <sup>1</sup> in hand till I bee able to auenge my-selfe in Land."
Grime tells him that	500	A kinder Knight then Gryme was one, was neuer bredd of blood nor bone : "methinke you be displeased with mee, & that is not your part for to bee, for sith the last time that ye came home,
Winglayne is flirting with Earl Olyea.	504	I haue knownen priuie <sup>2</sup> messengers come & gone betwixt your Ladye & Erle Olyes, a Noble Knight that doughtye is, of better blood borne then euer were wee, & halfe more linings then such other 3."
Poor Eger	508	then Egar vp his armes sprang, & fiaſt together his hands dange, with ſtill mourning & ſiking ſore <sup>4</sup> saith, "alas ! my loue & my Ladye fayre, what hauc I done to make you rothe <sup>4</sup> that was euer leeue, & now ſoe Lothe ? "
mourns and sighs.	512	Gryme had of him great pitty, "brother," he ſaid, "be councelled by mee ; if you will doe after my counſaile, peradventure it will greatly prevale : another thing, my liffe I dare Lay
Grime declares	516	that yee shall wed that Ladye within this monthes day." "how now ?" quoth Egar, "how may that bee ?" "peace !" ſaid Gryme, "& I ſhall tell thee : I haue a brother that men call Palyas,
he ſhall marry her in a month.	520	a noble squier & worthye is, he is welbeloued within this court of all the Lords round about ;
They will take Grime's brother Pallyas into council.	524	

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. *my hatter* was first written, then ſeemingly an *m* over the *A*, but only two strokes of it are ſeen. It can hardly be read *my hatter*, for though Old Norſe *hattr* is German *hat* (hat), yet *hattr* has

not *hat's* ſecond metaphorical meaning of "custody, guardianship, care, charge."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *m* in MS.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> ſair.—P.      <sup>4</sup> wrothe.—P.

- wee will him call to our councell,<sup>1</sup>  
 528 peradventur he will vs prevayle ;  
 & I my selfe will make me sicke at home  
 till a certen space be comen & gone,  
 & that such a disease hath taken mee  
 532 that I may noe man heare nor noe man see.  
 Palyas my brother shall keepe you att home,  
 & I my selfe will to that battell gone,  
 & I shall feitch Gray-steeles right hand,  
 536 or I shall leaue another fingar in that Land."
- He shall  
nurse Eger
- while Grime  
fights Gray-  
Steele.

[The Third Part.]

- They called Pallyas to their councell,<sup>1</sup>  
 & he assented soone withouten fayle,  
 537 Parte for he loued Sir Egar both Euen & morne  
 540 as well as he did Gryme his brother borne.  
 " & iff you will to this battell goc,  
 yee had neede of good councell betwene  
 vs 2.
- Gryme, if thou wilt fight with Sir Gray-steele,  
 544 thou had neede of weapons that stand wold weeble ;  
 for weapons may be both fresh & new,  
 fikle, false, & full vntrue ;  
 when a weapon faileth when a man hath need,  
 548 all the worse then may hee speede ;  
 And all I say by Sir Egar, [page 132.] Eger had.  
 where was a better Knight knownen any where ?  
 when his weapon fauld him att most need,  
 552 all the worse then did he speede."
- Palyas said, " there was somtimes in this countrye,  
 Egar, your vnckle Sir Egranye,  
 & when that Egramye was liuand  
 556 he had the guiding of a noble brand,
- but says  
that Grime  
must have  
a better  
sword than
- Pallyas  
agrees,
- He will get  
him Eger's  
uncle's  
brand,

<sup>1</sup> counsayle.—P.

- Erkyne,* the name of itt was called Erkyne<sup>1</sup> :  
 well were that man had it in keeping !  
 first when that sword was roght,  
 brought to King Ethelred  
 from beyond the  
 Grecian sea, and  
 left by him 560 to King Ethelred as it was brought  
 full far beyond the greekes sea,  
 for a Iewell of high degree.  
 when the King departed<sup>2</sup> this world hence,  
 he left it with the younge prince<sup>3</sup> ;  
 & some sayd that Egrame  
 shold loue that ladye in primitye ;  
 he desired the sword in borrowing ;  
 at his death 568 the King deceased at that time ;  
 & when that Egrame was liuande,  
 he had the guiding of that noble brand ;  
 that man was never of a woman borne,  
 durst abyde the winde his face besorne.  
 with a lady  
 living near. 572 the Ladys dwelling is heere nyne ;  
 shee saith, ‘there is noe man that sword shall see  
 till her owne sonne be att age & land,  
 & able to welde his fathers brande.’’’  
 Grime will  
 borrow it. 576 Grime sayd, “I will goe thither to-morrow at day  
 to borrow that sword if that I may.”  
 on the morrow when the sun shone bright,  
 580 to Egrames Ladie went Grime the Knight ;  
 kindley he halcht<sup>4</sup> that ladye faire :  
 she saith, “how doth my Cozin Sir Egar ? ”  
 “hee will forth, maddam, with all his might  
 584 to take a new battell on yonder Knight ;  
 he prayeth you to lend him his vncleles brand,  
 & there he hath sent you the deeds of his land,  
 & all mine I will leaue with you in pawne  
 and asks  
 for his  
 uncle's  
 brand. 588 that your sword shall safelye come againe.”  
 soe he desired that sword soe bright

<sup>1</sup> Erkyne: below 'tis called *Egeling*, which perhaps is right.—P.

<sup>2</sup> he departed.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. princess.—F.

<sup>4</sup> saluted.—P.

592     that shee was loth to with-say<sup>1</sup> that Knight ;  
       then shee feitched him forth that Noble brand,  
       & received the deeds of both their lands ;  
       she said, " there was noe fault with Egeking,  
       but for want of grace and gouerninge ;  
       for want of grace & good gouerninge

596     may loose a Kingdome & a King,  
       for there is neither Lin<sup>2</sup> nor light  
       that Egeking my sword meeteth with,  
       but gladye it will through itt gone,  
 600     that biting sword, vnto the bone ;  
       but I wold not for both your Lands  
       that Egeking came in a cowards hands."

604     & yett was faine<sup>3</sup> Sir Gryme the Knight :  
       to Egar he went againe that night ;

608     Pallyas he said, " I read you be councelled by mee,  
       & take some gifts to that faire Ladye,  
       to that Ladye faire & bright

612     that Lodged Sir Egar soe well the first night."

616     " the best tokenes," said Sir Egar,  
       beene her sarkes of raines<sup>4</sup> ; I haue them here."  
       he tooke broches & beads in that stonde,

620     & other Iewells worth 40<sup>5</sup> !  
       & to reward that fayre Ladye,  
       & thanke her of her curtesie.

624     " wherby," sayd Gryme, " shall I her know  
       amongst other Ladyes that stands on a row ? "

628     " I shall tell you tokenes," sayd Sir Egar,  
       Wherby you may know that Ladye faire : [page 133.]  
       shee hath on her nose, betweene he[r] eyen,

632     like to the Mountenance<sup>6</sup> of a pin ;  
       & that [hew] is red, & the other is white,

She gives it  
him, he  
depositing  
his own and  
Eger's title-  
deeds as  
security for  
its return.

Grime  
comes back.

Pallyas tells  
him to take  
gifts for the  
lady that  
healed Eger.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. wiðargan, to deny, gainsay.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Limme & lith is to this day a phrase  
in Scotland for the whole body.—P.

<sup>3</sup> And then was faine, i.e. glad.—P.

<sup>4</sup> See l. 305 above, p. 364.—F.  
       <sup>5</sup> amount, quantity, see Chaucer. Gl.  
       —P. [Her eyebrows meet.—F.] so  
Horace, of Lycoris " tenui fronte." —H.

- there is noe other Ladye her like,  
for shee is the gentlest of hart & will  
*that euer man came vntill."*
- Eger and Grime dress.**      624  
**Eger shows himself (reading romances),**      628  
**and takes leave of all.**      632  
**Winglayne answers him coolly.**      636  
**He goes back to his room. Grime steps out**      640  
**and rides off.**      644  
**Winglayne watches him galloping; thinks he is Eger;**      648  
**then goes to Grime's room,**      652
- Early on the other day  
theese 2 knights did them array :  
into a window Sir Egar yeede,  
bookes of Romans for to reede  
*that all the court might him heare.*  
the *Knight* was armed & on steeere ;  
he came downe into the hall,  
& tooke his leau both of great & small.  
the Erle tooke Egars hand in his fist,  
the countesse comlye cold him Kisse ;  
his onne lady stood there by,  
shee wold bere the *Knight* noe compayne :  
he sayd, " ffarwell my Lady faire ! "  
shee sayd, " god keepe you better then he did ere ! "  
& all *that* euer stooede her by,  
did <sup>1</sup> Marueill her answer was soe dry.  
he went to the chamber or he wold blin <sup>2</sup> ;  
Sir Gryme came forth as he went in,  
Stepped into the stirropp <sup>3</sup> *that* stiffe were in warr,  
& Palyas his brother wrought <sup>4</sup> him a sperc.  
then wold he noe longer abyde,  
but towards Gray-steele can he ryde.  
to the walls went winglaine, *that* Lady faire,  
for to see the waygate of her lone Sir Egar ;  
& Gryme the spurres spared not; soe weeles  
to the steeds sides he let them feele,  
his horsse bouted <sup>5</sup> forth with Noble cheere,  
he spowted <sup>6</sup> forward as he had beene a deere  
till he was passed out of her sight.  
to Grymes chamber went *that* Ladye bright :

<sup>1</sup> The first *d* is made over a *w* in the line.—F.

MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> desist, cease.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Percy has put in an *s* above the

<sup>4</sup> caught, i.e. reached.—P.

<sup>5</sup> bouted, Scot. for bolted.—P.

<sup>6</sup> a Scottish idiom.—P. .

656 yett long time or shee came there  
 Palyas had warned Sir Egar,  
 drawen double curtaines in *that* place  
*that* noe man of Sir Egar noe knowledg hath.<sup>1</sup>  
 660 Palyas was full of curtesie,  
 & sett a chaire for *that* faire Ladye :  
 shee said, “ at the walls, Palyas, I haue beene there  
 to see the ryding forth of Sir Egar ;  
 he rydeth feircely out of the towne  
 664 as he were a wild Lyon.

alas ! hee may make great boast & shoure<sup>2</sup>  
 when there is noe man him before ;  
 but when there is man to man, & steed to steede,  
 668 to proue his manhood, then were it neede ! ”

oftentimes Egar both cruell & keene  
 for her in strong battells oft hath beene,  
 & oftentimes had put himselfe in warr ;  
 672 & lay & heard her lowte<sup>3</sup> him like a knaue :  
 he wist not how he might him wrecke,<sup>4</sup>  
 but cast vp his armes, & thought to speake.  
 & Palyas was perceiued of that,

676 & by the sholders he him gatt ;  
 he held him downe both sad & sore,  
*that* he lay still & sturrd noe more.

Palyas was full of curtesie,  
 680 & thus answered *that* faire ladyc ;  
 he said, “ *Maddame*, by gods might,  
 Egar is knowne for the Noblest Knight  
 That euer was borne in the land of Beame, [page 124.]

684 & most worshipp hath woon to *that* Relme !  
*that* was well proued in heatheneesse<sup>5</sup>  
 when the King of Beame did thither passo ;  
 soe did the Lords of this countreye,  
 688 & alsoe your father, *that* Erle soe free.

and says  
Eger can  
show off  
well enough  
when there's  
no one to  
fight him.

Eger can  
hardly help  
speaking,

but Palyas  
holds him  
down,

tells Wing-  
layne that  
Eger is the  
noblest  
knight of  
Beame.

<sup>1</sup> has.—P.

<sup>2</sup> stour. qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps flowte.—P.

<sup>4</sup> revenge.—P.

<sup>5</sup> sc. the Heathen Land.—P.

that he  
fought the  
Sowdan  
Gornordine

there came a sowdan to a hill,<sup>1</sup>  
that many christen men had done ill,  
the name of him was Gornordine,<sup>2</sup>

692     *that many a christen man had put to pine ;  
& he becalled any cristen Knight,  
or any 5 that with him wold fight.*

(whose  
challenge  
500 knights  
refused),

696     *500 Knights were there that day,  
& all to that battell they saydden nay.*

and slew  
him.  
Sixty  
heathens  
attacked  
Eger,

700     *Egar thought on you att home,  
& stale to that battell all alone ;  
they fought together, as I heard tell,*

704     *on a mountaine top till Gornordine fell.  
60 Hethen<sup>3</sup> were in a busment<sup>4</sup> neere,  
& all brake out vpon Sir Egar :  
or any reshewc com to him then,*

but he, Kay,

708     *he had kild Gornordine & other ten.  
then was he rescewed by a Noble Knight  
that euer was proued both hardye & wight,*

the name of him was Kay of Kaynes,<sup>5</sup>

and ten  
others killed  
the sixty.

712     *a Northeren Knight I trow he is ;  
there were but Egar & other ten,*

708     *& thē killed 60 or more of the heathen men ;  
thus they reschewd the Noble Egar,*

712     *& brought him to the host, as you shall hear.  
the King of Beame in that stage*

The king  
offered Eger  
his daughter,  
but he  
refused her  
for Winc-  
layne's sake,  
who is now  
his foe.

716     *offered Sir Egar his daughter in Marryage ;*

712     *yet that gentle Knight wold not doe soe,*

716     *he loued you best [that] now<sup>6</sup> be his foe.*

712     *you be his foe, he knowes that nowe*

716     *when he standeth in dread, I know."*

712     *the Lady was soe wrath with Palyas,*

<sup>1</sup> a Sowdan them until, i.e. a Sultan  
came unto them.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Gornordine or Gorvordine.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Hethen, first written *Lethen*, in MS.  
and then corrected.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ambuscement, i.e. ambuscade.—P.

<sup>5</sup> perhaps Cathness, orig. *Kayne*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> who now.—P. Though *who* in the nominative was in use at the date of the ballad, *that* was the more general relative. See Mr. Weymouth's paper on *who*, Phil. Soc. Trans. 1860-1, p. 64, and Mr. Furnivall's answer to it, Phil. Soc.

Trans. 1866, p. 139.—F.

720 shee tooke her leaue & forth shee goth.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now lett vs leaue chyding att home,  
 & speake of Sir Gryme *that is to the battell gone.*

Now of Sir  
Grime.

## [The Fourth Part.]

All the wildernessee *that there bee,*  
 724 Grime rode it in dayes 3 ;  
 he mett a squier by the way ;  
 4<sup>d</sup> Parte with fayre words Grime can to him say,  
 "Sir," he said, "who is Lord of this countrye ?"  
 728 the squier answered him gentlye,  
 "It is a lord most worthyest in waine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Erle Gares is his name."  
 Grime sayd, "how highteth *that lords heyre* ?"  
 732 he sayd, "he hath none but a daughter fayre."  
 Gryme saith, "who hath *that Ladye* wedd ?"  
 the Knight sayd, "shee neuer came in mans bedd ;  
 but Sir Attelston, a hardye Knight,  
 736 marryed *that Ladye fayre* & bright ;  
 for he gaue battell, *that wott I weeke*,  
 vpon a day to Sir Gray-Steele :  
 a harder battell then there was done tho,  
 740 was neuer betwixt Knights 2 ;  
 but Gray-steele killed Sir Attelstone,  
 a bolder Knight was neuer none.  
 Erle Gares sonne & his heyre,—  
 744 in all the world was none more goodlyere,—  
 he was soe sorry Attelstone was dead,  
 he thought to quitt gray-steele his meede ;  
 boldlye he gaue him battell vpon a day,  
 ther-for many a man sayd well-away !  
 748 & there the both ended att this bane  
 as many another Knight hath done ;

Sir Grime  
rode intoEarl Gares'  
land,a lord  
whose  
daughter  
was wedded  
to Sir  
Attelston.Gray-Steele  
killed Attel-  
ston,also Earl  
Gares' son  
and heir,<sup>1</sup> gues.—P.<sup>2</sup> *wone*, dwelling, or Sc. *wane*, manner, fashion. Suio-Gothic *wana*, Isl.

vase, consuetudo, mos. (Jamieson).—F.

<sup>3</sup> Written above *Ladye fayre* crossed out.—F.

and more  
than 100  
knights.

ffor I haue wist<sup>1</sup> *that* tyrant with his hands 2 [page 135.]

kill a 100 Knights and some deale moe ;  
shamfulye hath driven them to dead  
withouten succour or any remed."

for all the words he spake in *that* time,  
nothing it feared the Knight Sir Grime.

Grime asks  
where the  
widowed  
lady dwells,

Gryme sayd, " how fiarr haue wee to *that* citye  
wheras *that* Ladyes dwelling doth bee ? "

the Knight<sup>2</sup> said " but miles 2 ;

the one of them I will with you goe."

they talked together gentlye

till he had brought Grime to *that* citye.

goes there,

att a burgesse house his ine he hath tanc;

to Seeke the Ladye Sir Grime is gone;

then he went into a garden greene

where he saw many Ladyes sheene ;

amongst them all he knew her therro

by the tokens of Sir Eger.

recognises  
her by  
Eger's  
description,

Egar was hurt vnder the eare ;

an cyntment Gryme had drawen therro ;

he held the gloue still on his hand

where Egers fingars was lackand ;

& when *that* knight came her nye,

he kneeled downe vpon his knec,

& thanked her with humble cheere

" sith the last time, madam, *that* I was heere."

" Sir," said shee, " excused you must hold mee ;

thus avised, I did you neuer see."

and gives her  
Eger's pre-  
sents.

then hee gaue her the shirts of raines in *that* stond

and other Iewells worth 40<sup>l</sup>,

& thus rewarded *that* fayre Ladye,

& thanked her of her curtesie.

" Now Sir," sayd shee, " soe haue I blisse :

how fareth the Knight that sent me this ? "

" I doe, Madam, as yee see now,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> known.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Squire.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. may be how.—F.

therof I thanke great god and you." "why Sir," said shee, "but is it yee  
 788 that in such great perill here did bee ? I am glad to see you so sound in sight."

hastilye shee rose & kist *that Knight*.

Gryme Looke vpon *that Ladye*<sup>1</sup> faire:

792 soe faire a creature saw I<sup>2</sup> neuer ere ; for shee was cladd in scarlett redd, & all of fresh gold shone her head ; her rud was red as rose in raine,

796 a fairer creature was neuer seene. as many men in a matter full nice,—

but all men in louing shall neuer be wisc,— his mind on her was soe sett

800 that all other matters he qu[i]te forgott ; & as the stood thus talkeand, shee stale the glone besids his hand.

when shee saw his right hand bare,

804 softly shee said to him there,

"Sir," said shee, "it was noe maruell though<sup>3</sup> you hidd your hond !

for such Leeches in this Land are none !

there is noc Leeche in all this land

808 can sett a finger to a hand, to be as well & as faire

as neuer weapon had done it deero<sup>4</sup> !

but game and bound<sup>5</sup> Let goe together ;

812 scorning I can well conssider !

it was neuer *that Knights commandement* noe scorne lither to mee to send !

If thou be comen to scorne mee,

816 full soone I can scorne thee."

before, shee was mild of state,

She kisses  
him, think-  
ing he is  
Eger.

Grime falls  
in love with  
her.

She finds  
him out by  
his having  
a little  
finger,

[page 126.]

gets angry.

F. <sup>1</sup> There is a tag to the e as if for s.—  
<sup>2</sup> bee.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Soo, then.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> hurt.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> jest.—P.

- Now is shee high and full of hate !  
 & of all the Iewells that he hath brought,  
 shee curset<sup>1</sup> them to the ground, & wold them  
 naught.<sup>2</sup>
- Grime was neuer soe sore<sup>3</sup> in all his day ;  
 he wist neuer a word what he shold say ;  
 & as shee was to the chamber passand,  
 Grime tooke that Ladye by the hand,  
 saith, “ I beseech you, lady free,  
 a word or 2 to hearken mee,  
 &—soe helpe me god & holy dame !—
- I shall tell you how all this matter was done<sup>4</sup> :  
 the knight that was heere, he was my brother,  
 & hee thought me more abler then any other  
 for to take that matter in hand :
- he loueth a ladye within his land ;  
 if not in euery fight he win the gree,<sup>5</sup>  
 of his lone forsaken must he bee.”
- shee sayd, “ yee seeme a gentle Knight,  
 that answereth a ladye with soe much right.”  
 the Iewells the mayden hath vpp tane,  
 & shee & the Knight to chamber are gone.  
 shee sent vnto that burgesse place
- a mayden that was faire of face ;  
 what cost<sup>6</sup> soeuer his steede did take,  
 twice double shee wold it make.
- a rich supper there was dight,  
 & shortlye sett before that Knight.
- Meate nor drinke none wold hee,  
 he was soe enamored of that fayre Ladye.  
 he longed sore to [bee<sup>7</sup>] a bedd,  
 & to a chamber shee him Led,
- She shows him to bed, . 848 & all his armour of was done,

<sup>1</sup> cost.—P. ? MS. cast.—F.<sup>4</sup> victory.—P.<sup>2</sup> naught.—P.<sup>5</sup> cost.—P.<sup>3</sup> sorry, qu.—P.<sup>7</sup> bee.—P.<sup>4</sup> came, sic ley<sup>m</sup>.—P.

- & in his bed he was layd soone.  
 the Ladye lounesome of hew & lyde'  
 852 sett her downe by his bedside,  
 shee layd a sowter vpon her knee,  
 & theron shee playd full loue-somlye,  
 & her 2 mayds full sweetlye sang,  
 856 & euer they wept, & range<sup>2</sup> their hands.  
 and plays on  
a psalterie to  
him, while  
her maids  
lament.
- then Spake Gryme to *that* Ladye fayre :  
 "of one thing, Madam, I have great Marueilc,<sup>3</sup>  
 for I heard neuer soe sweet playinge,  
 860 & oftentimes soe sore weeping."  
 shee commanded her sowter to be taken her froe,  
 & sore shooe wrange her hands 2 :  
 "Sir," shee sayd, "I must neuer be weeke  
 864 till I be auenged on Sir Gray-steele,  
 for he slew my brother, my fathers heyre,  
 & alsoe my owne Lord both fresh & fayre ;  
 for Sir Attelstone shold me haue wedd,  
 868 but I came neuer in his bedd ;  
 he gaue a battell, *that* wott I weeke,  
 vpon a day to Sir Gray-steele.  
 a harder battell then was done thoc,  
 872 was neuer betweene Knights 2 ;  
 Gray-Steele killed Attelstone ;  
 therfor many a Knight made great moane.  
 then my brother *that* was my fathers heyre—  
 876 in all the world was none more goodlyer—  
 he was soe sorry for my husband indeed,  
 he thought to have quitt Gray-steele his Meede :  
 boldlye he gaue him battell vpon a day ;  
 880 therfore many a man sayd wellaway !  
 And there they both ended att *that* bone [page 137.]  
 as many another Knight hath done ;  
 for I haue wist *that* tyrant with his hands 2  
 She tells him  
she can  
never be  
happy till  
she is  
avenged on  
Gray-Steele,
- who slew  
her hus-  
band and  
brother.

<sup>1</sup> pellis, cutis, hyd. *Wright's Vocab.*      <sup>2</sup> their hands rang or wrang.—P.  
 p. 44.—F.      <sup>3</sup> perhaps care.—P.

If he v. i.  
After 2d. part.  
1st. in 14c.  
that Gray-  
steel.

strength, de-  
creas'd from  
noon to  
midnight,

and that he  
is better on  
horsback  
than on  
foot.

Next day:  
Grime arm'd.

- 884 to haue a killed a 1<sup>60</sup> Knights & moe,  
& shamefully driven them to dead  
with-outen succour or any remedeye.<sup>1</sup>  
& if thou be comen to fight with that Knight,  
Iesu defend thee in thy right !
- 888 there is noe woman aliuine *that* knoweth so weele  
as I doe of the Condicions of Sir Gray-steele,  
for euerye houre from Midnight till noone,  
eche hower he increaseth the strenght of a man<sup>2</sup> ;  
& euery houer from Noone till Midnight,  
euery hower he bateth the strenght of a Knight.  
looke thou make thy first counter like a Knight,  
& enter into his armour bright ;
- 892 looke boldlye vpon him thou breake thy spere  
as a manfull Knight in warr<sup>3</sup> ;  
then light downe radlye<sup>4</sup> for thy best boote<sup>5</sup> ;  
the tyrant is better on horsbacke then on foote ;  
presse stifyle vpon him in *that* stoure  
as a Knight will thinke<sup>6</sup> on his paramoure ;  
but I will not bid yee thinke on me,
- 896 but thinke on your ladye whersoever shee bee ;  
& let not that tyrant, if *that* he wold,  
lett you of *that* covenant *that* Ladye to holde."  
then shee tooke leaue of *that* gentle Knight ;  
to her chamber shee is gone with her maidens bright.
- 900 Sir Gryme longed sore for the day ;  
the Ostler<sup>7</sup> soone can him arraye,  
he armed the Knight & brought him his steede,  
& he gaue him red gold for his meede.
- 904 a rich brea[k]fast<sup>8</sup> there was dight,  
& shortlye sett before *that* Knight,  
but meate nor drinke none wold hee

<sup>1</sup> remedye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> mon. P.

<sup>3</sup> weir, Scottie.—P.

<sup>4</sup> readily.—P.

<sup>5</sup> advantage.—P.

<sup>6</sup> who thinks.—P.

<sup>7</sup> i.e. the chamberlain, Hostelier, or  
maître d'hôtel; but see page 140, line  
206 [of MS.] P.

<sup>8</sup> The *k* added in MS. by P. F.

916 but a cuppe of wine & soppes 3.  
he tooke leauc of *that* Ladye cleare,  
& rydeth towards the fresh riuver.<sup>1</sup>

takes a cup  
of wine, and  
rides for-  
ward.

[The Fifth Part.]

Early in *that* May morning,  
merrely when the burds can sing,  
the throstlecocke, the Nightingale,  
**5<sup>a</sup> Parte** the laueracke & the wild woodhall,<sup>2</sup>  
the rookes risen in euery riuver,  
the birds made a blissfull bere<sup>3</sup> ;  
It was a heauenly Melodye  
*pro* a *Knight* that did a louer bee,  
on the one side to heare the small birds singing,  
928 on the other side the flowers springing.  
then drew forth of the dales the dun deere,  
the sun it shone both fresh & cleere,  
Phebus gott vp with his golden beames,  
932 ouer all the land soe light it gleames ;  
hee looked vpon the other side,  
see parkes & palaces of Mickle pryd,  
with 7 townes by the salt sea  
936 with castles fayre & towers hyee.  
ouer the riuver were ryding places 2,  
& soone Grime chose to the one of tho ;  
& then he wold noe longer abyde,  
940 but into Gray-steeles Land can he ryde ;  
& yett was feared Sir Gryme the *Knight*  
lest he wold hane tarryed him till night ;  
but, god wott, he had noe cause to doe soe ;  
944 for Gray-steele had ouer-waches 2.  
they went & told their *Masters* anon right,  
“ into your Land is comen a *Knight*,

On a merry  
May morn,

when birds  
make  
melody

and the  
bright sun  
shines,

Grime rides

into Gray-  
Steele's land.

Gray-Steele's  
watchers  
tell him ;

<sup>1</sup> riuere.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps, wode wal. The witwall  
or golden ouzle, a bird of the Thrush

kind. G. ad Chau. - P.

<sup>3</sup> bere, noise. vid. page 388, lin. 145  
[of MS.] P.

- and 3<sup>“</sup> he hath rydden about the plaine,  
 948 And now is he bowne to turne home againe.” [page 138.]  
 “ Nay,” sayd Gray-steele, “ by St. John !  
 this one yeere he shall not goe home,  
 but he shall either fight or flee,  
 952 or a wed in this land leue shall hee.”  
 he dons his  
armour red  
and gold,  
  
 they brought him red shielde & red spere,  
 & all of fresh gold shone his geere ;  
 his brest plate was purpelye pight,  
 956 his helmett it shone with gold soe bright,  
 his shankes full seemlye shone,  
 was sett with gold & precious stone,  
 his armes with plate & splents<sup>1</sup> dight  
 960 were sett with gold & siluer bright ;  
 with his sheelde on his brest him beforene,  
 theron was a dragon & a vnicorne ;  
 on the other side a beare & a wyld bore,  
 964 in the Middest a ramping Lyon that wold hyt[e<sup>2</sup>] sore ;  
 about his necke withouten fayle  
 a gorgett rought with rich Mayle,  
 with his helme sett on his head soe hye ;  
 his golden  
mace set  
with jewels,  
  
 968 a mace<sup>3</sup> of gold full roiallye,  
 on the top stoode a Carbuncle<sup>4</sup> bright,  
 it shone as Moone doth in the night ;  
 his saddle with seleamoure<sup>5</sup> was sett,  
 972 with barrs of gold richlye frett ;  
 his petrill<sup>6</sup> was of silke of Inde,  
 his steed was of a furley<sup>7</sup> kinde,  
 with raines of silke caught to his hand,
- his steed  
with bells

<sup>1</sup> Splints. Small overlapping plates for the defence of the bend of the arm above the elbow, and which allowed of free motion. They are mentioned as early as Edward the Third's time. Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 586.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The e added in MS. by Percy.—F.

<sup>3</sup> mace. —P.

<sup>4</sup> topaz. —P.

<sup>5</sup> Cp. “Ciclaton, a rich stuff from India. K. Alysaund. 1964. Fr. *cyclatou*; Lat. *cyclas*.” Herbert Coleridge's Glossary.—F.

<sup>6</sup> peirill. P. Petrell, a breastplate. Kennett (in Halliwell). Fr. *Poietrail*, a Petrell for a horse. Cotgrave. —F.

<sup>7</sup> furley, i.e. wondrous.—P.

- |      |   |                                   |
|------|---|-----------------------------------|
| 976  | with bells of gold theratt ringand. <sup>1</sup>                            | of gold on<br>its reins.          |
|      | he stepped into his stirropp well armed in war, <sup>2</sup>                |                                   |
|      | a Knight kneeled & raught him a spere ;                                     |                                   |
|      | & then wold he noe longer abyde,  | He takes a<br>spear               |
| 980  | but straight to Sir Grime cold he ryde.                                     |                                   |
|      | when Grime was ware of Gray-steele,   |                                   |
|      | through comfort his hart came to him weele ;                                |                                   |
|      | he sayd, " thou wounded my brother Sir Egar !                               |                                   |
| 984  | <i>that deed, traytor, thou shall buy full sore.<sup>3</sup></i> "          |                                   |
|      | Gray-steele answered neuer a word,  | and charges<br>Grime like<br>mad. |
|      | but came on Sir Grime as he was woode ;                                     |                                   |
|      | they smoten their steeds with spurres bright,                               |                                   |
| 988  | & ran together with all their might ;                                       |                                   |
|      | but Gray-steele came on Sir Grime   |                                   |
|      | like a lyon in his woodest time ;   |                                   |
|      | soc did Grime vpon Sir Gray-steele,   | Grime runs                        |
| 992  | & attilde <sup>4</sup> him a dint <i>that bote<sup>5</sup> full weele</i> ; |                                   |
|      | thorrow all his armour lesse & more,  | him right<br>through<br>the body, |
|      | cleane thorrow the body he him bore,  |                                   |
|      | <i>that all his girthers burst in sunder</i> ;                              |                                   |
| 996  | the Knight & sallie <sup>6</sup> & all came vnder.                          |                                   |
|      | through the strenght of Gryime & his steede                                 | unhorse<br>him.                   |
|      | he smote downe Gray-steele, & ouer him yeedle ;                             |                                   |
|      | & well perceiued Gray-steele then   |                                   |
| 1000 | <i>that he was macht with a Noble man.</i>                                  |                                   |
|      | then young grime start out of stray, <sup>7</sup>                           |                                   |
|      | & from his stirrops he light <i>that day</i> ;                              |                                   |
|      | he thought on <i>that Ladye yore</i> ,                                      | leaps down,                       |
| 1004 | how shee had taught him to doe before ;                                     | draws Ege-<br>king.               |

<sup>1</sup> Compare Chaucer's Monk (Prologue, *Tales*, ed. Morris, v. ii. p. 6, l. 169-171);

And whan he rood, men might his bridel  
heere  
Gyngle in a whistlyng wynd so cleere,  
And eek as lowdo as doth the chapel  
belle.—F.

2 WEIR, G.—P.

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<sup>3</sup> *sair.*—P.

\* attible, i.e. attited, aimed, Scot.—P.

<sup>5</sup> did bite.—P.

"Fiddle -- P.

? *stray* here must be from *extra*, on the outside, without, as in the ordinary sense of *stray*, but with the meaning of "on the outside of the horse, the saddle"—F.

- he shooke out his sword Egeking ;  
 the other mett him manfully w[ithout] leasing ;  
 Grime sought him on one side  
 and ente through Gray-Steele's armour
- 1008 & caught him a wound full wyde ;  
 a 100<sup>d</sup> Mailes he shore assunder,  
 & all the stiffe *that was there vnder* ;  
 throughout all his armour bright,
- five inches into his shoulder.
- 1012 5 inch into the sholder, the sword light.  
 but Gray-steele neuer with noe man mett  
*that* 2 such dints did on him sett ;  
 then thought Gray-steele, *that warryour wight*,  
 to quitt Sir Grime *that Noble Knight* :
- Gray-Steele pays him back
- 1016 He hytt him on the helme on hyc [page 139.]  
*that* the fire as flynt out can flye ;  
 or cuer he cold handle Egeking againe,  
 1020 3 doughtye dints he sett on him certaino  
*that* almost Sir Gryme was slaine,  
 the least of them might haue beene a mans bane.  
 thus these Noble burnes<sup>1</sup> in battele
- with three blows that nearly kill him :
- 1024 hacked & hewed with Swords of Mettle.  
 through rich many & myny plee<sup>2</sup>  
 the red blood blemished both their blee.  
 but Grime
- 1028 Sir Grime was learned in his child-hood  
 full Noblye to handle a sworde ;  
 with an arkward stroke full slee<sup>3</sup>  
 he hitt Sir Gray-Steele on the knee ;
- wounds Gray-Steele in one knee.
- 1032 if he were neuer soe wight of hand,  
 on the one foote he might but stand :  
 " thou wounded my brorther Sir Egar ;  
*that* deed thou shalt abuy full sore<sup>4</sup> ! "
- 1036 then answered Gray-steele, *that warryour wight*,  
 " wherefore vpbraydest thou me with *that Knight* ? "  
 " for he neuer went by watter nor Lande,

<sup>1</sup> barnes, i.e. men.—P.<sup>2</sup> It should be Mail & many plie. See Reliques, vol. I. pag. 10, ver. 21 & Glos. —P.<sup>3</sup> sly.—P.<sup>4</sup> sair.—P.<sup>5</sup> Grime answered.—P.

- but he was as good as [t]he<sup>1</sup> both of hart & hand ;  
& hce had becene weaponed as well as I  
1040 he had becene worth both thee & mee."  
he hitt Sir Gryme on the cainell<sup>2</sup> bone ;  
a quarter of his sheeled away his gone<sup>3</sup> ;  
the other he clae in tow
- 1044 that it ffell into the feyld soe far him froe ;  
his Noble sword Egeking  
went from him without Leasing.  
but Grime was wight upon the land,
- 1048 he followed fast after & gatt his brand ;  
but on<sup>4</sup> Gray-Steele had had his other foote  
to haue holpen him in neede and boote,  
I cold not thinke how Gryme the Knight
- 1052 shold haue comen againe to that Ladie bright.  
when he had gotten againe Ege-king,  
fell were the dints he sett on him ;  
with an arkeward stroke full sore
- 1056 through Liuer & longs Gray-steele he bore.  
Gray-Steele went walling<sup>5</sup> woode  
when his sydes fomed of his harts blood ;  
then p[er]ceined the Knight Sir Grime
- 1060 that Gray-Steele was in poyn特 of time.  
Grime sayd, " yeld thee, Sir Gray-steele,  
for thou can never doo<sup>6</sup> soe weele."  
the other said, " thou mayst lightlye lye ;
- 1064 that man shall I never see ;  
that man was never of woman borne  
shall make me yelde, one man to one."

Gray-Steele  
hits Gryme  
on the  
collar-bone,

and knocks  
his sword  
out of his  
hand.

Grime  
recovers it,

cuts Gray-  
Steele

through the  
liver and  
lungs,

and calls on  
him to  
yield.

<sup>1</sup> thee both.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The *Cainell* or *Kennel bone of the neck* is still current in Northamptonshire. See *Canel bone* in Bailey's Dict.—P.

But swiche a fairenesse of a nekke  
Had[de] that swete, that boon nor  
brekke,  
Nas ther noon seen that mys-satte ;  
Hyt was white, smothe, streght, and  
pure flatte.

Withouten hole or *canel boone*,  
As be semynge had[de] she noon."

Chaucer. *The Boke of the Duchesse*, I.  
942, vol. v., p. 183, ed. Morris, 1866.—  
F.

<sup>3</sup> is gone.—P.

<sup>4</sup> and [—if].—P.

<sup>5</sup> i.e. boiling, raging mad.—P.

<sup>6</sup> get on, fight.—F.

- In return,  
Gray-Steele
- 1068 he was soe angry att Grimes words  
that both his hands he sett on his sword,  
& with all his strenght thit was in him Leade,<sup>1</sup>  
he sett itt on Sir Grimes heade  
that such a stroke he neuer gate,
- 1072 nor noe Knight that was his mate.
- nearly splits  
Grime's  
head.
- 1076 he thought his head roue<sup>2</sup> assunder,  
his necke cracked<sup>3</sup> that was vnder,  
his eares brushed<sup>4</sup> out of blood.
- At last,
- 1080 the Knight stackered<sup>5</sup> with that stroke, & stoode,  
for & he & had<sup>6</sup> once fallen to the ground,  
the Lady had neuer scene him sound.  
thus they fough together fell & sore
- Grime grips  
Gray-Steele  
by the  
throat,  
throws him  
down, and  
kills him.
- 1084 1088 & fast he followed in after itt,  
& backward to the ground he him bare ;  
he let him neuer reconer more ;  
his brest-plate from him he cast,  
& thrise to the hart he him thrust :  
thus vngracious deeds without mending  
can neuer scape without an ill endinge.  
all this I say by Sir Gray-Steele,
- III devils  
meet III  
endes.
- 1092 1096 for fortune had led him long and weeble ;  
I haue wist that Knight with his hands tow  
slay 100 Knights and moe,  
shamefullye driuen them to dead  
without succour or any remed ;  
& he lyeth slaine with a poore Knight  
& for<sup>7</sup> his sworne brother came to fight.

<sup>1</sup> laid, qu.—P. (or leavde, left.—F.)

<sup>2</sup> rove, i.e. riven.—P.

<sup>3</sup> brasted.—P. “To brushe, v. n. to burst forth, to rush, to issue with violence. Wallace.” Jamieson.—F.

<sup>4</sup> staggered.—P. Old Norse *stakra*.

to totter (Wedg.); Scotch *stacker*, *stakker*; Swed. *stygga*. (Jam.).—F.

<sup>5</sup> & had may be xhad in MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> wan & pale.—P.

<sup>7</sup> that for.—P.

[page 140.]

then Gryme looked by him soone ;  
 1100 they <sup>1</sup> steeds were fighting, as they had done ;  
 in sonder he parted the steeds <sup>2</sup> ;  
 to Graysteels saddle can he goe ;  
 he right the Girthes,<sup>3</sup> & saddled the steed,  
 1104 & againe to the dead body he yeede,  
 & pulled forth his Noble Brand,  
 & smote of Sir Gray-steels hande :  
 “ My brother left a fingar in this land with thee,  
 1108 therfore thy whole hand shall he see.”  
 hee looked vp to the castle of stone,  
 & see <sup>4</sup> Ladyes manye a <sup>4</sup> one  
 wringing, & wayling, & riuing there heare,<sup>5</sup>  
 1112 striking, & crying with voices full cleere.  
 wight men, they wold not blin,  
 horsse & harnessse pro<sup>6</sup> to win :  
 it was euer Sir Gray-steels desiring  
 1116 that for his death shold be made noe chalishing.<sup>7</sup>  
 Grime leapt on Sir Gray-steels steed,  
 his owne by the bridle he cold him leade,  
 & he rode towards the fresh riner,<sup>8</sup>  
 1120 there was noe man durst nye him nere ;  
 yett it was an howre within the night  
 before he came againe to that Ladye bright.  
 he rode strayght to the burgesse dore,  
 1124 the ostler mett him on the flore :  
 “ O Master ! ” he sayd, “ now is come that Knight  
 that went hence when the day was light ;  
 he hath brought with him Sir Gray-steels steede,  
 1128 & much more of his golden weede ;  
 he hath brought with him his chaine of gold—.

Grime takes his steed,

cuts off his hand,

leaps on the steed,

and rides back to his lady.

<sup>1</sup> their.—P.<sup>2</sup> righted the girths. qu. —P.<sup>3</sup> saw.—P.<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> hair.—P.<sup>6</sup> pro, i.e. for.—P.<sup>7</sup> Fr. *chaloir*: importer, se soucier,

avoir soin, se mettre en peine, prendre soin, de valere. Roquefort. I care nat, I regarde nat or estyme nat a thyng: *Il ne men chault.* Palsgrave. Se *chaloir* de, to passe, care, take thought for. Cotgrave.—F.  
<sup>8</sup> rivere.—P.

- his sadle harnes is fayre to behold,—  
with other more of his golden geere ;  
in all this land there is none such to were.”
- 1132 then to the dore fast cold they hye,  
bold men & yeamanrye.<sup>1</sup>
- Grime refuses to stop in the town,* 1136 the Burgesse asked the *Knight*  
whether he wold lodg with him all night.  
Grime sayd, “to lye in a strange Land—  
& here is a strong Castle att hand—  
methinke itt were a great follye ;
- but goes to his lady's chamber.* 1140 I wott not who is my freind or my enemye.”  
hee tooke the hand, & the gloue of gold soe gay ;  
to the Ladyes chamber he tooke the way  
att supper where shhee was sett,
- She is lamenting his probable death,* 1144 but neuer a Morsel might shhee eate :  
“a !” shhee sayd,<sup>2</sup> “now I thinke on *that Knight*  
*that went from me when the day was light !*  
*yesternight to the chamber I him Ledd ;*
- 1148 this night Gray-steele hath made his bed !  
alas ! he is foule lost on him !  
*that is much pitty for all his kine !*  
for he is large of blood & bone,
- 1152 & goodlye nurture lacketh he none ;  
& he his<sup>3</sup> fayre in armes to fold,  
He is worth to her his waight in gold ;      (page 141.)  
*woe is me, for his loue in his countrye !*
- and thinking on her lost husband,* 1156 shhee may thinke longe or she him see ! ”  
with *that she thought on her Lord Attelstone*  
*that they water out of her eyen ran.*
- when Grime knocks at the door.* 1160 with *that Grime knocked att the chamber dore,*  
& a maiden stooede ther on<sup>4</sup> the flore ;  
“O Madam ! ” shhee said, “now is come *that Knight*  
*that went hence when the day was light.”*  
& hastilye from the bord she rise,

<sup>1</sup> yeamanrye.—P.    <sup>2</sup> Ah ! shes<sup>4</sup>.—P.    cp. l. 1227-8, p. 393.—F.

<sup>3</sup> is.—P.    <sup>4</sup> his fair one, his love ; but    <sup>4</sup> MS. theron.—F.

- 1164 & kissed him 20 sithe<sup>1</sup>: . . . . .  
 " how haue you farren<sup>2</sup> on your Iourney ? "  
 "full well, my loue," Sir Grime did say,  
 " for I haue taken such a surtye<sup>3</sup> on yonder Knight  
 1168 that pore men in his country may haue right ;  
 Merchants may both buy and sell  
 within the lands where they doe dwell."  
 he gaue her the hand & the gloue gay,  
 1172 & sayd, " lay vp this till itt be day."  
 sheo tooke the gloue att<sup>4</sup> him,  
 but shee wist not that they hand was in ;  
 & as they stooode still on the ground,  
 1176 the hand fell out ther in<sup>5</sup> that stond,  
 & when shee looked on that hand  
 that had slaine her brother and her husband,  
 noo marueil thowgh her hart did grisse,<sup>6</sup>  
 1180 the red blood in her face did rise :  
 it was red rowed<sup>7</sup> for to see,  
 with singars more then other three ;  
 on euerye fingar a gay gold ring,  
 1184 a precious stone or a goodly thing ;  
 & yet shee hath it vp tane  
 & put into the gloue againe,  
 & vnto a cosser did shee goc,  
 1188 & vnlocked lockes one or 2.  
 a rich supper there was dight  
 & sett before that worthye Knight,  
 but meate nor drinke he might none ;  
 1192 he was soe furbrished,<sup>8</sup> body and bone,  
 he longed sore to be a bedl.  
 & to a chamber shee him Ledd,
- and kisses  
him twenty  
times.
- He gives  
her Gray-  
Steele's  
hand
- which had  
slain her  
husband  
and brother,
- and she  
locks it up,
- puts Grime  
to bed,

<sup>1</sup> times.—P.<sup>2</sup> i.e. fared.—P.<sup>3</sup> suretye.—P.<sup>4</sup> i.e. at his hand.—P.<sup>5</sup> MS. therin.—F.<sup>6</sup> grise.—P. First written *greese* in  
the MS. and then corrected.—F.<sup>7</sup> colour, *rud* of a cheek : A.-S. *rud*,  
red.—F.<sup>8</sup> *For-brissute*, broken, bruised (Halli-  
well's Gloss.). Dutch *verbryzeld*, crushed,  
grinded, bruised (Sewel). A.-S. *brysan*,  
to bruise; *forbrutan*, to break in pieces,  
smash, bruise (Bosworth).—F.

- examines  
his wounds, 1196 & all his armour of was done,  
& the Lady searched his wounds soone.  
the Ladye<sup>1</sup> was neuer soe soe sounde  
when shee saw hee had no death<sup>1</sup> wound<sup>1</sup> ;  
for euer thought that fayre Ladye  
his wedded wife that shee shold bee.  
& when shee had this done,  
to her owne chamber shee went soone ;  
she tooke out the hand & the gloue of gold ;  
to her fathers hall shee sayd shee wold,  
att supper when he was sett,  
& many Lords withouten lett.  
& when shee came into the hall,  
finely shice halched<sup>2</sup> on them all :  
“ I can tell you tydings, father, will like you weelle ;  
slaine is your enemye Sir Gray-steele.” (su)  
then they laughed all full hastily,  
1208 said, “ Maddam, it seemeth to be a lye :  
that man was neuer borne of a woman  
cold neuer kill Gray-steele, one man to one.<sup>3</sup> ”  
she cast out the hand and the gloue of gold ;  
1212 all had Marucill did it behold,  
for it was red rowed for to see,  
with singars more then other 3,  
& on euerye singar a fine gold ring,<sup>4</sup>  
1216 1220 a precious stone or a goodlye thing.  
the Erle sayd, “ daughter, wher dwelleth that  
Knight ? ”  
Then answered that Ladye both faire [&] bright,  
& sayth, “ father, his name I cannott myn,<sup>5</sup>  
1224 but he was borne in the Land of Beame ;  
he is large of blood & bone,  
& goodlye Nurture lacketh none ;

(page 142.)

and tells  
him who  
won it.<sup>1</sup> There are tags like esses to these letters in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> saluted.—P.<sup>3</sup> man to man. qu.—P.<sup>4</sup> One stroke only of the *n* is in the MS; over it is a mark of contraction.—F.<sup>5</sup> mention.—P.

- he is faire in armes to fold,  
 1228 he is worth his waight in gold ;  
 but he rydeth in the morning when it is day.”  
 “that I sett gods forbott,” the Erle can say,  
 “for I wold [not] for<sup>1</sup> a iooo<sup>2</sup> :
- 1232 of florences<sup>3</sup> red & rounde,  
 vnrewarded of me that he shold goe  
 that soe manfully hath uenged mee on my foo.”
- Earlye on the other day
- 1236 Sir Gryme radylye<sup>4</sup> can him array ;  
 & as hee was his leauue takeand,  
 the erle came att his hand ;  
 & when the Erle came him nye,
- 1240 Sir Gryme sett<sup>4</sup> him on his knee,  
 & thanked him with humble cheerro  
 for the great refreshing he had there.  
 the Erle tooke Gryme by the hand,
- 1244 & said, “gentle Knight, doe thou vpp stand !  
 & as thou art a warriour wight,  
 tarry with me this day & this night.”  
 “my Lord,” hee said, “I am at your will ;
- 1248 all your comandement to fulfill.”  
 then a squier tooke the steeds tow,  
 & to a stable then can he goe ;  
 the Erle tooke Gryme by the hand,
- 1252 to the pallace thô yode Leadand ;  
 a rich dinner ther men might see,  
 of Meate & drinke was great plentyc ;  
 the certaine sooth If I shold say,
- 1256 he was meate fellow for<sup>5</sup> the La<sup>ly</sup> gay.  
 & when the dinner was all done,  
 the Erle tooke Grime into a chamber soone,

On the  
second day,Earl Gares  
comes to  
Grime,asks him  
to stay  
another day.takes him  
to the  
palace,seats him at  
dinner next  
his daugh-  
ter,<sup>1</sup> not for.—P.<sup>2</sup> Florins, formerly worth about 3s. 4d.  
apiece :I sallo the gyfie ten thousand pounde  
Of florence that beno rede and rounde.*Sir Isumbras*, l. 294-5, in *Thornton Romances*, p. 100. Halliwell's *Glossary*.—F.<sup>3</sup> The top of the *a* in *radylye* is open,  
nearly like *u*.—F.<sup>4</sup> i.e. knelt down.—P.<sup>5</sup> i.e. messmate to, &c.—P.

- asks him if he's married, 1260 & spurred<sup>1</sup> him gentlye,  
“Sir, beene you marryed in yowr countrye?”  
Grime answered him hastily,  
“I had neuer wiffe nor yett Ladye:
- and on Grime say-  
ing no, 1264 I tell you truly, by Saint John,  
I had neuer wiffe nor yett Lemman.”  
the Erle sayd, “I am glad indeed,  
for all the better here may you specde;  
for I haue a daughter *that* is my heyre  
of all my Lands, *that* is soe faire;  
& if thou wilt wed *that* Ladye free,  
with all my hart I will giue her thee.”
- offers him his daugh-  
ter. 1268 great thankes Gryme to him can make;  
saith, “I loue her to well to forsake!”  
and afore the Erle & Bishopps 3  
Gryime handfasted<sup>2</sup> *that* faire Ladyc.  
the day of Marryage itt was sett,  
*that* Gryme shold come againe without Lct.
- Grime ac-  
cepts her, 1272 the Erle scitched him in *that* stonde  
2 robes was worth 400!  
they were all beaten gold begon;—
- the betrothal  
is made, 1276 he gaue Egar the better when he came home.—  
1280 he tooke Leave of the Erle & the Ladye,  
& rydes home into his countrye.
- and Grime  
rides home.

## [The Sixth Part.]

- When Grime reaches a forest near home, 1284 He came to a forrest a priuye way,  
& leaueth his steed & his palfrey;  
6<sup>th</sup> Parte & when he had soe doone,  
he gnes on foot to his room, 1288 he went to his chamber right soone,  
& priuylye knocked on the dore,  
[&] Palyas his brother stood on the flore.

<sup>1</sup> spurred, i.e. asked him.—P.

lum (i. 81, l. 2389-90) says:

<sup>2</sup> plighted hands, i.e. betrothed.—P.  
A.-S. *handfæstan*, to pledge one's hand.  
Of Mary's betrothal to Joseph, the *Ormu-*& *þo wass hanndfæst* an god mann  
batt Josæp was gehattenn.—F.

- Palyas was neuer more glad & blyth [page 143.]  
when he see his brother come home aliue.  
“ how fareth Sir Egar ? ” Sir Grime can say.
- 1292 “ the better *that* you haue sped on your Iourney.”  
“ rise, Sir Egar, & arme thee weele  
both in Iron & in steele,  
& goe into yonder forreste free,
- 1296 & Pallyas my Brother shall goe with thee ;  
& there thou shalt find Sir Gray-steeles steed,  
& much more of his golden weede ;  
there thou shalt find his chaine of gold,
- 1300 his sadle harnesse full fayre to behold,  
with other more of his golden geere ;  
in all this land is none such to weare.  
to-morrow when the sunn shineth bright,
- 1304 Looke thou gett into thy Ladyes sight,  
& looke thou as strange to her bee  
as shee in times past hath been to thee ;  
for & thou doe not as shee hath done before,
- 1308 thou shalst loose my loue for euermore.”  
then forth went Egar & Pallyas  
where the steeds & steuen<sup>1</sup> was.  
a scarlett Mantle Grime hath tane ;
- 1312 to the Erles chamber hee his gone  
with still Mourning & sighing sore,<sup>2</sup>  
“ alas ! slaine is my brother Sir Egar !  
for 7 dayes are comen and gone
- 1316 sith he promised me to bee att home ;  
he rode forth wounded verry sore ;  
alas ! my sorrow is much the more !  
thy<sup>3</sup> great pride of thy daughter free
- 1320 made him in this great perill to bee ;  
alas *that* euer shee was borne !  
the best Knight *that* euer was in this world is  
forlorne ! ”
- tells Eger  
to arm,
- go to the  
forest,
- take Gray-  
Steele's  
steed and  
armour,
- show him-  
self to Win-  
glayne, and  
treat her  
scornfully.
- Grime goes  
to Earl  
Brugas,
- says Eger  
has been  
away seven  
days, and  
must be  
killed,
- all through  
Winglayne's  
pride.

<sup>1</sup> ? stuffs. O. Fr. *estouvoir*, convenience, nécessité, provision de tout ce qui est nécessaire. Roquefort.—F. <sup>2</sup> sair.—P. <sup>3</sup> the.—P.

The Earl  
and Coun-  
tesse,

after Mass,

see Eger  
coming.

They wel-  
come him.

He turns  
his back on  
Winglaine,  
and rebukes  
her.

She swoons.  
Her father  
beats Grime

to bring  
Eger round.

- 1324 Gryme vpon his way can goe ;  
the Erle & the Countesse were full woe ;  
then they bowned<sup>1</sup> them both more & lesse  
to the parish church to hear a Masse.  
when the Masse was all done,  
1328 to the pallace the went full soone.  
one looked betwene him & the sunn,  
sais, " methinkes I see tow armed Knights come."  
another sayd, " Nay indeed,  
1332 it is an armed Knight ryding, and leads a steede."  
& when they Knight came them neere,  
all wist it was Sir Egar,  
but Gryme was the first man  
1336 that euer welcomed Sir Egar home.<sup>2</sup>  
the Erle tooke Egars hand in his,  
the countesse cold him comlye Kisse ;  
his own Lady winglaine wold haue done soe ;  
he turned his backe & rode her froe,  
1340 & said, " parting is a priuye payne,  
but old freinds<sup>3</sup> cannott be called againe !  
for the great kindnessse I haue found att thee,  
1344 ffor gotten shalt thou neuer bee."  
he turned his steede in that tyde,  
& said to Garnwicke he wold ryde.  
the Lady sooned<sup>4</sup> when he did goe ;  
the Erle & the Countesse were full woe ;  
the Erle profered Gryme 40<sup>5</sup> of Land,<sup>6</sup>  
of florences that were fayre & round,  
for to gett the good will of Egar his daughter to :  
1348 1352 I hope that was eth<sup>6</sup> to doe.  
Grime went forth on his way,  
& faire words to Egar [can he say<sup>7</sup> :]  
1356 " abyde & speake a word with mee,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. made them ready.—P.

<sup>2</sup> shame.—P.

<sup>3</sup> friendes.—P.

<sup>4</sup> swooned.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Londe.—P.

<sup>6</sup> A.S. *eað*, easy.—F.

<sup>7</sup> MS. partly cut away : words read  
by Percy.—F.

- Brother," he said, "for Charitey." (page 144.)
- Egar sayd, " here I am at your will ;  
whatere you command, Ile fulfill."
- a squier tooke his steeds tow,  
1360 & to a stable can he goe.
- Gryme tooke Egar by the hand,  
to their owne chamber they went Leadand,  
& all his armour of hath done,  
1364 & laid it downe where he put it on.
- Gryme feitched forth tow robes in *that* stond,  
the worse was worth 400!  
the were all of beaten gold begon :
- 1368 he put the better Egar on ;  
then was Egar the seemlyest man!  
*that* was in all Christendonne.
- Gryme tooke him by the hand,  
1372 to the palace the yode Leadand<sup>2</sup> :  
a rich dinner there Men might see,  
Meate & drinke there was plentye ;—  
certaine sooth if I shold say,
- 1376 he was meate fellow with the Ladyc gay ;—  
& when the dinner was all done,
- Grime tooke the Erle to councell soone :  
"as my Lord Egar is the Knight
- 1380 *that* winneth the worshipp in every fight,  
& if hee shall haue your daughter free,  
att your owne will I haue gotten him to bee ;  
I read anon *that* it were done."
- 1384 the Erle & the Countesse accorded soone ;  
the Erle sent forth his messenger  
to great Lords both far & neare,  
*that* they shold come by the 15 day
- 1388 to the marryage of his daughter gay.  
& there Sir Egar, *that* Noble Knight,  
Marryed winglayne, *that* Ladyc Bright.

Grime takes  
Eger to  
his room,

puts robes  
of beaten  
gold on him,

leads him to  
the palace,

seats him by  
Winglayne,

and tells  
Earl Bruges

*that* Eger  
will marry  
her.

The nobles  
are sum-  
moned to  
the wedding,

<sup>1</sup> mon. - P.

<sup>2</sup> yode leadand (went leading). — P.

*The Erle  
lare fary  
way,*

*and then  
Egar and  
Grime ride  
to Earle  
Gares,*

*who wel-  
comes them,  
and Grime  
weds the  
Lady Loos-  
paine.*

*All ride into  
Gray-steele's  
land,*

*Kill his deere,  
destroy his  
ships,*

- 1392      the feast it lasted fortye dayes,  
                with Lordis & Ladyes in roiall arrayes ;  
                & at the 40 dayes end,  
                euery man to his owne home wend,  
                eche man home into his countrey ;  
1396      soe did Egar, Grime, & Pallyas, all 3,  
                they neuer stinted nor blan,<sup>1</sup>  
                to Earle Gares Land till the came.  
                the Erle wist he wold be there,  
1400      he mett them with a royal fere,<sup>2</sup>  
                with a 100 Knights in roiall array  
                mett Egar & Grime in the way,  
                with much myrth of Minstrelsy,  
                & welcomed them into that countrey ;  
1404      & there Sir Gryme, that Noble Knight,  
                marryed Loospine, that Ladye bright.  
                why was shee called Loospaine ?  
1408      a better Leeche was none certaine.  
                a roiall wedding was made there,<sup>3</sup>  
                as good as was the other before ;  
                & when 5 dayes done did<sup>4</sup> hee,  
1412      Egar desired all the Erles meanye  
                to ryde with him into Gray-steèles Land,  
                to resigne all into his brothers hand.  
                they chose Pallyas to be their Captain wight ;  
1416      the Erle dubd him, and made a Knight,  
                & by councell of Lordis with him did bee,  
                hee gaue him a 100<sup>th</sup> of fee.  
                then wold they noe longer abyde,  
1420      but into Gray-steèle Land can they ryde ;  
                they brake his parkes & killed his deere,  
                rasen<sup>5</sup> his hauens & shippes soe Cleere ;  
                They tooken townes & castles of stone.  
1424      Gray-steèle had neuer a child but one

<sup>1</sup> desisted.—P.

<sup>2</sup> company.—P.

<sup>3</sup> thore.—P.

<sup>4</sup> had.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ruzen.—P.

- that was a daughter fayre & free ;  
 vntill that castle shee did flee ;  
 Egars tooke that Lady, as I vnderstand,  
 1428 & brought her into Earle Gares land.  
 when that Ladye the Earle did see,  
 shee kneeled downe vpon hcr knee,  
 & said, "if my father were a tyrant & your enemye,  
 1432 neuer take my Land froe me."  
 the Erle sayd, "for thy curtesye  
 all the better the matter may bee :  
 for to weld thy Land & thee  
 1436 choose thee any Knight that thou he[r]e see."  
 amongst all that there was  
 shee chose vnto Pallyas.  
 glad & blythe was Baron & Knight,  
 1440 soe were Egars & Gryme that were soe wight ;  
 & there Sir Pallyas, that Noble Knight,  
 marryed Emyas that was soe bright.  
 a royall wedding was made thore,  
 1444 as good as was the other before.  
 I neuer wist man that proued soe weele  
 as did S/r Grine vpon Sir Gray-steele,  
 for he gate to his brother Sir Egars  
 1448 an Erles Land & a ladye faire ;  
 he gate himselfe an Erles lande,  
 the fairest Lady that was Liuande ;  
 he gate his brother Pallyas  
 1452 a barrons daughter & a Barronage.  
 Winglaine bare to Sir Egars  
 10 children that were fayre ;  
 10 of them were sonnes wight,  
 1456 & 5, daughters fayre in sight.  
 & Loosepine bare to Sir Grime  
 10 children in short time ;  
 7 of them sonnes was,  
 1460 & 3 were daughters faire of face.
- and let his  
daughter  
Emyas
- choose  
Pallyas for  
her hus-  
band.
- Pallyas and  
Emyas are  
married.
- Well done,  
Sir Grine!
- you've set up  
Sir Egars,  
yourself and
- Pallyas.
- Eger has  
fifteen  
children.
- Grime ten,

- 2 vols.  
2 vols.*
- 1443 Enysse bare to Sir Palynas  
3 Children in short space:  
2 of them wifes were,
- 1444 the 3<sup>rd</sup> was a daughter faire and cleere;  
after shee was married to a Knyght  
that proesed both herte & wight  
there was no man in the countrey  
that durst displease those bretheren 3:
- 1445 for 2 of them were Knyght free,  
the 3<sup>rd</sup> was a Barren in his countrey;  
& thus they lived & made an encl<sup>1</sup>  
to the blisse of heauen their scordes bringe:  
I pray Jesus that we<sup>2</sup> soe may  
bring vs the blisse that lasteth Aye!
- Genealogies  
Court of Wards  
in 2 vols.  
Annes:*
- 1472

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> enclage, sic leg<sup>m</sup>.—P.<sup>2</sup> bee.—P.

ARTHUR<sup>1</sup>:A GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO "MERLINE" AND  
"KINGE ARTHURS DEATH."

THE case for Arthur's historical existence stands thus. Discarding the vague words Keltic and Welsh, we find Britain divided in historical times between five main branches of the same race. Of these, to begin from the North, the *Scoti or Gaelic Highlanders* have traditions of Irish growth about Finn or Fingal, and none about Arthur. The Dean of Lismore's book, edited by Mr. Skene, will prove this. The only mention of Arthur in it is by a Macgregor, probably of the fifteenth century. (2) *The Strathclyde Britons or Piets.* Of these Fordun is the earliest historian, who takes his account from Geoffrey of Monmouth, and says that Arthur was chosen king at Cilcester, probably Cirencester, and was buried at Avalon. Boetius, who, like Geoffrey, makes Arthur the bastard son of Uther, by a Cornish nobleman's wife, makes London his capital, and represents him as defeating the Scots and Piets in a great battle. (3) *The Cumbrian Britons.* To these belong the bards, Llywarch Hen, Aneurin and Taliesin, who with one exception celebrate Urien and his son, and the princess Bun, &c., all Northern personages. The one exception is the poem on the battle of Longborth, and whether the verse about Arthur be spurious or not, it speaks of him in connection with a hero of "the woodeld country of

<sup>1</sup> See Herbert Coleridge's essay on *Synt Graal* (Roxburghe Club, 1863), and "Arthur," in the 2nd volume of the *Morte Arthur*, ed. 1864.

Domnonia," and describes a battle known to the Saxon chronicle and probably against the West Saxons. (4) *The Welsh.* I don't think Mr. Nash speaks too strongly in saying that the genuine Welsh traditions know no more of Arthur than of the Druids. (5) *The Devonians or Domnonians.* We have three books more or less historical belonging to this district. The "Historia Britonum Nennii" (so called<sup>1</sup>), written probably in the eighth century, and added to in the ninth,<sup>2</sup> treats at length of Arthur. The "Vita S. Gildae," date unknown, but evidently ancient, treats also, and not very inconsistently, of Arthur, though with no particular reverence for him. Lastly, Gildas proper (prior to Bede) does not name Arthur, but dates from his most famous battle, the "Bellum Badonicum," and attacks Maglocunus or Maelgoun for having made fierce war on his uncle the king, with several circumstances that resemble the legendary history of Arthur and Lancelot; e.g., Maelgoun turns monk, marries unlawfully, &c. Take next William of Malmesbury, who wrote before Geoffrey's book had infected history. Malmesbury, in his book on the antiquities of Glastonbury Church, mentions by name two estates which Arthur gave to the Abbey, and assigns as the reason a legend not to be found in Geoffrey. Giraldus Cambrensis, who denounced Geoffrey of Monmouth as an impudent liar, relates how Arthur's tomb in Glastonbury was opened, and two bodies found with hair so decomposed that it pulverised at a touch, and a leaden plate inscribed with the

<sup>1</sup> The ascription of the *Historia Britonum* to Nennius has occasioned much discussion. Its accuracy depends mainly on the authority of the MS. Bibl. Publ. Cant. Ff. i. 27, 2 (of the twelfth century) as it is the only ancient copy which contains both Prologues in the original hand, and without the authority of those Prologues the work might be assigned to any other person; indeed one of the earliest manuscripts of this work assigns it to Mark the Anchorite, while no fewer than

seventeen MSS. have rubries ascribing it to Gildas; besides which facts, whenever the work is cited by any early English historian (Geoffrey of Monmouth, Henry of Huntingdon, and William of Malmesbury) it is never attributed to Nennius, but, on the contrary, to Gildas.—Hardy, *Catalogue*, vol. i. p. 321.

<sup>2</sup> The earliest MS. is at latest of the eleventh century. Wanley and Petrie assign it to the tenth.—Hardy, *ib.* p. 322.

king's name. Lastly, the belief in Arthur's resurrection was confined to or at least strongest in Armorica, which was partly peopled with Devonian exiles, patriots who would naturally cling to heroic memories.

Dr. Guest, in his valuable paper "On Welsh and English rule in Somersetshire after the capture of Bath, A.D. 577," (*Archæological Journal*, 1859,) regards Arthur as historical, and identifies him with Owain Finddu, son of Aurelius Ambrosius.

Against all the proofs I have alleged, and which for the time and its scanty records are really considerable, there are only two reasons of any weight (*a*) that Arthur has become a hero of romance: the eponymus of his race, to whom all its great deeds are ascribed; (*b*) that he is claimed by several districts. The first argument would demolish Alfred, Charlemagne, &c. Assume Geoffrey's book destroyed, and there would be nothing extravagant in the histories of Arthur. Surely then the real value of these is independent of an uncritical and bombastic but poetical narrative into which a twelfth-century writer has interwoven them with other materials.

The argument from localities is not more valid. It is the essence of popular poetry to carry with it its own geography. Mr. Skene has shown clearly that there are at least two Fenian topographies, the Irish and the Scotch. Now assuming Arthur's history to become first extensively popular in the twelfth century, who are most likely to take it up and identify it with localities in their own neighbourhood? the Saxons or Saxonised settlers in Devonia, or the Welsh and Picts of Galloway? Surely the latter. Which history can best be interpolated with strange facts? the history of the conquered and civilised western counties, or that of districts which long maintained their barbarous independence? Again, the latter. Accordingly Cornwall, as best answering these conditions among the south-western counties, is the one that has made best fight for Arthur. The real value of the

Arthurian geography is not to identify him with any locality, but to bring out in all possible completeness a list of local names that may once have been genuine somewhere, and that are certainly useful for philology.

The remarks above were written by Mr. Charles H. Pearson, author of "The Early and Middle Ages of England," after reading the Introduction by myself, here following. As Mr. Pearson is the most trustworthy of our historians on the period of which he treats, his view will, I have no doubt, meet with ultimate acceptance. Still, in speaking of Arthur, we are dealing with probabilities, not certainties. The Life of Gildas, on which Mr. Pearson relies, is assigned by Mr. Thomas Wright, on the authority of the very MS. which Mr. Stevenson printed, as well as that of a Corpus (Cambridge) MS. of the thirteenth century, to Caradoc of Lancarvan in the twelfth century ("Biogr. Lit." p. 119, note). Mr. Wright's conclusion on this Life and the other Life of Gildas by an anonymous monk of the abbey of St. Gildas de Ruys, who is said to have lived in the eleventh century, is, "the mass of errors which is here presented to us compels us to the only rational supposition, that the whole is a fable, created probably during the latter part of the eleventh, and the twelfth centuries, the period at which so many other fabulous narratives took their rise," p. 124. Of the book attributed to Gildas himself, Mr. Wright says, "that no circumstance in it affords the slightest support to the *biographies* of its author," p. 126. Of Nennius's History, Mr. Wright says, "The earliest MSS. give it as an anonymous treatise. The name of Nennius is not joined with it until the beginning of the thirteenth century; and both then and afterwards it is as frequently given under the name of Gildas; . . . the compiler evidently intended that it should pass for a work written soon after the middle of the seventh century. . . . The tract which goes under the name of Nennius is, as might be supposed from what has been said above, of very little historical value; but it

derives a certain degree of importance from those very parts which are least historical. The stories of the first colonisation of our islands, of the exploits of King Arthur, and, above all, of Merlin and his wonderful birth and prophecies, which are not found elsewhere before the twelfth century, exercised great influence upon the literature of succeeding ages, and through it they have presented many mysterious questions to exercise the learning and ingenuity of modern historians.” (T. Wright, “*Biogr. Brit. Lit.*,” Anglo-Saxon Period, p. 138–41.)

Now I do not mean for a moment to set up the authority of Mr. Wright and myself against Mr. Pearson’s and Dr. Guest’s; but the impression of the uncertainty about Arthur is so strong on me, that I leave the following remarks as they were written before Mr. Pearson’s able comment on, if not refutation of, them, which is printed above.

There is no evidence, in the proper sense of the term, that such a person as Arthur ever existed.<sup>1</sup> But as the habit of early writers was not, I take it, to invent a hero “on thair awene heidis,” as Hampole would phrase it, but to magnify the deeds of a man who really had lived, and add heroic actions and qualities to him without end, transferring to him also those of his con-

<sup>1</sup> This is said with all due deference to Mr. Pearson’s authority in his *Early and Middle Ages of England*. His view of Arthur, at p. 56–8 of the work last mentioned, I accept as the most probable, and believe in it. He states: “My view of Arthur’s position as a king, is chiefly derived from the *Vita S. Gildae* prefixed to the works of Gildas (Eng. Hist. Soc.). The modern conception of him appears first in Nennius.” Mr. Pearson makes Arthur sovereign of a territory in the South-west of England, of which Camelot or Cadbury in Somersetshire was the capital. He defeated the Saxons at Bath, and so preserved the British power in the west for another generation, when the feebleness of his successors and a disastrous battle at Sarum ruined it. This shows what “the real merit of Arthur’s

struggle was, and why his countrymen preserved in their songs the name of the last prince under whom they were independent and lords of the soil.” Instead of “the hero of romance, history only knows him as the petty prince of a Devonian principality, whose wife, the Guenever of romance, was carried off by Maelgwn of North Wales, and scarcely recovered by treaty after a year’s fighting. No doubt there were some real nobilities in Arthur’s character, which have given him a life beyond the grave, as the type of the knight ideal among men; that ideal which the imaginative Keltic race has exalted through all time, above the more statesman-like virtues that secure life and property, or success in national enterprises.”

temporaries, successors, or predecessors, I think it reasonable to suppose that an original of Arthur was once in the flesh. Where he lived it is difficult to say. The Welsh traditions put him in Wales; Geoffrey of Monmouth (who is said to have translated an Armorican MS.) and most of the later romance-writers put him in the South of England; others of the romancers put him in Cumberland and the North of England; the Breton song-writers put him in Brittany. In Cornwall, Wales, and the North of England, Keltic chieftains would naturally have been continuing to the last the struggle against the Saxon invaders. And if, of the leaders in each of these three districts, one chieftain had greater success than the rest, and for a time made ebb the flow of the Saxon tide, to him in aftertime would the deeds of the other leaders be attributed; he, in all three regions, would represent the chief who in each fought and lost the Keltic fight. There can be little doubt that, as Mr. Pearson has pointed out, Arthur owes his reputed victories on the Continent to the conquests of the Emperor Maximus, who, himself of British descent, raised his standard in Britain in A.D. 382, and "by the defeat and death of Gratian was left the undisputed master of Britain, Gaul, Spain, and Italy, the western half of the Roman Empire." Iceland, Norway, Dacia &c. were added to Arthur's conquests by Geoffrey<sup>1</sup> and the romance-writers; for, when once on a list of names or numbers, the pens of legendists, Latin and French, as well as Jewish, were apt to run. The date of Arthur's death is fixed by Geoffrey of Monmouth in A.D. 542, and even admitting that the historical Arthur may have been a South-England man, Mr. John S. Stuart Glennie, the latest investigator into the Arthurian topography known to me, contends that it has yet to be shown that any region contains so many localities with Arthurian names or Arthurian traditions attached to them as South Scotland and North England. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Bk. ix. chap. x-xi.

Glennie's essay is to appear with Part III. of the prose “Merlin” edited by Mr. Wheatley for the Early English Text Society.

For the date at which Arthur is first mentioned by any writer, I dare not refer to the Welsh legends. Kelts of strong imagination and faith have a list of a succession of poets at and after his time, with specimens (I believe) of their works that leave on the patriot's mind no shadow of doubt as to the existence of their hero. But a Nash, a Watts, and other critics, have made such sad havoc among the Welsh theories, that until the reconstructor called for by Mr. Matthew Arnold appears, one must leave the whole matter alone, stating only Mr. Nash's conclusion, so far as the printed materials have allowed him to judge. (What may be in the thousands of Welsh MSS. to our shame remaining unprinted, who shall say?) “It is evident that the genuine Welsh traditions knew no more of Arthur than they did of the Druids. It is by no means clear that the Welsh had ever heard of Arthur as a king before Rhys ap Tewdwr brought the Roll of the Round Table to Glamorganshire in the twelfth century. Moreover, there is not, except in the spurious verse added to the stanzas on the Battle of Longborth, a single poem extant which relates any warlike feats of Arthur against the Saxon.” (“Taliesin,” p. 327-8.) Not till the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table taken up by the Storiawr, whose romances we find in the Mabinogion. (*Ib.* p. 323.) “It is evident from a cursory perusal of the collection of Welsh romances called the ‘Mabinogion,’ that there are two distinct sets, or, as it is the fashion to call them, cycles of romances, the one of native growth, which may be compared to the Irish romances of Fionn Mae Cumbhal and Manannan Mac Lir [“Taliesin,” p. 326-7], in which there is no chivalry, [no Arthur,] and little, if any, Christianity; the other, in which the old romance of the Kelt has been mixed up and interwoven with the splendid fiction of the Arthurian chivalry, a fiction

which, though of foreign origin, was eagerly seized and appropriated by the Welsh bards, to whom it was recommended as much by its intrinsic merit as by the welcome flattery with which it consoled a vanquished and fallen nationality." ("Hist. of the Holy Graal," Pref. p. vii. ed. F. J. F. for Roxburghe Club, 1861.) Turning to English Latin-writing authors, we find that Nennius—who is said by some to have lived in the eighth century, and by others in the tenth—narrates, as history of course, the legends of Merlin's birth and Vortigern's castle, and afterwards speaks of Arthur thus, after Hengist's death :

"Then it was, that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged, was at the mouth of the river Gleni.<sup>1</sup> The second, third, fourth, and fifth, were on another river, by the Britons called Duglas,<sup>2</sup> in the region Linnis. The sixth, on the river Bassas.<sup>3</sup> The seventh in the wood Celidon, which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon.<sup>4</sup> The eighth was near Gurnion castle,<sup>5</sup> where Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin,<sup>6</sup> mother of God, upon his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter.<sup>7</sup> The ninth was at the City of Legion,<sup>8</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> Supposed by some to be the Gleam, in Lincolnshire; but most probably the Glen, in the northern part of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Or Duglas. The little river Dun-glas, which formed the southern boundary of Lothian. Whitaker says, the river Duglas, in Lancashire, near Wigan.

<sup>3</sup> Not a river, but an isolated rock in the Frith of Forth, near the town of North Berwick, called "The Bass." Some think it is the river Lusas, in Hampshire.

<sup>4</sup> The Caledonian forest, or the forest of Englewood, extending from Penrith to Carlisle.

<sup>5</sup> Variously supposed to be in Cornwall, or Binchester in Durham, but most probably the Roman station of Gario-nenum, near Yarmouth, in Norfolk.

<sup>6</sup> V. R. The image of the Cross of

Christ, and of the perpetual Virgin St. Mary.

<sup>7</sup> V. R. For Arthur proceeded to Jerusalem, and there made a cross to the size of the Saviour's cross, and there it was consecrated, and for three successive days he fasted, watched, and prayed, before the Lord's cross, that the Lord would give him the victory, by this sign, over the heathen: which also took place, and he took with him the image of St. Mary, the fragments of which are still preserved in great veneration at Wedale, in English Wodale, in Latin *Valladoloris*. Wodale is a village in the province of Lodonesia, but now of the jurisdiction of the bishop of St. Andrew's, of Scotland, six miles on the west of that heretofore noble and eminent monastery of Melros.

<sup>8</sup> Exeter.

is called Cair Lion. The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit.<sup>1</sup> The eleventh was on the mountain Bregouin, which we call Cat Bregon.<sup>2</sup> The twelfth was a most severe contest, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon.<sup>3</sup> In this engagement, nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these engagements the Britons were successful. For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty.”

I have taken Mr. Gunn’s and Dr. Giles’s translations and their notes; and it will be observed that, with the perhaps doubtful exceptions of Gurnion, Cair Lion, Trat Treuroit, and Badon, all the places mentioned may be identified with localities in the region that Mr. Stuart Glennie calls Arthurian Scotland, and maintains to be the chief country of at least the *traditional* Arthur.

Next comes the originator of the Arthur of romance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152, and died in 1154. He gives us in his “Historia Britonum” or “Gesta Regum Britanniae,”—a well-known historical romance often taken for true history, the Seventh Book of which was written in 1147—the picture of Arthur which subsequent writers have followed in the main, altering, filling in, and colouring it as they saw fit.<sup>4</sup> For the fables Geoffrey tells about our hero, he is denounced as an impudent liar by a prosaic contemporary, William of

<sup>1</sup> Or Ribroit, the Brue, in Somersetshire; or the Ribble, in Lancashire.

<sup>2</sup> Or Aghed Cathregonion, Cadbury, in Somersetshire; or Edinburgh.

<sup>3</sup> Bath.

<sup>4</sup> So popular did this work (of Geoffrey’s) become, that he obtained the title of Galfridus Arturus, on account of the halo with which he had surrounded the great fabulous, or at least semi-fabulous, hero, king Arthur. His work was soon translated into Anglo-Norman, into English, and even into Welsh; and each successive continuator added such legendary lore as came within his knowledge, or such fictions as he drew from his own imagination. Gradually Geoffrey’s work

became the great fountain of romance out of which the poets of successive generations have drawn a flood of fiction, that has left an indelible impress upon our mediæval literature. Indeed, it is hardly going beyond bounds to say, that there is scarcely an European tale of chivalry, down to the sixteenth century, that is not derived, directly or indirectly, from Geoffrey of Monmouth. If he had never written, our literature would not, in all probability, have been graced by the exquisite dramas of Lear and Cymeline; and much of the materials which he has woven into his work, would no doubt have perished.—T. Duffus Hardy, *Catalogue*, p. 349.

Newburgh, who could not see how Geoffrey's fictions, bred of his "unbridled lust of lying," as Newburgh suggests, would enrich the world of Art and become a possession for ever. In 1155 or 1156 A.D. Wace completed his Old-French versification of Geoffrey's work, and called his poem "Le Brut." About 1200 A.D. Layamon, "priest of Lower Arley, otherwise Arley Regis, 3½ miles south-east of Bewdley in Worcestershire," translated or adapted and enlarged Wace's "Brut" of 15,300 lines into nearly 32,250 lines of verse of his own English, of the stage of the language usually known as Semi-Saxon.<sup>1</sup> To Layamon we owe the first mention in English of the Round Table, and of Arthur's being carried to the island of Avilion.<sup>2</sup> Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne in their Chronicles also follow Geoffrey and Wace, altering and expanding at pleasure. But between Wace and Layamon come the true creators of the Arthur story as we know it. To the brilliant court of Henry II. we owe the chivalry of the legends; to the crusades of the Lionheart the crowning glory of them, "The Quest of the Holy Graal," the purity of which has made the Arthur legends shine with a moral lustre not their own.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Some scholars condemn the use of this term, and some people, who like to make a fuss about nothing in reviews, get violent about it; but it is wanted to mark that stage of the language between the Saxon or oldest form of English, and the third stage called Early English. It was no doubt originally given to denote that this second stage of the language contained forms half way between Saxon and Early English. As all but the merest tyros know what the term means, and as no better name has yet been proposed, the old one must be retained, for the present at least.

<sup>2</sup> And ich wulle waren to Aualun;  
to uairest alre maidene,  
to Argante þere queine;  
alien swiðe secone (an elf most fair).

Layamon, v. iii. p. 144.

On this Mr. Pearson says, "Is not Lay-

mon's story of Arthur being carried to Avilon (supposed to be in Somersetshire) derived from his own residence at Arley, and so a proof of what I have said about fictitious geographies growing up?"

<sup>3</sup> Ascham's denunciation of *Morte Arthur* in his *Schoolemaster* (p. 159, ed. Giles), is well known: "The whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall points—in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which booke those be counted the noblest knyghts that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shiffts." At p. 7 of his *Totophilus*, he also says, "In our fathers' time nothing was read but booke of feigned chivalry, wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry. These booke (as I have heard

Walter Map and Robert de Borron—probably one of Lord Byron's ancestors<sup>1</sup>—took the group of Keltic legends of which Geoffrey of Monmouth reported part, added to them the beautiful conception of the Graal, and produced the immortal succession of romances partly digested for us by Maleore and told us by Tennyson. They are set down in the following order by Sir F. Madden in his “*Syr Gawayne*,” Pref. p. x.

1. “The History of the Holy Graal,” by R. de Borron. Bringing the sacred vessel from Jerusalem to England.
2. “Merlin,” by R. de Borron. Merlin's history, and Arthur's before his return to England from Rome, to punish Modred.
3. “Lancelot of the Lake,” by Walter Map.
4. “The Quest of the Holy Graal,” by Walter Map. Avowed in England before Arthur's expedition to invade Lancelot.
5. “Le Mort Artus,” by Walter Map. Lancelot's love discovered, Arthur's invasion of his land, Modred's treason, Arthur's death, &c.

To these were added—

6. The first Part of the romance of “Tristan,” by Luces Seigneur de Gast.
7. The conclusion of “Tristan,” by Helie de Borron.
8. The romance of “Gyron le Courtois,” by Helie de Borron.
9. The metrical romances of Chrestien de Troyes, between 1170 and 1195.
10. The later prose compilations of Rusticien de Pise and his followers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Written by authors of the court, for readers of the court, these romances were all in Norman French<sup>2</sup>: at least no Latin original has come down to us, though one is often referred to. The English Arthur literature was not, like the Robin Hood, one of

say), were made, the most part, in abbeys and monasteries; a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living.”

<sup>1</sup> See Prof. Pearson's interesting Essay in vol. ii. of *Saint Graal*.

<sup>2</sup> For the early printed editions of them, see Brunet.

ballads for the people, as Mr. Hales has well observed, but of romances for the nobles. If we want Arthur as the people's hero, we must turn to Brittany, and hear the ballad's "Forth, after Arthur, on the foe!"<sup>1</sup> the hated Saxon. The Anglo-Norman noble did not want this presentment of his hero, and accordingly did not get it; the writers for him borrowed but little from Keltic sources for the full details of their picture of chivalric life, and owed their highest inspiration to Christian, not Keltic<sup>2</sup> lore.

These English French-writing authors do not only expand Geoffrey and Wace; they recast the story, and put a new purpose into it. Their main variation from the old type is their not bringing back Arthur from his Roman expedition in order to punish Modred's treason, but because he has humbled the Emperor Lucius (who demanded tribute from him), and has accomplished the object of his desire. This peaceful return to England admits of the introduction of all the knightly and marvellous adventures known to us through Maleore's abstract of them. Arthur, as Herbert Coleridge says, "retires somewhat into the background, while the narrative is occupied with the deeds of other important personages who are now for the first time brought forward. The principal figures are those of Lancelot, Tristram, Lamorak, Galahad and Percival." The legend of the Holy Graal, in which Arthur is nobody, is introduced by way of parenthesis, and dramatic unity is imparted

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tom Taylor's most spirited Englishing of *Bale Arzur* one of the Breton ballads in M. de Villemarquë's collection. He read it to us in a lecture he gave at The Working Men's College some twelve years ago, and its trumpet tone is still in my ears. (See *Ballads and Songs of Brittany*, by Tom Taylor, 1865, p. 23-5: the tune is at p. 224.)

<sup>2</sup> The subsequent addition of the legend of the San Graal seems never to have taken root in Wales, and never to have

been incorporated with the genuine Welsh or mixed Arthurian romances by the native minstrels or *storiarwyr* of Wales. It is in fact evident, that the story of Joseph of Arimathea in the legend of the Holy Graal was known only to the Welsh literati of the fifteenth century from a rare MS. in Welsh, which had clearly been translated from a foreign original.—Mr. D. W. Nash, in Pref. to *History of the Holy Graal*, vol. i. p. viii.

to the whole story by making Arthur the father, through a chance incestuous intercourse with his own sister, of Modred, and then tracing the course of the avenging Fate which punishes Arthur by the adultery of his Queen and the mutual slaying of himself and his son by each other's hand. At least, this is the moral which the story, to my surprise at first, seemed to bear on the face of it, and which, after much resistance, my late friend Herbert Coleridge adopted. By it, as he says, “the legend acquires a kind of dramatic unity; it exhibits in Æschylean phrase the working out of an Ate, a retribution long delayed, but surely developing itself at last: just as the original sin of Tantalus pervaded every generation of his house till the curse finally worked itself out in the madness and deliverance of Orestes; just as also, in the great Scandinavian epos, the curse of Andvari destroyed each possessor in succession till the destined atonement was made in the death of Atli and his sons.” The expedition in which Arthur was engaged when Modred's treason was committed, was by Walter Map and his fellows made to be the King's invasion of Lancelot in France, in revenge for the seduction of his Queen, an invasion to which Gawaine compelled the reluctant Arthur. On Arthur's landing at Richborough he is opposed by Modred, whom he beats, but with the loss of Gawaine. Modred makes a second stand at Barendowne or Winchester, is again beaten by Arthur, then flees to Cornwall, where, at Camlan, or Camelford, or Camelerton (“Arthur,” p. 18, l. 605), by seeing accident, the proposals for a peace are frustrated, that great battle in the West is fought, and father, son, and the whole Round Table slain, save Lukyn, (and Lancelot and his knights, who are on their way to Arthur's help). Guinevere afterwards refuses Lancelot's prayer to marry him; she enters a convent, he a hermitage; and both soon rest in the grave.

Of English versions of parts of the story of De Borron, Map, and their followers, we have only, so far as I know, and excluding the ballads here, and in Professor Child's collection, &c.—

I. "Le Morte Arthur" of the Harleian MS. 2252, printed in 1819 for the Roxburghe Club at the cost of Mr. Thomas Ponton, and re-edited by me in 1864 for Messrs. Macmillan. "Le Morte Arthur" does not follow exactly any of the French romances, though at the end it is nearer the "Lancelot" than "La Mort au Roi Artus." It begins with a tournament at Winchester, called after Arthur's return from Rome, and carries the story through the Maid of Ascolot's love for Lancelot, his saving Guinevere from being burnt on suspicion of having poisoned Syr Mador's brother, his adultery with Guinevere and its discovery, Arthur's invasion of his land, the King's return and death after slaying Modred, Guinevere's and Lancelot's turning nun and monk, and dying, she being laid at rest by the side of her lord. The details of the last battle, of Excalaber's being "cast into the salt flood," of Arthur's being taken to the Vale of Avelon and buried there, are given with much more minuteness than in any other of our old poems.

II. Sir Thomas Maleore's "Morte Darthur," (Caxton, 1485, Southey 1817; modernised 1634, ed. twice 1816, ed. Wright 1858, 1866), an abstract of the books of "Merlin," "Balyn and Balan," "Lancelot," "Tristram," "Quest of the Holy Graal," "Percival," "Gawayne," "Morte Arthur"; an epitome, more or less complete, of the French romances, containing what is for the English student *the history of Arthur*.

As to the other English versions, the "Morte Arthur," edited from the Thornton MS. about 1440 A.D. by Mr. Halliwell in 1857, and re-edited in 1865 for the Early English Text Society by Mr. Perry, follows in the main the early story of Geoffrey, but contains only its second part, the invasion of Rome by Arthur after his marriage—an invasion attributed to Arthur in consequence of the successful pretendership of the Briton Maximus to the West-Roman empire. This poem is a most vigorous and successful specimen of alliterative verse, parts of it possessing also great beauty. It rejects all the Map and Borron

recasting of the old story, brings Arthur back from Rome to punish Modred, says nothing of Calyburne's being cast away, and lets the King die in the “ile of Aveloyne,” after ordering Modred's sons to be “sleyghely slayne, and slongene in watrys.”

The verse “Arthur” that I edited for the Early English Text Society in 1864 is a short account, in 642 lines, of the King's life and deeds after the early version of Geoffrey.

Besides these, we have in English, of poems relating to, but not directly of Arthur, 1. The “Lancelot of the Laik,” MS. ab. 1500 A.D. (edited by Mr. Stevenson for the Maitland Club in 1839, and by Mr. Skeat for the Early English Text Society in 1855), which contains only the story of “the invasion of Arthur's territory by “le roy de oultre les marches, nommé galehault (in English *Galiot*), and the defeat of the said king by Arthur and his allies,” translated and enlarged from the French “Lancelot.” 2. The two poems not translated from any French original, so far as we know, “The Anturs of Arther at the Tarnewathelan” (the Tarn Wadlyng of our Folio) and “The Awowyng of Kyng Arther, Sir Gawan, Sir Kaye and Sir Bawdewyn of Bretan” edited by Mr. Robson for the Camden Society in 1842, from Mr. Blackburne's MS. ab. 1430-40 A.D. in the Lancashire dialect, after prior editions of the first by Pinkerton, Laing, and Madden, from other MSS. The scene of these poems is Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the South-west of Scotland, and they seem to belong to a different set from the Geoffrey and Map legends. 3. The collection of poems called “Syr Gawayne,” edited by Sir F. Madden for the Bannatyne Club in 1839 from MSS. ranging from 1320 to 1620 A.D. Of these, the original of Gawayn and the Grene Knyght appears to exist in the “Roman de Perceval,” written in verse by Chrestien de Troyes at the close of the twelfth century, and continued after his death by Gautier de Denet and Manessier at the beginning of the thirteenth, (Syr G. p. 305). Of “Golagros and Gawayne” Sir F. Madden says that the author “has borrowed the entire outline of

his romance from the French “*Roman de Perceval*.” “*Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle*,” “the original from which the modernised copy in the Percy MS. was taken,” has for its original “the beautiful fabliau of ‘*Le Chevalier à l’Epée*,’ printed in Meon’s ‘*Recueil*,’ tome i. p. 127, 8vo, 1823, and previously analysed by Le Grand” (Syr G. p. 345). The entire story of “*The Jeaste of Syr Gawayne*” is in the French “*Roman de Perceval*,” fol. lxxiv b. (Syr G. p. 349). “*Kyng Arthur and the King of Cornwall*” is adapted from a French Charlemagne romance (Syr G. p. 357). 4. “*Sir Tristrem*,” edited by Sir W. Scott from the Affleck MS. ab. 1320–30 A.D. is taken from the French “*Tristan*.” 5. “*Lybius Disconius*,” or Syr Gyngelayne, son of Syr Gawayne, is from the French “*Li Beau Desconnu*.” 6. Herry Lonelich’s translation of De Borron’s French History of the Holy Graal I edited from the Corpus MS. (ab. 1440 A.D.) for the Roxburghe Club in 1862–3; and Gautiers Map’s French “*Queste del Saint Graal*” I also edited for the Roxburghe in 1864. 7. Of the English versions of the French “*Merlin*” a short account will be found in the pages next following. One copy of Lydgate’s poem on Arthur, “*Arthurus conqueror*,” is in the Lansdowne MS. 699, fol. 51–61. It begins “Was evir prynce myhte hym silff assure,” and ends “off blood vnykynde, borne of oo kynreede.” It is only a chapter of Lydgate’s translation of Bochas’s “*Fables of Princes*,” (see Pynson’s edition 1527, fol. clxxx. sign. MM. back, col. 2, &c.)

We owe, then, the whole of our Early English Arthur-literature to Geoffrey of Monmouth and our French-writing authors of Henry II.’s or Cœur-de-Lion’s time; and all of it that has affected most strongly the English mind since, is due to Walter Map, Robert and Helye de Borron, and their fellows of the crusading time. Lady Charlotte Guest’s edition of the “*Mabinogion*,” and Mr. Tennyson’s “*Enid*” have lately popularised some of the Welsh Arthur-legends. May she and he soon give us scores more of them!

## Merline.

[In 9 Parts or Cantos containing 2391 verses, giving an account of the Birth, Parentage & Juvenile Adventures of that famous old British Prophet. N.B.—This Poem is more correct & perfect than most in this book. A very curious old Poem, & may be considered as one of the first attempts in Epic Poetry by the English. —Percy. *First* is a mistake.—F.]

THE Essay by Mr. H. D. Nash, prefixed to the first part of the prose "Merlin" edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley for the Early English Text Society in 1865, is the most valuable clearer-up of the mist hanging over the Enchanter-Bard that has yet appeared.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Nash shows that in the Merlin of Romance three persons are confounded: first, the prophetic child Ambrosius, first mentioned by Nennius, and by him or his copier confounded with, secondly, the Roman-British leader Ambrosius Aurelian, the conqueror of Vortigern. To this compound prophet and conqueror the name Merlin was afterwards applied; and the Divinity was made a Trinity by merging, thirdly, into that other Merlin called Silvestris or Caledonius, and by the Welsh *Merddin Wyllt*, of whom Mr. Nash says, "it appears to be historically certain that, about the date of the sixth century, there lived a personage who under this name of *Merddin*, or, as it is written in the oldest Welsh form, *Myrtiu*, acquired celebrity as a bard, if not as one gifted with supernatural powers." Though "the pedigree of this last Merlin or *Merddin Wyllt* is as well ascertained as that of any other British celebrity," yet to him have been ascribed—by the legend-writers whom Geoffrey of Monmouth followed, and by the later composers of the French romances, who enlarged and added to Geoffrey's tales—the birth from a nun by an Incubus, and other romantic fictions belonging to the

<sup>1</sup> M. de Villemarqué's judgment seems to me not so sound as Mr. Nash's; but enquirers may consult his *Myrddin* (Paris, 1862). F.

prophet and magician Merlin Ambrosius, the supposed contemporary of Vortigern, Arthur, and the Ambrosius Aurelianus with whom he was confounded.

The story of Merlin is first told by Nennius (one of our chief authorities for Arthur's life) in sections 40-2 of his "Historia Britonum" (p. 401-3 of the translation in Bohn's Library), but the name there given to the boy is "Ambrosius, in British Embres guletic, t. i. king Ambrosius." Nennius makes Vortigern's wise men counsel him to build a city to defend himself; he pitches on a site, the top of one of the mountains of Heremus, (? Snowdon,) and sets his workmen to build the city. All the materials disappear in one night; fresh ones are got together a second and a third time, but vanish as before. The wise men say that the ground must be sprinkled with the blood of a child born without a father. Such a one is found; but confounds the wise men by asking what is under the pavement where the citadel is to be built. They know not. The boy says two vases, wherein is a tent, and in that two serpents. His words are proved true: the red serpent drives the white one from the tent, and then disappears. The boy expounds the omen: that the Kelts shall drive out the Saxons; he is to remain in Snowdon (?); Vortigern is to go elsewhere. So the boy is left in possession of the western provinces of Britain, and Vortigern goes to the region named Gueneri, where he built the city Guorthegirn, supposed by some to be near Carlisle; by others at Gwent, Monmouthshire; by others in Radnorshire, and by others to be Caermarthen; though in section 47 Nennius says, "Again Vortigern ignominiously flew from St. Germanus to the kingdom of the Dimetæ, where, on the river Towy, he built a castle which he named Cair Guothergirn. . . . On the third night, at the third hour, (in answer to Germanus's prayers,) fire fell suddenly from heaven, and totally burned the castle. Vortigern, the daughter of Hengist, his other wives, and all the inhabitants,

both men and women, miserably perished,—such was the end of this unhappy king, as we find written in the life of St. Germanus." Such is the legend that has been altered and expanded into the following poem.

The Romance of Merlin exists in English in its completest form in the prose version above mentioned, now being published by the Early English Text Society from the unique MS., about 1440–50 A.D., in the Cambridge University Library; but even that wants its last leaf. Of Henry Lonelich's verse translation in the unique MS.—about 1440–60 A.D.—at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, about two fifths are left.<sup>1</sup> Of the earliest English version, in the Auchinleck MS., about 1220–30 A.D., printed by Mr. W. D. D. Turnbull for the Abbotsford Club in 1838 as "Arthour and Merlin," only 9772 lines are extant.<sup>2</sup> These carry Arthur's history up to his betrothal to Guenour, and end with his second battle against the enemies of her father Leodegan, after she has armed and kissed her lover. The Lincoln's Inn "Merlin"—the second poem in the Society's MS. No. 150, about 1430 A.D.—contains 15 leaves, extends only to l. 1910 of the Auchinleck, p. 71, contains 1657 lines (if the numberer of them has counted right, which I doubt), and ends with the death of Vortiger, p. 42 of the E. E. Text Soc. "Merlin," and the last line of Part 7 of our Percy folio text. It is, in fact, an original of the first Seven Parts of our poem, 200 years earlier than it, and a better text than it, from which our copy may well have been

<sup>1</sup> It ends in the middle of a battle (between King Claudas and Arthur, I think). See my edition of the *History of the Holy Grail* (Roxburghe Club, 1861), vol. i. p. li. note. Extracts from it are printed at the end of vol. ii. of the *Grail*, and in Nasmyth's *Catalogue of the Corpus MSS.*—P.

<sup>2</sup> The last-century Douce MS. 124, seems to be merely a copy of the Auchinleck version, or one nearly the same. It begins at l. 1909 of that:

Thus ended sir fertiger,  
bat misbileued a few ar.  
bei he wer strong of mist,  
To nou[t] him broat his vnyt,  
Sir eter pendragon  
Wij his folk went anon, &c.

It contains 8020 lines, and ends where the Auchinleck version ends, at l. 9772, with—

And after ȝeslen hem to rest.

modernised and slightly altered. Compare the first 16 lines of the Lincoln's Inn MS. here following, with the first 16 of our poem; and also the last 28 lines of the former, given in the note at p. 479, with the last 28 lines of Part 7 of our poem, on the same page.

HE bat made wþ his hond  
wynd and water, wode and lond,  
þeuc heom alle good endyng,  
bat wolon listne þis talkynge!  
And y schal telle ȝow byfore  
how Merlyn was geten and bore.  
And of his wisdoms al-so,  
And oþre happes mony mo,  
sum whyle by-fool in engelonde,  
þe þat wol þis vndurstonde,  
In Engelond þer was a kynge,  
A noble mon in al thyng;  
In wearre he was war and wyȝht,  
Kynge Constaunce for soþ he hyȝt  
A doughty mon he was of dede;  
And ryȝt wys he was of rede.

(*Merlin*: in Lin. Inn MS. 150.)

The Lincoln's Inn MS. is abstracted by Ellis in his "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," pp. 77-98 (ed. Bohn, 1848); and at pp. 99-142 the Auchinleck MS. continuation of the story is also abstracted.

The Douce MS. 236 is of the fifteenth century; it begins at l. 27 of our poem, consists of 36 leaves, averaging 18 lines to a page, making 1296 lines, or thereabouts, and ends with chapter ii., p. 41 of the E. E. Text Soc. version, line 1732, p. 476 of the present poem. Here are its beginning and end:—

After his faeler deyng  
Soþe to say with-outen blame  
Moyno was þat childes name  
He oþer children were of gret renoun  
þat on hyste riȝt bot oþer pendragon  
þus me gan here name calle  
þe brut hit wytnesseð soþe with alle  
In þat tyme as we fendeþ in book  
A gret syknesse þat kyng took

þat of þis world he sculde wende  
 And after his barons he gan sende  
 And whanne þey weren come echen  
 Kynge constantyn seide a-non  
 Lordyngys lesteine; he sayde lasse & marc  
 For out of þis world now y schal fare  
 þarforo y pray ȝow for loue of me  
 þat trewe ȝe be pur charite  
 And þat no treason be ȝow a-mong  
 For his loue þat suffrade deþ on þe croys with wronge  
 [fol. 1 b.] Wan y am ded and loke in clay  
 Helpþ my childryñ what ȝe may  
 Makeþ moyne myn eldest sone  
 Of englond to bere þe croune  
 And þat to hym trewe ȝe be  
 I ȝow pray pur charyte.

Ends—

So moche folk comeþ soþ to say  
 þat no man hem nombre may  
 With helme on heft & bronye bryȝt  
 And comeþ hedurward with þe to syȝt  
 þey sweryþ þat þei nellyþ stynte nouȝt,  
 Tyl þu be to deþe brouȝt  
 For nouȝt þey willyþ a-byde  
 Nyȝt & day , ey willyþ ryde  
 And buþ at Wynchestre al-mast  
 þar-for sende a-boute in gret hast  
 To al þy frendes fer & ner  
 þe to helpen with al her power.

“This Douce MS. 236 differs much from the Abbotsford ‘Arthour and Merlin,’ and a leaf or two in it are wanting,” says Mr. G. Parker, to whom I owe the details of the Oxford MSS.

A fragment of 62 lines in the hand-writing of Stow the chronicler in Harl. MS. No. 6223, fol. 1 of the MS. or fol. 123 of the volume in which it is bound (printed by Mr. Turnbull in his “Exordial Observations” to “Arthour and Merlin,” p. x-xiii), ends with line 65 of our text, and varies but little from it. These are all the English *Merlins* (except his Prophecies) that I have heard of. The present version follows the early Auchinleck one in postponing the account of Merlin’s birth to the second part or chapter, whereas the Cambridge University text and the French original (MS. Addit. Brit. Mus. No. 10,292)

put it first. This birth was from a virgin by a fiend of the air (a fiend of hell not being able to accomplish it), in order that its product might undo the work of the other supposed virgin's son, Christ, and secure man to the devil. The details of the plan and its defeat are narrated in the text, which also tells of the death of King Constantine, and the murder of his eldest son, King Moyne, in consequence of a hint from his traitorous steward, Vortiger. Vortiger is then made king, and defeats the Danes, but afterwards calls them in against his rebellious barons. He attempts to build a castle of refuge, but its walls fall down every night. Merlin is sought for, and explains how the fighting of two dragons causes this fall. He has them unearthed, and the castle is finished. Constantine's two younger sons, Pendragon and Uther, invade England, and burn Vortiger in his castle. Pendragon is crowned, seeks out Merlin for counsel how to repel fresh Danish invaders, kills them all at the battle of Salisbury, but loses his own life. And here the present text ends, at p. 57, line 1, of the Early English Text Society's "Merlin." All this happens before the birth of Arthur, son of Uther, who succeeds his brother Pendragon on the throne of England, and adds his name to his own.

God bless all  
who listen  
to me!

4

I will tell  
you how  
Merlin was  
born,  
and other  
happys.

Once upon a  
time was a  
King.

12

**H**E that made with his hand  
both winde, water, and lande,  
give them all good ending  
*that will Listen to my talking!*  
& I shall you informe  
how Merlyn was gotten & borne,  
& of his wisdome alsoe,  
& other happys many mooc  
which then befell in England.  
he *that will this vnderstand:*  
In England there was a King,  
a Noble man in all thinge,

In warr he was ware & wight,<sup>1</sup> [page 146.]  
 Constantine forsooth he hight ; Constantine,  
 a doughtye man he was of deed.  
 16 & right wise he was of reede<sup>2</sup> ;  
 King he was of great honor,  
 & holden prince & Emperour.  
 for King Anguish<sup>3</sup> of Denmarke,  
 20 & many a Sarazen<sup>4</sup> stoute & starke,  
 warred on him withouten fayle,  
 & he ouercame them in battaile  
 that they durst him not abyde,  
 24 & droue them out of feild<sup>5</sup> that tyde.  
 then had The Kinge sonnes 3, He had three  
 the fairest children that might bee ; sons :  
 • the eledest sonne,<sup>6</sup> that shold be King,  
 28 was called Moyne,<sup>7</sup> with[out] Leasing,<sup>8</sup> 1. Moyne,  
 the othe[r] were of great renowne,  
 both Vther & Pendragon.<sup>9</sup> 2. Uther,  
 in that time (wee find in booke)  
 32 a great sicknesse the King tooke, 3. Pen-  
 that out of this world he must wendo ; dragon.  
 & after his Barrons he did send ;  
 & wen<sup>10</sup> they were comen euercheone,  
 36 the King said to them anon, And he fell  
 "Lords," he said to them<sup>11</sup> anon, sick,  
 "out of this world must I gon :<sup>12</sup>  
 for gods lone & Charityc,  
 40 & for the lone you owe to me,

<sup>1</sup> stout & active.—P.<sup>2</sup> counsel.—P.<sup>3</sup> corrupte pro Hengist.—P.<sup>4</sup> here it means only Pagan.—P.<sup>5</sup> field.—P.<sup>6</sup> some in MS.—E.<sup>7</sup> In the old Chronicles his name is said to have been Constaunce; but for as much as he is also said to have been a Monk, that may account for his being here called *Moyne*, or perhaps it should be *Le Moyne*, i.e. the Monk.—P.<sup>8</sup> without leasing, i.e. without Lying.—P. The line in Stow's fragment, Harl. MS. 6223, runs :—

Moyen he hight with out lesyng.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Stow's copy adds :Thus men dyd theyr names calle,  
As ther brutes wytnessythe all.—F.<sup>10</sup> when.—P. when, Harl. MS.—F.<sup>11</sup> then in MS. — F.<sup>12</sup> gone, i.e. go.—P.

after his death		when I am dead & locked in clay, helpe my Children in what you may, & take Moyne my Eldest sonne, <sup>1</sup> & make him King, & giue him crowne ; hold him for your Lord," said hee.
to make Moyne king.	44	all they granted itt shold soe bee. then had the King a steward fayre that was called Sir Vortiger ; his truth to the King he plight to helpe his children with all his might ; but soone the traytor was forsworne, & brake troth he had made beforne.
This they promised, and Steward Vortiger did so too ;	46	for the King out of this world went, & faire was buryed verament ; att winchester, without Leasinge, there was made his buryinge.
the traitor !	52	Erles & Barons soone anon tooke them together euerechone ; with-out any more dwellinge <sup>2</sup> they made Moyne Lord & King ; but the Steward, Sir Vortiger, was full wrath, as you may heare,
Constantine dies, and is buried at Winchester.	56	& stoode <sup>3</sup> there againe with all his might both by day & eke by night, for he thought himselfe with treason <sup>4</sup> to be Lord & King with Crowne.
His lords		as soone as Moyne was chosen King, into denmarko the word can springe : <i>King Anguis</i> <sup>5</sup> hard it then, & therof was both glad & faine <sup>6</sup> ; soone Messengers in <i>that ilke tyde</i> <sup>7</sup>
make Moyne king, to Vortiger's disgust.	60	
	64	
When the Dane Anguis hears the news.	68	

<sup>1</sup> MS. some.—F.<sup>2</sup> i.e. delaying, vid. P[age] 356, st. 21.  
[of MS.]—P.<sup>3</sup> i.e. against that ; so *thereto* is to *that*,  
&c.—P.<sup>4</sup> Stow's fragment. Harl. 6223, ends  
here.—F.<sup>5</sup> MS. Angius ; but the dot in the  
MS. is not always over the right stroke.  
The Affleck text has *Angye*. p. 5, l. 109.  
—F.<sup>6</sup> faine, joiful.—P.<sup>7</sup> i.e., that same time.—P.

- 72 he sent ouer all the land wydo,  
after many sarazens<sup>1</sup> stont & starkē,  
& of Saxons, & of Denmarke  
a 100 thousand, & yett moe,  
on horss backe & on foote alsoe.  
he gathers  
over 100,000 men,
- 76 then wold they noe longer abyde ;  
but dight them<sup>2</sup> to shipp *that* tyde,  
& brought into England, I saine,  
many a doughtye Sarazen.  
and ships them to England
- 80 but England was called then<sup>3</sup>  
Mikle<sup>4</sup> Brittaine of euery man.  
Then the word wyde sprange<sup>5</sup>  
how the Danish King with wronge  
wrought in England Mickle woe.  
(Great Britain.)  
[page 147.]
- 84 King Moyne heard that it was soe ;  
he went vnto Sir Vortiger,  
& prayed him with lowlye cheere,  
& besought him of his honor  
for to be his gouernor  
against his foemen to fight.  
Moyne asks Vortiger  
to command for him.
- 88 he answered him anon-right,  
& fained himselfe sickē, as traytor strong,  
& said with wright & not with wrong,<sup>6</sup>  
“ he wold neuer come in battaile  
when his strenght began to faile ; ”  
The traitor declines.
- 92 for all this he said aforchand,  
for he thought to be King of that Land.  
the King, he wold him noe more pray,  
but tooke his leane & went his way.  
Moyne summons his lords;
- 96 Messengers he sent *that* tyde  
to all the Lands on every side,  
for Erles, Barons, & Knights,

<sup>1</sup> Ver. 73 & 74. It plainly appears here that Saracens is not a misnomer for Saxons.—P.

<sup>2</sup> betook them ; so in Chauc. Mo. 553.

—P.      <sup>3</sup> MS. them.—F.

<sup>4</sup> mickle, i.e. great.—P.

<sup>5</sup> sprung, spongē.—P.

<sup>6</sup> perhaps “not with right but with wrong.”—P. The Affleck text, p. 6, l. 129-30, has only—

And feind him that he no might,  
At batayle com for to fight.—F.

	104	to come & helpe him in his fighte. & when they were all come, & their armes done vpon,
they give the Danes battle,	108	th�e pricked forth without fayle to gine the Danes <i>King</i> battaille. there was clouen many a sheeld, & many knight fallen in feild. all that they mett in strond, <sup>1</sup>
and are put to flight.	112	horsse & man fell to the ground. soone the English men, the sooth to say, were discomfitt & fled awaye; to Winchester th�e fledden thoe
Anguis	116	with much sorrow, care, & woc. but the Danish <i>King</i> before, much of his ffolke he had forlore; & then forthe he sent his sond
sends for fresh Danes,	120	sone <sup>2</sup> into his owne Land, <sup>3</sup> to all <sup>4</sup> that might weapons beare, shold come & helpe him in this warre; of warre wold he never blinne, <sup>5</sup>
and wars on for half a year. The barons take counseil,	124	Cytyes & castles for to winne: in England he warrd full sore halfe a yeare & some deale more. all the Barons in England <sup>6</sup>
	128	took them together in <i>that</i> stond, <sup>7</sup> what was best for them to done for to avenge them of their fone. when they were comen all arright,
say Moyne is no good,	132	Erles & Barrons, Lords & Knights, th�e <sup>8</sup> said Moyne their young <i>King</i> was but a Brotherling, & said “if Vortiger <i>King</i> were,
Vortiger		

<sup>1</sup> here it signifies the country in general; so in Chaucer.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. sone.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Lond.—P.

<sup>4</sup> That all.—P.

<sup>5</sup> blinn, cessare.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Englund.—P.

<sup>7</sup> i.e. time.—P.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. the Lords said.—P.

- 136      he wold bring them out of care ; ”  
 they said anon, both old & younge,  
*that Vortiger shold be their King.*  
 & when they had spoken all this,  
 140      12 Barrons they send Iwis  
 to Sir Vortiger the <sup>1</sup> bold,  
 to witt whether he nay wold <sup>2</sup>  
 against their foemen to stand,  
 144      to drue them out of England.  
 & when the Barrons all in fere <sup>3</sup>  
 were come to Sir Vortiger,  
 well & hendlyo <sup>4</sup> they him greete,  
 148      & on they d[e]ske by him they seote ;  
 & bade <sup>5</sup> them with words still  
 for to say what was their will.  
 & the answered fayre againe,  
 152      & bade *that he shold them saine*  
 why he wold not with them gone  
 flor to avenge them of their fone,  
 & sayden, “ sith Constantine was dead  
 156      wee haue had a sorry read <sup>7</sup> ; ”  
 & bade *that he shold take in hand*  
 to warre them out of England.  
 then answered Sir Vortiger  
 160      as a man of great power,  
 “ I was yett neuer your King ;  
 why pray you me of such a thingo <sup>8</sup> ?  
 nor yett neuer here beforene,  
 164      nor to you was neuer sworne  
 for to helpe you att your neede ;  
 & therfore, soe god me speede,  
 wend home vnto your King,  
 168      & pray him in all thing

should be  
king.They send  
twelve  
barons to  
Vortiger.

and ask him

why he will  
not help  
them fight.

(page 118.)

Vortiger  
sayshe is not  
their king :<sup>1</sup> MS. they.—F. the.—P.<sup>2</sup> ne wold, *i.e.* would not.—P.<sup>3</sup> all together.—P.<sup>4</sup> hendlly, gently.—P.<sup>5</sup> on the Des by him they sit, *i.e.* at  
the high table.—P.<sup>6</sup> He bade.—P.<sup>7</sup> counsel.—P.

he'll not  
help them.

" Our king is 172  
young and  
timid.

176

Had you  
been with us  
we should  
have won."

" Ah, it was 180  
a pity to  
make such a  
fool king!

184

If he were  
dead I'd help  
you." 188

The barons  
go back to  
Winchester.

192

and cut off

to helpe you against your fone,  
for helpe of me gett you none."  
then answered a bold Barron,  
" our King is but a younge one ;  
for when he seeth a sword drawne,  
he weeneth to bee slowen<sup>1</sup> ;  
hee doth vs noe other good,  
but flyeth away as he were wood.

had thou beene amongst vs all,  
*that chance had never befall*le ;  
thus saine all our Peeres."

" I trow well," said Vortiger ;  
" certainte it was great dole<sup>2</sup>  
to make a kinge of such a foole ;  
had you made a Man your King,  
he had saved you in all thinge ;  
but sithen saker you bee,  
helpe gett you none of mee.

but if your King were dead aplight,  
I wold helpe you with all my Might,"  
then said the Barrons eche one,  
" will yee *that* wee our King slowen<sup>3</sup> ? "

" Nay," he sayd, " with-outen strife  
while your younge King is aline,  
helpe gett you None I-wis."

the Barrons tooke leaue with this ;  
to winchester they went all

there the King was in halle ;  
& as he sate att Meate  
they run to him in great heate ;  
& as he sate att the bord,  
or euer he speake any word,

the run all to him anon

<sup>1</sup> perhaps *slavene*, *slone*, slain : see *f* of *Ayeth*, l. 176, is uncrossed as *f*.—*F.*  
below, ver. 194, pag. 159, ver. 66 [of MS.].      <sup>2</sup> sorrow, misfortune. —*P.*  
—*P.* The *f* of *slowen* is crossed as for      <sup>3</sup> i.e. slew, (*slowen*).—*P.*  
*f*, and so is that of *saine*, l. 179, while the

- 204 & smitten of his head full soone.  
 & when the King was thus slowe,<sup>1</sup> Moyne's  
 Ereles,<sup>2</sup> Barrons, hye & lowe,  
 taken them all to reede<sup>3</sup> head.  
 that a King they must haue need,  
 all England for to warre  
 against them that will or darre.  
 then had Moyne brethren tow,  
 younge Children they were alsoe,  
 the one hight Vther, the other Pendragon.  
 208  
 212 then saiden the Barrons euerye one, and agree  
 "that they shold neuer spede  
 but if a doughtye man of deede  
 were chosen to be their King in fere;"  
 216 & sweren that Sir Vortiger that Vortiger  
 was a doughtye man of deede,  
 stout & stale,<sup>4</sup>worth of a steede :  
 the swearen then together echo one,  
 220 that other King they wold haue none.  
 then was there neither Knight nor swaine  
 that durst speake them againe,  
 but granted it, both old & younge,  
 to make Sir Vortiger their King.  
 224 shall be king.  
 soe in the time of Aprill, as yee may heere,  
 the 12<sup>5</sup> Barrons came to Vortiger,  
 And said that Englands right  
 [page 149.] So in April  
 time the twelve  
 barons tell  
 Vortiger  
 228 was lorne thorrow their King a-plight,<sup>6</sup>  
 & he was dead without Leasing,  
 & his 2 brothers were to young  
 to hold the Kingdome in hand,  
 232 therfore the commons of the Land  
 hane you chosen with Honour  
 that he has  
 been chosen.

<sup>1</sup> slo, i.e. slaine.—P.

w in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Erles.—P.<sup>5</sup> ? MS. cut away.—F.<sup>3</sup> counsel.—P.<sup>6</sup> aplift, adv. immediately, at once.<sup>4</sup> stalworth, brave, stout.—P. There  
is something like *le* repeated, before the

H. Coleridge.—F.

emperor;  
and he is  
kinged.

236

for to be their Emperour."  
blithe & glad was Vortyger,  
& anon was King without danger.

Two faithfu  
barons

240

2<sup>1</sup> Parte.

take Uther  
and Pen-  
dragon  
beyond sea.

244

Att the feast of the tournament  
the Barrons *that were gent,*  
*that all the treason vnderstoode,*  
they had ruth of the right blood,  
*that they<sup>1</sup> children<sup>2</sup> shold be done to*  
*dead;*  
therfore they tooke another reade,  
& taken Vther & Pendragon,  
& passed ouer the seas anon.

Vortiger  
conspires

248

Of theiro passage wist noe moc  
but the hend<sup>3</sup> barrons 2.  
& when the feast was all hold,

to day

252

Vortiger the traitor bold  
lett make accompackement<sup>4</sup>  
of erles & barrons *that were gent,*  
att which Parliament they had hight  
for to haue slaine they children right.

Uther and  
Pendragon.

but they are  
not to be  
found.

256

Vortiger commanded anon  
for to feitch Vther & Pendragon.  
fast about all they sought,

but they cold find them nought.  
when Vortiger this vnderstoode,  
then hee waxed almost woode,  
but neu-r-the-lessc S'r Vortiger

did giue comāndment far & nevēr  
to Duke, Erle, Barron, & Knight,  
to make them rydey<sup>5</sup> for to fight;  
& soone thē dight them I-wis

Vortiger

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. children.—P.

<sup>3</sup> gentle.—P.

<sup>4</sup> a compact, i.e. compact. — P.

<sup>5</sup> ready.— P.

- |     |   |   |
|-----|---|---|
| 264 | with armes & with horsses of price.<br>& when they were ready dight,<br>forsooth it is a seemlye sight:<br>with helme one head, & bright banner,<br>all went forth with Vortiger.     | assembles<br>his host,                                      |
| 268 | the King of Denmarke with pryd<br>brought his host by his syde;<br>either host can other assayle;   | Anguis his,   |
| 272 | there might you see a strong battele.<br>the English folkes, sooth to say,<br>they foughten so well <i>that day</i><br><i>that King Anguish in that tyde</i>                          | and the fight<br>begins,                                    |
| 276 | was vpon the worsse side,<br>& fledd away as he were woode<br>into a Castle faire & goode;<br>& manye of his host alsoe,  | Anguish is<br>beaten, and<br>flees to a<br>castle.          |
| 280 | fast away can they goe;<br>& Vortiger with his rowte<br>besett the castle all aboute.<br>& when t[h]ey had Long Laine,  | Vortiger<br>besieges him.                                   |
| 284 | Vortiger send to them for to saine <sup>1</sup><br>“if ho peace passe must,<br>hee wolde take all his host<br>& wende into his countrye,<br>& neuer after <i>that day</i>             | He offers to  |
| 288 | wold he passe the sea stronde,<br>ne come to warr in Englande? ”<br>& when this couenant was all done,<br><i>that</i> they wold not into England come,<br>Vortiger tooke his councell | go back to<br>Denmark,                                      |
| 292 | & lett them passe certaine;<br>& soe they went to the sea,<br>& passed to their owne countrye.<br>Vortiger then tooke his ost   | and never<br>invade<br>England<br>again.                    |
| 296 | & went thence with a great boaste;  | His terms<br>are agreed<br>to, and his<br>Danes go<br>home. |
|     |   | The English<br>bold front,                                  |

MS. faine. - F. They send to Vort'. to saine. P.

England. - P.

- he held feast many a day  
with much solace<sup>1</sup> & with play.  
And when the feast was all holde,<sup>2</sup>  
the 12 Barrons *that I erst of told,*  
*that had slaine Moyne the King,*  
they bethought them of a wonderous thing,  
*that they wold wend to Vortiger*  
& aske him meede & liverr,<sup>3</sup>  
& said, “Vortiger, now you bee aboue,  
now yeelde vs meede ! for thy Loue  
wee slew our right King by kind ;  
now will wee see if thou bee hynde ;  
for wee brought thee to thine aboue ;  
thinke what wee did for *your loue !* ”
- Vortiger answered againe :  
with Egar Moode he can saine :  
“ by the law *that god made*  
you shall haue as yee bade !  
for yee are traitors starke & stronge,  
& haue slaine your King with wronge,  
& yee haue wrought against the law !  
& therfore yee shall both hang & draw.”
- he did take horsesse flete,  
& tyed them to their flete,  
& then drew them on a paument,  
& sithen hanged them verament.  
then Many an Erle & Barron hynde  
that were of the Barrons Kinde,  
to Vortiger they ran anon
- as his most deadlye fone ;  
hard on him can they fight,  
for to slay him the thought right.  
Vortiger with Might & Maine,  
he with his host went them againe ;

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. salace.—F.<sup>2</sup> holde, idem.—P.<sup>3</sup> livere, liveray, wages, pay, &c. (livere Fr.). Urry.—P.Moyne's  
murderers  
ask

300

Vortiger

304

for a reward  
for killing  
Moyne.

312

Vortiger

316

320

has them  
drawn and  
hanged.

324

Their  
kindred  
rise against  
Vortiger.

328

give him  
battle.

332

(page 150.)

- a strong battell there was dight,  
 & many a head ther of smitt,  
 soe *that* Vortiger *that* day  
 336 was glad for to scape away.  
 anon the Barrons send their sonde  
 wyde ouer all England<sup>1</sup>  
 to all their ffreinds, sibb & couthe,<sup>2</sup>
- 340 East, west, North & southe,  
 & told them *that* sooth tyde,  
 ' how Vortiger with great despighte,  
 with great treason & with wrong,  
 344 their kinred had drawen & honge.'  
 wrath then was many a man,  
 & al together swarren then  
*that* they wold not assunder breake  
 348 till they were on him wreake.<sup>3</sup>  
 euery man on other besought,  
 a great host on him they brought,  
 & foughten with Sir Vortiger  
 352 9 monthes of this yeere,  
*that* many a Lady fayre & free  
 lost her Lord & her<sup>4</sup> meanye.<sup>5</sup>  
 then the warr endured long,  
 356 & the Barrons waxed strong  
*that* Vortiger had not power  
 against them longer to endure.  
 Messengers anon hee tooke,  
 360 & made them sworne vpon a booke  
*that* they shold his<sup>6</sup> arrand gone ;  
 & letters he tooke to them anon,  
 & sent them ouer the seas I-wis  
 364 to Denmarke, vnto King Anguis,  
 & *that* hee shold come att neede  
 with all the power *that* he might lead,
- and he flees.  
 The barons make a wider summons of their friends,
- and all swear not to part till vengeance is had on Vortiger.
- They fight for nine months.
- Vortiger is worsted.
- and sends messengers
- to ask Anguis of Denmark to help him.

<sup>1</sup> Englonde. - P.<sup>2</sup> sibb, kindred; couthe, acquaintance. - P.<sup>3</sup> i.e. revenged. - P.<sup>4</sup> his, or perhaps for the r. - P.<sup>5</sup> family, company, retinue. - P.<sup>6</sup> on his. - P.

- against his foemen for to fight  
 that wold deprine him of his right.  
 then was King Anguis blythe,  
 & Messengers hee sent swithe<sup>1</sup>  
 to Duke, Erle, Barron, & Knight,  
 & to all that weapon beare might.  
 Then to shipp they went blithe,  
 And ouer the sea can they drive ;  
 & when they came to vortiger,  
 he welcomed them with merry cheere,  
 & seazed<sup>2</sup> there into his hands  
 halfe the realme of England  
 that he had, or hauie might,  
 for to helpe him in his right.  
 when this conenant was made fast,  
 all they dighten them in hast  
 into Battelle for to wend  
 with the Barrons that were hende ;  
 besids Salsbury a Lyte,<sup>3</sup>  
 there the battell can the smite.  
 many a bold Champion,  
 & many a 1000, in that stonde  
 were slaine & brought to ground ;  
 many a Ladye & damsell  
 can weepe that day with teares fell.  
 then had Vortiger 10  
 against one of the Barrons men ;  
 discomfitted they were that day ;  
 with great sorrow the fled away ;  
 & vortiger, that wold not spare,  
 but hunted them as hound doth hare,  
 them that he did ouertake,  
 noe other peace did he make,  
 but did them all to-draw & hange.

Anguis  
musters his  
host,

368

sails to  
England,

372

and gets a  
grant of half  
England.

376

They fight  
the barons  
near  
Salsbury,

384

and beat  
them.

388

Vortiger

396

hang all he  
catches.

<sup>1</sup> soon, presently.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> gave possession. a Law-term.—P.

[page 151.]

<sup>3</sup> a little.—P.

- but sithen all *that was wrong* ;  
 many a Barron hynde & free  
 fled out of his owne countrye,  
 & dwelled out many a yeere  
 for loue<sup>1</sup> of S/r Vortiger.  
 then Vortiger ceazed into his hands  
 the Lands & rents of all the Barrons ;  
 & both wiffe, Chyld, & swaine,  
 he droue out of the Lannd certainte.  
*King Anguis had verament*  
*a daughter that was faire & gent,*  
*that was heathen Sarazen ;*  
 & Vortiger for loue finc  
 vndertooke her for his wiffe,  
 & liued in cursing<sup>2</sup> all his life,  
 for he did make the Christen Men  
 to Marry the heathen women,  
 soc *that nighie all England*  
 was fallen into the devills hand ;  
 & thus they lined many a yeere.  
 soc on a day Sir Vortiger  
 bethought him on the children tow  
*that out of the Land were fledden tho;*<sup>3</sup>  
 & alsoe he bethought him then  
 of many another doughtye Man  
*that hee had fleemid*<sup>4</sup> out of the Land,  
 & in his hart gan vnderstand  
*that it was a sorry happe,*  
 & doubted him of an afterclappe.  
 anon he sent Messengers  
 ouer all the Land for Carpenters,  
 & for good Massons alsoe,  
 the best *that were in Land tho.*
- Many barons  
flee the  
country,
- and Vortiger  
takes their  
lands.
- He marries  
Anguis's  
daughter,  
and turns  
heathen.
- For fear of  
Constantine's  
children
- and his  
banished  
lords,
- he sends for  
carpenters  
and masons,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. sake, or perhaps along of.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> scare. The Aylett text has not the line.—F.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. in excommunication.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> i.e. then.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> fleem, banish, drive away. Urry.—P.

whom he  
orders to  
build a very  
strong castle 440

436

Many a 1000 there came anon  
that colde worke Lime & stonc ;  
& when they were comen all,  
the King anon to them gan call,  
& said, "Lordings, I hane thought  
a strong castle to be wrought  
of bigge timber, lime, & stone,  
*that such another be noe-were none,*  
if cuer I hane any need,  
my liffe therin *that I may Lead.*

on Salisbury  
Plain.

444

the Castle yee shall make surlye  
vpon the plaine of Salsburyc ;  
goe & doe as I you bade,  
*that itt be surlye & <sup>1</sup> well made,*  
And you shall haue to your hyer

The 15,000  
workmen

448

*as much as you shall desire."*

[page 132.]

raise the  
work breast  
high the  
first day.

452

the workemen went forthe thoc,  
15000 <sup>2</sup> & yett moc,  
hewen timber, caruing stone,  
& laid a foundation there anon.

Next  
morning it  
is all thrown  
down and  
scattered  
about.

456

some Laid, & some bore,<sup>3</sup>  
& some can the worke arreare.<sup>4</sup>  
*that ilke day, round about*

itt was brest high without donbt,<sup>5</sup>  
when itt came to the night,  
to their bedd they went wright,

460

& came againe vpon the Morrow  
& found a thing of much sorrow,

for all the fondation thé found  
lying abroad vpon the ground,

464

& all to-torne, both Lime & stone.

thé had great wonder, euyre one :

<sup>1</sup> MS. broken away.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Three thousand, in Affleck text,  
p. 21, l. 530.—F.

<sup>3</sup> bare.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. rear.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The Affleck text (p. 21, l. 538-40)

refers to its authority (Wace's *Bret.*)  
and the workmen's rights:

So it is written in the breut :  
And wenten hom tho it was night,  
So it is werkmennes right.—F.

- 468 better read then cold they None,  
but began it new againe,  
& sped<sup>1</sup> as well, the sooth to say,  
as the did the first daye.  
They raise it  
up again,
- 472 & when the euening was comen,  
the went to bedd all soone.  
on morrow they came anon,  
& found it cast downe, lime & stone,  
& was spredd both heere & the[r]e ;  
& thus they faren halfe a yeere.  
and again  
find it  
thrown  
down during  
the night.
- 476 When the King heard of this,  
great wonder he had I-wis,  
& oft asked both young & old,  
& of the wonder wold be told,  
& why the worke might not stand.  
The king is  
astonished ;
- 480 there was none within the land,  
highe nor lowe, Learned<sup>2</sup> nor Clarke,  
*that cold tell him of the worke.*<sup>3</sup>  
no one can  
tell him why  
the work  
won't stand.
- 484 King Vortiger sate in his hall  
amongst his Barrons & Knights all,  
& sware he wold never spare  
vntill he wist why it were ;  
& anon he sent his sonde  
ouer all England<sup>4</sup>  
after Clerkes old & younges  
*that cold tell him wonderous things.*  
He sends for  
learned  
clerks,
- 492 the Mcssengers forth went,  
& did the Kings Comanndement ;  
many a wise Clarke they sought ;  
before the King they all were brought.
- 496 King Vortiger opposed<sup>5</sup> them all  
why his worke did downe fall ;  
but there was none *that cold him tell.*
- and asks  
them why  
the work  
falls down.  
They can't  
tell ;

<sup>1</sup> sped, i.e. did speed.—P.<sup>2</sup> perhaps lay.—P.<sup>3</sup> werke.—P.<sup>4</sup> Englund.—P.<sup>5</sup> appose, examine, ask questions ; *kinc*  
pose. Urry. Jun.—P.

		then he sware he wold them quell <sup>1</sup>
	500	but if they wold say in hast why this worke was downe cast.
so he locks the ten wisest up in a room.		10 Masters he tooke anon, the wisest of them euery one <sup>2</sup> ;
	504	into a chamber they were doe <i>that noe</i> <sup>3</sup> man might come them to. soe one day verament the looked into the firmament,
They see a cloud which shows	508	& vnder the welkin their shewed a skyc <sup>4</sup> <i>that shewedd them witterlye</i> <sup>5</sup> <i>that in 5 winters there beforne</i>
that the blood of a child not begotten by man,	512	a knaue child <sup>6</sup> there was borne, bcgotten without any man ; & if they had <i>that</i> child then, & sley <sup>7</sup> him hastilye then or he spoke to any man,
smeared on the work, will make it stand.	516	and smeere the worke with his blood, then shold <i>that</i> worke be sure & good : ” thus the sky shewed them therer, <sup>8</sup> And passed away w/out more. <span style="float: right;">[page 153.]</span>
The clerks report this to Vortiger,	520	then were the clarkes gladd & blythe, & came to Vortiger sithe, <sup>9</sup> & told him without lesse <sup>10</sup>
	524	of a knane child <i>that</i> was gotten I-wis without seede of any man : thus they saydden euerye one, ' doc send & feitch <i>that</i> child whether hee bee in towne or feild ;
and bid him send to seek such a chylde.	528	& doo him slay hastilye,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. kill.—P.<sup>2</sup> The Affleck text has, l. 585, p. 23 :Astromiens these weren,  
Wiser never non nerun.—F.<sup>3</sup> The e is made over an a between *no*  
and *man*.—F.<sup>4</sup> Old Norse and Sw. *sky*, a cloud.—F.<sup>5</sup> i.e. certainly: vid. Chauc.—P.<sup>6</sup> i.e. a Male child: so in Chauc.—P.<sup>7</sup> slay or slew.—P. See the legend of  
St. Oran of Iona, in Mr. Nash's *Essay*,

p. vi.—F.

<sup>8</sup> thore: Chauc.—P.<sup>9</sup> swithe, quickly.—F.<sup>10</sup> leaze, lease.—P.

- & take the blood of his bodye  
& smere the worke rond about,  
& it shall stand without doubt.<sup>1</sup>
- 532 glad & blithe was Vortiger,  
& called to him 12 Messengers,  
& parted them in veritye,  
that neuer a one might other see;
- 536 he sent them forth vpon his sond<sup>1</sup>  
vnto 4 parts of England,<sup>2</sup>  
& commanded that they stint<sup>3</sup> nought  
till he were befor him brought.
- 540 anon the Messengers forth went  
and did the Kings commandement;  
& Sir vortiger the bold  
caused the clarkes to be hold
- 544 till the Messengers came againe,  
to witt what the wold saine,  
& sware by Iesu, heauen King,  
“if they made any Leasinge,
- 548 noe ransome shold for them gone,  
but they shold dye euerye one.”
- now let vs tell of these Messengers  
that went from Sir Vortigers
- 552 for to seeke the child soe younge;  
& yee shall heare a wonderous thing  
& if yee will a stond dwell<sup>4</sup>;  
of that Chyld I shall you tell,
- 556 on what Manner the Messenger  
brought him to Sir Vortiger,  
& what hee hight withouten lesse,<sup>5</sup>  
& of what kind he is,
- 560 that yee may vnderstand & witt  
thorrow what skill he was gett.

Vortiger  
sends  
twelve  
messengers,

and till they  
return the  
clerks are  
detained.

I'll tell you  
about these  
messengers

and this  
child.

<sup>1</sup> sonde, message.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wait a while.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Englonde.—P.

<sup>5</sup> lease, lese: Chauc.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. stay, desist.—P.

## [The Third Part.]

[How Merlin was begotten and born.]

The angels through Lucifer's pride became	564	3 <sup>d</sup> . Parte.	<p>Dauid the prophet, &amp; Moyses, wittenesse &amp; saith how itt was <i>that god had made thorow his Might</i> heauen full of Angells bright : the ioy <i>that thē hadden then,</i> forsooth no toungue tell can, till Lwcifer, with guilt of pryd, &amp; all <i>that held with him that tyde,</i></p>
	568		
black feinds, and fell, like hell, into hell.	572		<p>Such vengeance god on them can take <i>that they are now feinds blake.</i></p> <p>&amp; I find in holy ritt, thē fell from heauen to hell pitt 6 dayes &amp; 7 nights, as thicke as hayle in thunder lights ; &amp; when it was our Ladyes<sup>1</sup> will, heauen closed againe full still. the feendes <i>that I told of ere,</i> fellen out of heauen with Lucifer ; those <i>that bidden<sup>2</sup> on the ayre on haight,</i> fell thē becene, stronge<sup>3</sup> &amp; sleight ; of they ayre thē take their light, &amp; haue great strenght &amp; might after man to make a bodye fayre of coulour &amp; radye, discending downe among mankind to tise men to deadly sinne. all they wist well beforne <i>that Jesu wold on Mary be borne ;</i></p>
	576		
Some feinds bile in the air,	580		<p>the feendes <i>that I told of ere,</i> fellen out of heauen with Lucifer ; those <i>that bidden<sup>2</sup> on the ayre on haight,</i> fell thē becene, stronge<sup>3</sup> &amp; sleight ; of they ayre thē take their light, &amp; haue great strenght &amp; might after man to make a bodye fayre of coulour &amp; radye, discending downe among mankind to tise men to deadly sinne. all they wist well beforne <i>that Jesu wold on Mary be borne ;</i></p>
	584		
can take man's shape, and tempt to sin.	588		<p>therto the feendes hadden enuye, &amp; said to the earth thē wolden hye</p>

<sup>1</sup> The Attributes of the Deity are here applied to y<sup>r</sup> Virgin Mary.—P.

<sup>2</sup> biden, i.e. bide.—P.

<sup>3</sup> They been fell, strong.—P.

- 592 to neigh on earth a maiden Mild,  
& begett on her a child.  
Thus thô wend the world to haue filed,<sup>1</sup> [page 154.]  
but att the Last they were beguiled :
- 596 I shall you tell how itt was ;  
now yee may heere a wonderous case.  
in *that time*, I vndestand,  
a rich man was in England,
- 600 & had a good woman to his wiffe,  
& lained together a cleane liffe ;  
a sonne they had, & daughters 3,  
the fairest children *that might bee.*
- 604 anon a feende *that I of told,*<sup>2</sup>  
*that woonen in the ayre soe bold ;*  
&<sup>3</sup> for to tempt *that good woman*  
he light on the earth then,
- 608 & in her body had great might,  
& brought her into striffe & fight,  
& made her after with Eggar Moodie  
to cursse her child as shee was woodie.
- 612 vpon a day att Euen Late,  
thorrow the feend, with great hate  
with her sonne she gan to grame,<sup>4</sup>  
& curst him fast by his name,
- 616 & to the devill shee him behight  
with all her power & her might.  
then was the feende glad & blythe,  
& thought to doe him shame swithe ;
- 620 & when it was come to night,  
the feende went to her house right,  
& strangled her sonne where he lay.  
the wiffe rose<sup>5</sup> vp when it was day,
- to undo  
Christ's  
work.
- An  
Englishman  
has a wife,
- a son,  
and three  
daughters.
- An Air-  
Fiend
- tempts the  
wife
- to curse  
her son
- and give him  
over to the  
Devil.
- That night  
the fiend  
strangles the  
son.

<sup>1</sup> filed, i.e. defiled.—P. MS. cut away. There is part left of one letter more than filed.—F.

<sup>2</sup> of those I told.—P.

<sup>3</sup> del'.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Grame, grief, vexation, anger, mad-

ness. S. *Gram*, furor. Urry. Here it is a verb.—P. A.-S. *gramian*, to anger.—F.

<sup>5</sup> MS. has a letter like *p* between *rose* and *vp*.—F.

Next morn- ing the mother strangles herself ; and her husband dies for grief,	624	& found her ssonne dead att Morrow, & went & strangled her selfe for sorrowe ; & when her Lord heard this, anon swithe for sorrow I-wis sodainlye he dyed thoë without shrift <sup>1</sup> or houzell <sup>2</sup> alsoe.
unshriveñ.		
Their neighbours		the folke of the cuntrye <i>that tyde</i> , <i>that woond there neere beside</i> ,
	632	came together then to see, & had ruth & great pitty, & many a man <i>that day</i> weeped, & sayd "well-awaye"
lament their deaths.	636	for <i>that good man &amp; his wife</i> <i>that had liued soe good a liffe !</i>
The hermit		an Hermitt <i>that woond there beside</i> , came to see them there <i>that tyde</i> —
Blasye	640	Blasye forsooth his name was— & oft for them he sayd "alas!" <i>that it was befallen soc</i> , in his heart he was full woe, & said it was verament
says it's the	644	thorrow the ffendes incomberment. <sup>3</sup> the daughters he found thero aliu;
Devil's doing ; he shriveñ the daughters,		the Hermitt hee can them shrive ; & when he had done & sayd,
	648	fayre penance on them he Layd ; & when hee had done soe, home again can he goe.
sets them penance,		then the Maydens all in fere <sup>4</sup> served god with blythe cheere.
	652	in all England then was the vsage, if any woman did outrage (but if itt were in her spousage, <sup>5</sup> )
and they serve God. (In England then, if any woman, not a barlot, fornicateth,	656	

<sup>1</sup> confession.—P.<sup>2</sup> receiving the Eucharist : S. *Aust.* Eucharistia. Lyc.—P.<sup>3</sup> incombrous is used by Chaucer for

combersome.—P.

<sup>4</sup> together.—P.<sup>5</sup> spousing.—P.

	if any man old or younge might it witt of <i>that countryc</i> , all qu[i]cke shee shold doluen <sup>1</sup> bee, but if it were a light woman called to all men <i>that aske her wold</i> . soe the ffend <i>that had might</i> , <i>that woone in the ayre</i> <sup>2</sup> <i>light</i> ,	she was buried alive.)
660	to all men <i>that aske her wold</i> . soe the ffend <i>that had might</i> , <i>that woone in the ayre</i> <sup>2</sup> <i>light</i> ,	The Fiend of the Air
664	into the earth he light downe then, & went vnto an old woman, & hight her both gold & fee to wende to the sisters 3,	promises an old woman gold and land
668	the eldest mayden to enchant, some younge mans body to enfante <sup>3</sup> ; And shee might bring her therto, he hett <sup>4</sup> her gold for euer-more.	If she will make the eldest sister commit fornication. [page 155.]
672	<i>that old Queane was full glad</i> , & did as the devill her badde, & went to the sisters 3.	The old quean
	as soone as shhee might them see,	goes to the sisters,
676	to the eldest sister soone she saiyd “ alas, my deere sweete Mayd ! thou hast fayre feete & hande, <sup>5</sup> a gentle body for to sounde,	and tells the eldest what a pity it is that
680	white hayre & long arme ; I-wiso it is much harme	with her beauty
	<i>that thy bodyc might not assay</i> with some younge man for to play,	
684	<i>that yee might find in every place</i> <i>game, mirth, &amp; great solace.”</i> “ certaine,” said the maiden then, “ if <i>that I take any man</i> ,	she should not enjoy some young man.
688	but if it were in sposning, any man either old or younge,	“ But if I took any man,

<sup>1</sup> dug, buried. Chauc.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The Air-Fiends (l. 580) were a separate set from the Hell-Fiends (l. 573).—F.

<sup>3</sup> Fr. *enfanter* is to bring forth a child (Cotgrave).—F.

<sup>4</sup> promis'd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> honde.—P.

- and it got known,  
I should be buried alive."  
"Not at all, 692
- it need never be known;  
do as I tell you." 696
- The eldest sister sins, 700
- is caught, 704
- and buried alive. 708.
- The fiend next beguiles the second sister,  
and makes her a man's mistress. 712
- She only escapes death 716
- by professing herself a common prostitute. 720
- & itt were knownen in this countrye,  
all quicke I shold doluen bee."  
"nay, certaine," said the old queane,  
"yee may it doe without deane<sup>1</sup>  
both in bower & in bedd,  
although noe man doe you wedd ;  
& therfore dread thee nought,  
for it needs neuer be forth brought ;  
& if thou wilt doe by my read,  
thou diddest neuer a better deede."  
soc thorow the queanes enchantment  
& the feends incumberment,  
the eldest sister, the sooth to say,  
lefft a young man with her play ;  
& when shee liked best the game,  
it turned her to much shame,  
for shee was taken & forth drawen,  
& of her game shee was knownen,  
& for *that worke* doluen was.  
many a man sayd for her "alas!"  
the ffende yett another while  
the other sister he can beguile,  
& made her to loue a faire young man,  
& after was his leman<sup>2</sup> then.  
shee wns taken forth-wise,  
& brought before tho hyc Justice  
her iudgment to vnderstand,  
as itt was the law of the Land.  
the Justice opposed<sup>3</sup> her thoo  
wherfore shee had done soe ;  
shee answered as shee was taught,  
& said shoc forsooke itt nought,  
& said shoc was a light woman  
to all *that wold come to her common* ;

<sup>1</sup> ? *dean*, a din, a noise, Essex (in Halliwell); or for A.-S. *teina*, reproach.—F.

<sup>2</sup> mistress.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> opposed, examined.—P.

- 724 & soc shee scaped them away,  
soe that her followed all that day  
of Harlotts<sup>1</sup> a great race  
to fyle her body for that case.  
728 yett the feende in that while  
the 3<sup>d</sup> sister can beguile.  
then was the youngest sister soe woo  
that nye her hart burst in tow,  
732 for her mother had hangd her selfe,<sup>2</sup>  
& her one sister quicke was delfe,<sup>3</sup>  
& for that her father dyed amisse,  
& her brother was strangled I-wis,  
736 her other sister a whore stronge,  
*that harlotts was euer among;*  
almost for sorrow & for thought  
in wan-hope<sup>4</sup> shee was brought.  
740 to the Hermitt shee went then,  
to that hight Blasye, *that good man,*  
& told him all the sooth beforene,  
How all her kindred were forlorne.  
744 the Hermitt had wonder great ;  
on gods halfe he her besett,  
“ I bid thee haue god in thy mind,  
& let be the lore of the feende,”  
748 & bade her ‘ forsake in any wise  
pryde, hate, & couetise,  
alsoe sloth and enuye,  
& mans flesh in lecherye,  
752 all such workes for to flee ;’  
& bade her ‘ gods servant bee,’  
& bade her to ‘ take good keepe  
that shee layd her not downe to sleepc,
- [page 156.]
- and being  
defiled by  
many men.
- The third  
sister is  
nearly dead  
for grief,
- and nearly  
brought to  
despair.
- She goes to  
Hermitt  
Blasye,
- who bids her  
keep God in  
mind,
- forsake
- sin,
- be God’s  
servant,
- never go to  
sleep

<sup>1</sup> *Harlot*, apud Chauc. is a loose person  
of either sex. *Urry*.—P. *Harlotte*,  
*Scurrus*; *Promptorium*; see Mr. Way’s  
note<sup>2</sup> to it there, p. 227; and a very  
curious passage about “the *harlotis* that  
handelithe women,” in *The Knight de la*

*Tour Landry*, now in the press for the  
Early English Text Society, p. 81.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> *selve*.—P. <sup>3</sup> *delve*.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> *wan-hope*, despair; so *wan-grace*  
is want of grace. *Wan* is privative apud  
A.-S. GL ad G. D. P.

	756	& namelye <sup>1</sup> not in the night, vnlesse shee had a Candle light, & windowes & dores in <i>that</i> stond to be spurred <sup>2</sup> to roafe and ground, & make there againe with good noyce the signe of the holy crosse. <sup>3</sup> & when he had taught her soe, home againe can shee goe, & served god with hart glad, & did as the hermitt her bade ; & yett the feend thorrow enuyce beguiled her with treacherye, & brought her into a drecreye cheere : I shall you tell in what manner. vpon a day verament with neighbors to Ale shee went ; long slice sate, & did amisse <i>that</i> drunken shee was I-wis. her other sister <i>that</i> I of told, <i>that</i> was a whore stout & bold, came thither <i>that</i> same day with many harlotts for to play, & missaide her sister as shee was wood, & called her other then good. soe long shee Chidd <sup>4</sup> in a resse, <sup>5</sup> the whore start vp without lesse, & went to her sister in a rage, & smote her on the visage.
without a candle burning, doors barred,		
and making the sign of the Cross aloud.	760	
She does all this, and yet the	764	
fiend beguiles her,	768	
thus :		
one day		
	772	
she gets drunk ; calls her bad second sister		
	776	
no good.	780	
and gets a blow in the face for it.		
She goes home ;	784	
her neigh- bours		

<sup>1</sup> especially : Namely, *Precipitum*. Prom.—F.

<sup>2</sup> spurred, sparred, &c., i.e. spar'd, bolted, locked, from *spar*, a wood bar, or bolt. *Urry* in *Chaucer*.—P. A.-S. *sparan*, to spur, shut, stop.—F.

<sup>3</sup> croise, qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. has either *Child* or *Child*, with the short stroke of the *d* dotted for i. F.

<sup>5</sup> res, rees, rese, rage, ap<sup>d</sup> *Chaucer*. *Urry*.—P.

	& the whore soone the name	
788	& drouen her away anon, & the harlotts euerye one. when they were druien away, the maid <i>that</i> in the chamber Lay	drive away the bad sister,
792	all made, as shee were woode, weeped & fared as shee were with ill moodle. & when it was come to night, vpon the bed shee fell downe right,	and the youngest one
796	all both shodd & cladde ; shee fell on sleepe, & all was madd, & forgott her howse vnblesscd, as the hermitt had her vised. <sup>1</sup>	goes to sleep in her shoes and clothes,
800	then was the ffende glad & blythe, & thought to doe her shame swithe ; ouer all well hee might, for there was noe crosse made <i>that</i> night.	forgetting to bless her house.
804	& to the Mayd anon he went, & thought all christendome to haue shent. <sup>2</sup>	The fiend, glad,
	a traine <sup>3</sup> of a childe he put in her thoe, & passed away where hee cam <sup>4</sup> froe.	goes to her,
808	& when <i>that</i> woman was awaked, & found her body lying naked, & shee groped with her hands, <sup>5</sup> & some seed there shee found,	and begets a child on her.
812	wherby shee wende <sup>6</sup> witterlye <i>that</i> some man had Lyen her by.	She wakes,
	Then shee rose vp in hast,	finds that some one has lain by her,
	& found her dore sparred fast.	[page 157.]
816	when shee found <i>that</i> it was soe, in her hart shee was full woe, & thought it was some wicked thinge	and as her door is locked,
		it must have been a

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *vixian*, to instruct, direct.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The child begotten by the fiend on the virgin was intended by the devils to undo the work of Christ, supposed to have been begotten by the Holy Ghost on a virgin. See l. 1077, and 1082-3.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. seemingly *traine* altered to *braine*: ? orig. *straine*, A.-S. *steelman*, *stryman*, to begot, procreate, breed.—F.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *cann* —F.

<sup>5</sup> *honde*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *ween'd*.—P.

wicked thing.		<i>that wold her to shame bringe.<sup>1</sup></i>
	820	<i>all the night shee made great sorrowe, &amp; to the Hermitt shee went att morrowe, &amp; told him all the case.</i>
She goes to Blasye in the morning,		<i>the hermitt sayd, " alas ! alas !</i>
and he says		<i>that shee had broken her pennance ; " &amp; said it was the feends combrance.</i>
it's the fiend's doing.		<i>" A ! good father ! " said shee thoe, " what if itt be fallen soe</i>
" If so,		<i><i>that a child be on me gotten, &amp; any man may it witten,</i></i>
and men know I'm with child,	828	<i><i>then shall I be deluen anon all quicke, both bodye &amp; bone.<sup>2</sup> "</i></i>
I shall be buried alive."		<i>" certaine," said the good man, " my deere daughter, after then</i>
Blasye promises her	832	<i>I shall you helpe with all my might till of itt I haue sight.</i>
his help :		<i>goe home, daughter, now, mine, &amp; haue gods blessing &amp; mine,</i>
God may rescue her.		<i>for he may—&amp; his will bee— out of thy sorrow bringe thec."</i>
	836	<i>home shee went with dreerye mood, &amp; serued god with hart good ;</i>
		<i>&amp; euerye day after then</i>
Her pregnan- cy is seen,	840	<i>her wombe will greater began<sup>3</sup> soe <i>that</i> shee might it not hyde, but itt was perceiued in <i>that</i> tyde.</i>
	844	<i>then was shee taken forsoothe I-wisse, &amp; brought afore the hye Justice.</i>
she is taken before a judge, and	848	<i>the Justice opposed<sup>4</sup> her thoe why shee had done soe ; &amp; for shee wrought against<sup>5</sup> the law,</i>

<sup>1</sup> MS. bright : bringe.—P.<sup>2</sup> bone in MS.—F.<sup>3</sup> still . . became, or to greateren began.  
—P. A.-S. *began*, to go over.—F.<sup>4</sup> examined.—P. Aposen or oposen.  
*Oppone* (3 MSS. cited in *Promptorium*)*Oppone*, to bring forward, adduce, allego,  
&c. by way of accusation, &c. *White's  
Dict.*—F.<sup>5</sup> The first *a* is made over a *b* in the  
MS.—F.

- he Judged her for to be slowe.<sup>1</sup>  
 & shee answered & said, " nay,  
 I wrought neuer against the law,<sup>2</sup>"  
 & sware by him *that dyed on tree,*  
 " was neuer man *that neighed mee*  
 852      *with fleshly lust or Lecherye,*  
 nor kissed my body with villanye.<sup>3</sup>"  
 the Iustice answered anon,  
 " Dame, thou Lyest by S<sup>t</sup> Iohn !  
 856      thy words beene false & wylde,  
 when men may see thou art with childe !  
 in this world was *neuer childe borne*  
 but mans seede there was beforne,  
 864      saue Iesu christ thorrow his might  
 was borne of a mayden bright.  
 how may thou for shame then  
 say thou had *neuer part of any man,*  
 868      when I myselfe they<sup>4</sup> soothe may see  
*that a child is gotten of thee ?*"  
 " certaine, Sir," shee said then,  
 " I goe with child without any man.  
 872      by him," shee said, " *that made this day,*  
 there was *neuer [man] that by me Lay;*  
 but as I sleeped one night,  
 by mee lay a Selcoth<sup>5</sup> wight ;  
 876      but I wist *neuer what it was,*  
 therfore I doe me in thy grace."  
 the Iustice said with-outen fayle,  
 " I never hard of such a marnel !  
 880      to-day may<sup>6</sup> shall the woman be delte  
 till I haue asked wifles 12  
 if any child may be made
- condemned  
to death.  
She protests
- that never  
man lay by  
her.
- The judge  
says  
she lies.
- " No child  
but Christ  
was ever  
borne  
without  
man's seed."
- She protests  
again that  
she is not  
with child
- by any man
- but by a  
Strange  
Being.
- The judge  
defers her  
doom
- till he has  
consulted  
twelve wives

<sup>1</sup> slo, slaw, slain.—P.

<sup>2</sup> lay.—P.

<sup>3</sup> The *n* has only one stroke in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the.— P.

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<sup>5</sup> selcoth, strange, uncommon (Gl. ad G. Dong).—P. A-S. *sold-euð*, seldom known, rare, wonderful. (Bosworth).—F.

<sup>6</sup> ne shall.— P.

whether a child can be made with- out a man.	884	without getting of Manhood ; & if thé say itt may soe bee, all quitt shalt thou goe, & free ; And if thé say <i>that</i> it may nay ; all quicke, men shall delfe thee to-day." <span style="float: right;">[page 158.]</span>
The twelve wives answer "None but Christ."	888	on 12 wiues shee did her anon, & they answered euery one, <i>that</i> "neuer child was borne of maiden but Iesu Christ," they all saydden.
Blasye	892	Blasye the Hermitt vpstart then, to answer the iustice he began, " Sir Iustice," he sayd thoe, " hear me in a word or tow : <i>that</i> <sup>1</sup> this woman hath told eche deale,
says that		certez I beleue itt weele ; & yee beleeven her right nought. by god & all <sup>2</sup> this world wrought,
he believes the young sister ;	896	I haue her shriuen & taught the law, to mee wold shee neuer a-know <sup>3</sup> <i>that</i> any man for any meede neighed her body with fleshlye deede ; therfore it is against the law
he has confessed her, and she never ac- knowledged that a man had lain with her.	900	<i>that</i> shee doluen shold be this day. giff shee haue serued for to spilt, <sup>4</sup> the chylde in her wombe hath not gilt <sup>5</sup> :
	904	therfore, Sir, doe by my reade, & put her not this time to dead, <sup>6</sup> but doe her in warde before
Moreover, even if she deserve death, her child does not ; therefore confine her	908	till the childe be bore ; & then," he sayd, " god itt wott, 2 yeere keepe it slice motte, & peradventure," he sayd, " then
till her child is two years old.	912	the child may proue a good man."

<sup>1</sup> that which, what.—F.<sup>2</sup> that all.—P.<sup>3</sup> acknow. confess, to acknowledge.

Urry.—P.

<sup>4</sup> deserved to be spilt.—P.<sup>5</sup> guilt.—P.<sup>6</sup> to the dead, vid. P. t. P.

- 916      then said the Iustice,  
“ Hermitt, thy words are full wise ;  
therfore by thy doome I will ;  
noe man to-day shall her spill.”
- 920      they<sup>1</sup> Iustice commanded anon  
to lead her to a tower of stone,  
& *that* noe wight shold with her goe  
but a midswiffe, & noe moe.
- 924      the tower was strong & lyte,  
*that* noe man might come her nye ;  
a window there was made thoe,  
& a cord tyed thereto
- 928      to draw therein all thinke,<sup>2</sup>  
fire & water, Meate & drinke.  
& when the time was comen,  
Shee bare a seloth sonne.
- The judge  
agrees,
- and has her  
put in a  
stone tower.
- In due time  
she bears a  
strange son.

### [The Fourth Part.]

[Of Merlin, from his birth till he is seven years old.]

- 932      Right faire shape he had then,  
all the forme *that* fell for a man ;  
blacke he was without lase,<sup>3</sup>  
& rough as a swine he was.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Parte. { then they midwiffe anon-right  
was afraid of that sight ;  
& for he was soe rough of hyde,  
ffull well shee wist *that* tyde
- 940      That he was never gotten by any<sup>4</sup> man,  
& full faine shee wold then  
in hell that he had beene her free,  
*that* never man had scene him moe.
- 944      the Hermitt *that* hight Blasye  
wist full well sikerlye
- black,  
and as rough  
as a sow.
- The midwife
- wishes him  
in Hell.
- Blasye

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> thinge.—P.

<sup>3</sup> lese, loss, lying.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. my.—F.

comes, inquires how they've got on,	948
and asks for the child, to christen him.	952
The baby is let down to him by a cord,	956
Baptized, and christened Merlin,	960
by which the Hell- Fiends	964
lose their power.	968
Binsye takes Merlin to the midwife,	972
who warms him at the fire.	976

the time the Child shold be borne,  
& to the tower he came att Morne,  
& called vpward to them yare,<sup>1</sup>  
& asked them how they did fare.  
they <sup>2</sup> midwiffe said without lesse <sup>3</sup>  
a knaue child there borne was.  
“ take him me,” he sayd then,  
“ & I shall make him a christen man ;  
whether he dye, or liue abyde,  
the fairer grace he may.betyde.”  
full glad was the midwiffe,<sup>4</sup>  
& caught the chyld be-liue,<sup>5</sup>  
& by a cord shee lett him downe,  
& Blassy gaue him his benison,<sup>6</sup>  
& bare him home with merry moodle,  
& batptized <sup>7</sup> him in the holy floode,  
And called him to his christendome,<sup>8</sup>  
& named him Merlyin in gods name.  
thorrow *that* name, I you tell,  
all the ffeends *that* were in hell  
were agreeed, & that full sore ;  
therfore was their power bore.<sup>9</sup>  
& when he had christened him soe,  
home againe he baro him thoo,  
& in the cord he can<sup>10</sup> him laine ;  
the Midwiffe drew him vp againe,  
& he bade her without blame  
call him Merlyne by his name.  
the midwiffe bare him anon-right  
to the syer *that* was bright,  
& as shee warmed him by the syer

[page 159.]

<sup>1</sup> yare, acutus, Lyc : ready, Urry. — P.<sup>2</sup> the. — P.<sup>3</sup> lose. — P. lies. — F.<sup>4</sup> The w is made over an f in the MS. — F.<sup>5</sup> instantly, forthwith. — P.<sup>6</sup> benediction. — P.<sup>7</sup> The first t is very near the p ; perhaps it has been altered to part of it.

— F.

<sup>8</sup> at (his baptism). — P.<sup>9</sup> lorc, q. — P.<sup>10</sup> gau—laine (lay). — P.

- shee beheld this <sup>1</sup> lodlye cheere <sup>2</sup> :  
 “ alas,” said shee, “ art thou Merlyn ?  
 whence art thou, of what kinne ?  
 980 who whas thy father by night or day ?  
*that noe man I-witt <sup>3</sup> itt may.*  
 it is great ruth, by heauens King,  
*that for thy loue, thou foule thinge,*  
 984 thy mother shalbe slaine with woo !  
 alas the time it shalbe soc !  
 I wold thow were farr in the sea,  
*that thy mother might scape froc ! ”*  
 988 when Merlyn hard her speake soc,  
 he bradde open his eyen towे,  
 & lodlye <sup>4</sup> on her can hee looke,  
 & his head on her hee shooke,  
 992 & gan to cry with lowd dinne :  
 “ thou lyest,” he sayd, “ thou foule queane !  
 my mother,” he sayd, “ shall noe man quell  
 for nothing *that men can tell* ;  
 996 whilst I may speak or gone,  
 mauger them *that wold her alone*,  
 I shall sauе her liff for this ;  
*that you shall see & heare I-wis.”*  
 1000 when the Midwiffe, shee heard *that*,  
 shee fell downe almost flatt ;  
 shee gan to quake as shee were wood,  
 & had rather then any good  
 1004 *that* shee had beene farr away ;  
 soc had his mother where she Lay ;  
 soc sore they were of him agust,  
 the blessed them, & that full fast,  
 1008 & cryed on him in gods name  
*that he shold doe them noe shame ;*  
 & fast on him they can crye
- asks  
who his  
father was,
- and laments  
that his  
mother  
should be  
killed for  
him.
- Merlin looks  
savage.
- tells the old  
woman she  
lies, and says
- he will save  
his mother.
- The midwife
- quakes like  
mad.
- and Merlin's  
mother is  
frightened.
- They ask  
him

<sup>1</sup> his.—P.<sup>2</sup> cheere, countenance, visage men.  
G. ad G. D.—P.<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *gewitan*, understand.—E.<sup>4</sup> hideous.—P.<sup>5</sup> alone, slay.—P.

in God's name what he is.	1012	in gods name & St. Maryc he shold them tell what hee were, & what misaduenture brought him there.
Merlin		he did lye & held him still, & lett them crye all their ffill ;
will not answer a word.	1016	& if they shold haue slaine him tho, he wold not speake a word moc. & the <sup>1</sup> 3 lived there with much sorrow & with care ;
After half a year,	1020	& for after halse a yeere, as shee held him by the syer, rufuslye shee gan to greete, & said to him, " my sonne sweete, for thy lone, with-outen <sup>2</sup> weene, all quicke dolue shall I beene."
his mother laments her coming burial alive.	1024	he answered & said, " Nay, Dame, thou gables <sup>3</sup> by this day ; there is neithe[r] man nor Iustice <i>that</i> shall yee deeme <sup>4</sup> in noe wise then whilest I may either goe or speak, in earth thy body for to wreak."
Merlin says		
no one shall hurt her :	1028	Then was his mother a blythe woman [page 100.] & euy[e] day after then he made her gladd & bold, & Maruelous tales to her he told.
he makes her glad,	1032	when he cold speake & gone, the Iustice was ready anon, & bade bring forth anon then befor him <i>that</i> ilke woman for to receine her iudgment.
and tells her tales.	1036	& when shee came in present, the Iustice forgatt itt nought, but Egerlye he said his thought, & sware anon by heauens Queene
The judge orders her to be brought up for judgment,	1040	
and swears	1044	

<sup>1</sup> these three.—P.<sup>2</sup> without . . . . so in Chauc.—P.<sup>3</sup> ? for gables. *talkest nonsense* ; o·

fables. - F.

<sup>4</sup> deeme, *inter alia* judicare.—P.

- all quicke shee shold doluen beeene.  
then the childe answered with words Bold—  
& he was but 2 yeceres old—
- 1048 he sayd to the Justice with Eggar Moodie,  
“Sir Justice ! thou can but little goode  
to doe my mother to the dead,  
& wottis not by what reade,
- 1052 save a chance *that* to her fstell ;  
therfore thou dost not to her well ;  
for euey[e] man will wott well then  
*that* against chance may be noe man,
- 1056 & thorrow chanc[e] I was begott ;  
therfore euey[e] man may well wott  
*that* my mother ought nought  
for my loue to death be brought.”
- 1060 great wonder had both old & younge  
of the childis answering.  
then the Justice was full wrath,  
& on Loud sware an oathe
- 1064 ‘all quicke shee shold doluen bee.’  
“Nay ! ” said Merlin, “soe Mote I thee,  
thou shalt her never being therto  
for ought that euer thou caust doe !
- 1068 it shall not goe as thou wilt,  
for shee hath done no guiltt,  
& I shall proue it through skill,  
Mauger of them *that* wold her spill.
- 1072 my father *that* begatt mee  
is a feende of great potencye,  
& is in the ayre aboue the light,  
& tempts men both day & night ;
- 1076 & therfore to my mother he went,  
& wend all christendome to haue shent,  
& gott mee on her with-out Leasinge,  
& shee therof wist no thing.
- 1080 & for shee wist not when it was,
- she shall be  
buried alive,  
Merlin (only  
2 years old)
- answers
- that  
accidents
- cannot be  
guarded  
against,  
and by one  
he was  
begotten,  
so that his  
mother  
ought not to  
die for that.
- The judge  
swears she  
shall be  
buried alive.
- “No, she  
shall not,”  
says Merlin ;
- “my father  
is a Fiend  
of the Air,
- and got me  
on my  
mother, to  
destroy  
Christen-  
dom,
- she knowing  
nothing of it

and being  
therefore  
guiltless.

1084

And God  
has turned  
me good,  
to help  
England,

1088

and I can  
tell you all  
things.

You, Judge,  
do not know  
who your  
own father  
was."

1092

"I do; my  
father was  
a baron;  
my mother  
is still  
alive."

1100

"Send for  
her then,  
and we'll  
see."

1104

The judge  
does send.  
His mother  
comes,

1108

1112

I proue *that* slice is guiltlesse ;  
for all the feends wenden by mee  
to haue shent all christentye,  
& had <sup>1</sup> of me a wicked ffoode <sup>2</sup> ;  
but god hath turned me to goode ;  
for now I am of god sende  
for to helpe all Englande ;  
& forsoothe," hec said then,  
"pardie, tell you I can  
all *that* euer was & now is.

I can you tell well I-wis  
thou dost not wott, Iustice then,  
who was thy father *that* theo wannc ;  
& therfore I proue *that* mother thine  
rather to be doluen then mine."

hearknon now all the strife  
how Merlyne sauad his mothers life !  
then was the Iustice in hart woe,  
& to Merlyne he said theo,

" thou Lyest !" he sayd, " thou glutton !  
my father was a good Barron,  
& my mother a ladye free ;  
yett on liue thou may her see."

" Sir," said Merlyne then anon,  
" say[n]d <sup>3</sup> after her full soone,  
And I shall make her to be knownen,  
or else hange me on to drawen."

the Iustice after his mother sent ;  
& when shee was comen present,  
the Iustice before them all  
to Merlyn can he call ;

he said to him, " Belanye,<sup>4</sup>

(page 161.)

<sup>1</sup> thro'.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ffeud. qu.—P. "Fode is found in early writers, especially in the old metrical romances, in the sense of man, woman, girl, or boy." Halliwell's Gloss. "I have

read somewhere *the feuds fode*, i.e. an imp of the devil."—Th. Wright.

<sup>3</sup> Send.—P.

<sup>4</sup> forté, Belamy, good friend, apud Chaunc.—P.

- be now soc bold & hardye  
to proue thy tale, if thou can,  
*that thou saideſt of this woman.*"
- 1116 Merlyn said to the Iustice,  
"Sir, thy words be not wise;  
if I tell theſe folke beforne  
how thou was gotten & borne,
- 1120 then ſhould it ſpring wyde & broad,  
& thou ſhould lose thy manhood;  
then ſhall thy mother doluen bee,  
& all were for the loue of thee."
- 1124 the Iustice then vnderſtoode  
*that Merlyn cold mikle<sup>1</sup> good.*  
then to a chamber can they goe,  
he & Merlyne, & noe moe.
- 1128 "Merlyn," he ſaid, "I pray thee,  
what was *that* man *that* begatte me?"  
"Sir," he ſaid, "by St. Simon,  
it was the *parson* of the towne!
- 1132 hee thee gott, by St. Iane,<sup>2</sup>  
vpon this woman *that* is thy dame."  
the Lady ſaid, "thow fowle thinge!  
thou hast made a starke Leaſinge!
- 1136 his flather was a noble Baron,  
& a man holden of great renowne;  
& thou art a misbegott wretch;  
I pray thee god devill thee<sup>3</sup> feitche!
- 1140 in wyld fyfer thou ſhalt be brent,  
for with wronge thou hast my<sup>4</sup> ſhent."  
"Dame," ſayd Merlyn, "hold thee ſtill,  
for itt were both right [&] ſkill,
- 1144 for I wott with-outen weene  
thou deserue doluen to beene,  
flor ſithe thou was to this world brought,
- and he dares Merlin to prove his charge.
- Merlin advises him not to have it done in public,
- or his mother will be put to death.  
The judge
- takes Merlin to a private room,
- and asks who begat him, the judge.
- "Thy parson,"  
say Merlin.
- "That's a lie," says the judge's mother;
- "I may the Devil take you."
- "Be quiet."
- I know all your doings;

<sup>1</sup> knew much.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> for Jame.—F.

<sup>3</sup> I pray God the devill thee. [Pencil note].—P.  
<sup>4</sup> me.—P.

- all the worke *that* thou hast wrought,  
 I can tell itt eueryc word  
 better then thou, by our Lord,  
 how thy sonne was begotten.<sup>1</sup>  
 I can tell you how your son  
 was got ;
- I can tell you all the case,  
 how, & where, & when itt was,  
 & thou shalt be ashamed sore ;  
 thee were better speake noe more."  
 the Lady was sore dismayd,  
 & Merlyn forth his tale sayd :  
 " Dame," he said verament,  
 " *that* time thy Lord to Carlile went,—  
 itt was by night & not by day,—  
 the parson in thy bed Lay ;  
 att thy chamber dore thy Lord can knocke,  
 & thou didest on thy smocke  
 & was sore afrayd *that* tyde,  
 & vndidst a windowe wyde,  
 & there the parson thou out Lett,  
 & he ran away full tye.<sup>2</sup>  
 dame," he said, " *that* ilke night  
 was begotten thy sonne the Knight.  
 Dame," he sayd, " lye I ought ? "  
 shee stood still & sayd nought.
- then was the Justice wrath & woe,  
 & to his mother he sayd thoe,  
 " Dame," hee<sup>3</sup> sayd, " how goeth this ? "  
 " sonne," shee said, " all sooth<sup>4</sup> I-wis !  
 for if thou hang me with a corde,  
 hee belyeth me never a word."
- The Justice for shame waxes redd,  
 & on his mother shooke his head,  
 & bade her in hast wend home

<sup>1</sup> begotten.—P. MS. forgotten. <sup>2</sup> for forthgotten.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> quickly.—F. <sup>4</sup> hee.—P. MS. shee.—F. <sup>5</sup> true.—P.

with much shame as shee come.

- “ belyue,” sayd Merlyn, “ send after a spye,  
for to the parson shee will her hye,  
1184 & all the sooth shee will him saine  
how *that* I hane them betraine ;  
& when the parson hath hard this,  
anon for shame & sorrowe I-wis  
1188 to a bridge he will flee,  
& after noe man shall him see,  
into the watter start he will,  
liffe & soule for to spill :  
1192 & but itt [be] sooth<sup>1</sup> *that* I say,  
boldlye hang me to day.”  
the Justice withouten sayle  
did after Merlyns counsayle ;  
1196 he sent after a spye bold,  
& found itt as Merline told ;  
& the Justice, for Merlins sake,  
him & his mother he lett take,  
1200 & lett them goe quitt & free  
before the folke of *that* countrey.  
& when Merlin was 7<sup>2</sup> yeere old,  
he was both stout & bold ;  
1204 his mother he did a Nun make,  
& blacke habitt he let her take,  
& from *that* time verament  
shee serued god with good entent.

“ Send a spye  
after her,”  
says Merlin,  
“ or she’ll  
tell all to  
the parson.

and he, for  
shame.

will drown  
himself.”

The judge  
sends the  
spy ;

finds  
Merlin’s  
words true ;  
and lets him  
and his  
mother go  
free.

When  
Merlin is  
seven, he  
makes his  
mother turn  
nun,

and she  
serves God  
truly.

<sup>1</sup> it's sooth.—P.

<sup>2</sup> It should be *six*, vide *infra*, p. 164. here j. — P.

[The Fifth Part.]

[Vortiger's messengers find Merlin, and he goes to the Court.]

	1208	Now let vs of his mother fayle, & turne vs to another tale, & speake wee of the messenger <sup>1</sup> that wenten frōm Sir Vortiger <sup>2</sup> for to seeke Merlin the bold, to haue his blood, as I you told. soc 3 of them came by chance into the place where merlyng was
Let us now tell of the messengers.	5 <sup>a</sup> Parte.	
Three come where Merlin is		
playing with his mates,	1216	On playing, as he can goe with other children many moe. & as the played in that stead <sup>3</sup> one of his felloows him misdeed, & gan to crye on Merlyn thoe, “ thou cursed srow, <sup>4</sup> thou goe vs froe! ” thou art a fowle thing gotten amisse! noe man wottis what thy father is! ”
one of whom tells him	1220	the Messengers came fast bye, & hearden well the child crye: soone anon they were bethought that it was the childe they after sought, & eche one his sword out droughe. & Merlin shooke his head, & laughe, “ heere comen the Kings Messengers that haue me sought both farr & neare for to haue my harts blood!
that no one knows who his father is. The messengers hear this, think they have found their boy,	1224	now the thinke itt in their Moode for to slay me this day; but by my truthe, if that I may, or that they part away from mee, well good freinds shall wee bee.”
and draw their swords. Merlin	1228	
knows they want to kill him,	1232	
but means to make	1236	
friends of them:		

' messengers.—P.

: Vortiger's.—P.

' place.—P.

\* curved show. — P.

<sup>8</sup> qu. MS. free.—F.

1000

- Merlyn anon to them ran :  
 hee greetes them fayre, as he well can,  
 & welcomed the Messenger,  
 & sayes, "yee come from Sir Vortiger ;  
 me to slay is all your thought,  
 therof shall yee speed nougnt ;  
 & for to beare your King my blood,  
 that neuer shall doe him good ;  
 for they *that* told him *that* tydinge,  
 lyed of me a strong leasing,  
 & said my blood without wronge  
 shold make his castle stiffe & strong."      [page 163.]
- the Messengers had wonder then,  
 & sayd to Merlyn anon,
- " how can thou tell vs this priu[i]tye ?  
 tell vs the sooth, I pray thee,  
*that* wee may haue tokeinge<sup>1</sup>  
 to anow our tale before our King."
- Merlin Led them a good paece  
 till hee came where his mother was ;  
 shee told them all the sooth beforne  
 how Merlyne was gatten & borne,  
 & of his wisdome & of his reede,  
 & how hee sauied her from deade.  
 the Messengers, as I you tell,  
 all night there did dwell ;
- att Morrow, soone when it was day,  
 the tooke leaue to wend awaye ;  
 alsoe Merlyn *that* ilke tyde  
 rode on a palfray them beside.
- & wentt forth all in fere  
 towards King Vortiger.  
 as they thorrow the countreye came,  
 in a towne their inne they tane,  
*sce* *that* Merlyne, as I you tell,

welcomes  
them ;  
says he  
knows  
they want

to take his  
blood to  
their king ;  
but that's all  
nonsense.

The  
messengers  
ask him

to tell them  
how he was  
born.

He takes  
them to his  
mother,  
and she tells  
them.

Next day  
they start,

with Merlin,

for  
Vortiger's  
court.

They stop  
at a town,  
where

<sup>1</sup> Either means *taken*, or is miswritten for *takeinge*. F.

- Merlin laughs at seeing shoes on sale.  
The messengers ask why he laughs.      1276
- "Because the buyer of the shoes thinks he shall live to wear them, but he will die forth-with."      1280
- The man is then found dead.      1284
- Next day      1288
- they ride on.      1292
- and meet a corpse.      1296
- Merlin bursts out laughing.      1300
- and says that "one old man there weeping, ought to him b : "      1304
- came there as shoone were to sell.  
a great laughter vp he tooke ;  
the Messengers fast on him can lookee,  
& full soone asked him thoe  
wherforc *that* he laughed soe.  
then sayd Merlyne, " see yee nougnt  
the young man *that* the shoone hath bought ?  
he wendes to liue them to weare ;  
but by my hood I dare well sweare  
his wretched liffe hee shall forgoe  
*or that* he is one gate come to."  
the Messengers att *that* tyde,  
after *that* man can they ryde,  
& found him dead as any stome  
*or that* he had a furlong gone.  
in *that* towne the dwelled all night :  
on morrow, when it was daylight,  
the dight their horses, & made them yare  
on theire journey for to fare ;  
& as they went on their Iourney  
thorrow a towne in *that* countrye  
he came by a church yard ;  
he mett a course<sup>1</sup> thither-ward,  
with preists & Clarkes singing besor[n]e<sup>2</sup> ;  
the corpes were on a beere borne ;  
many a man therwith can gone.  
Merlyn beheld them euerye one ;  
a great laughter he vptooke.  
the Messengers on him can looke,  
& asked him with hart free  
why he laughed soe hartilye ;  
he said, " amongst these folkes then  
I see an old sillye Man  
*that* doth sore & fast weepe ;  
he ought better to skipp & leape :

<sup>1</sup> corse [in pencil]. P.<sup>2</sup> before, l. 1313.- F.

- 1308 & others here goe & singe  
that ought better their hands to wringe ;  
I shall you tell certainlye,  
that you may know the cause whye :
- 1312 that corse that dead is & cold,  
was a childe of 10 yecres old ;  
that ilke preist," he sayd thoe,  
" that goeth before & singeth soe,
- 1316 he was the father that the child begott ;  
& if he were bethought of that,  
he wold his hands wring sore,  
& for that child sorrow more ;
- 1320 Now he singeth with Ioy & blisse  
as the chyld had newr beene his ;  
& to see the seely husband  
for sorrow & care wring his hands,<sup>1</sup>
- 1324 therfore he is a Mickle foole  
that for his foomen maketh dole."  
the Messengers eneriche one  
to the chylds mother went anon,
- 1328 & Merlyn in a litle throw<sup>2</sup>  
made the Mother to be know,<sup>3</sup>  
wherfore shée cold not say nay,  
but ever prayd them naught to say.
- 1332 then were the Messengers blythe,  
& on their Journey ridden swithe.  
as they ridden on their way,  
it was vpon the 3<sup>d</sup> daye,
- 1336 when it was about the prime,  
then laughe Merlyne the 3<sup>d</sup> time<sup>4</sup> ;  
then asked they all in fere  
why he Made such laughing cheere.
- 1340 then said Merlyne I-wisse
- and others  
singing;  
to weep;
- for the  
corpse is  
that of a  
child of 10 ;  
the priest  
singing is
- its father,
- [page 161.] and sings as  
if he were  
not ;  
while the  
mother's  
husband is  
wringing his  
hands :
- for which he  
is a Big  
Fool."
- The messen-  
gers ask the  
child's  
mother if  
this is true.
- She says  
" Yes, but  
don't tell  
any one."
- On the third  
day
- Merlin  
laughs  
again

<sup>1</sup> hand.—P.<sup>2</sup> throw, a cast, a stroke. Chaucer uses it as the French *do coup*, for a shortspace. Urry.—P. A.-S. *frig. frab.* a season, time, space.—Th. Wright.<sup>3</sup> ? beknow, know thoroughly. F.<sup>4</sup> time in the MS. F.

and tells his reason : 1344

" there-of I laugh, noe wonder is ;  
for sithe the time *that* yee were borne,  
such wonder heard yee neuuer beforne ;  
I shall you tell with-outen othe  
*that* yee shall find trew & soothe.  
this ilke day, by my truth,  
in the Kings house is mickle ruth  
of the Kings Chamberlaine ;

1348

Vortiger's Queen has made a lying charge against his chamberlain (who is a woman in man's clothes). 1352

for the Queene, sooth to sayne,  
hath Lyed on him a leasing stronge ;  
therfore shee<sup>1</sup> shall be dead with wronge :  
for his chamberlaine is a woman,  
& goeth in the clothing as a man ;  
& for shee is fayre & bright of hew,

The Queen desireth her in lust ; 1356

the false queene *that* is vntrew,  
besought her to her Lemman dearme<sup>2</sup> ;  
& shee answered, & can her warne,  
& sayd, 'shee must *that* game forsake ;

she refused,

1360

for noe comfort shee wold her make ;  
therfore the Queene was a foole,  
for had shee witt of her toole,  
& how short itt was wrought,

pleading inability.

Wherupon the Queen 1364

shee wold of loue asked her nought.'  
the Queene forthwith was affrayd,  
& wend well to have beene bewrayd,  
& thought *that* shee shold be shent ;

accused her to the King of trying to violate her.

1368

& before the King anon shee went,  
& sayd *that* his chamberlaine  
with strenght wold hane her forlaine.<sup>3</sup>  
the king therof was wonderous wrath,

The King wore the chamberlain should be hung.

1372

" Do you then make

& swore many a great othe  
*that* shee shold both hang & draw :  
& *that* were against the law ;  
therfore wend you whome<sup>4</sup> belyue

<sup>1</sup> viz. the chamberlaine.—P.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *dearn*, secret, hidden.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *forsayne*, fornicari, adulterari. Chauc.

*forsilige*, i.e., Sax. cod. sensu. Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> home.—P.

- 1376 as fast as yee may driue,  
 & say to Vortiger the king,  
 the Queene hath made a strong Leasing  
 vpon his chamberlaine for hate ;  
 therfor bydd *that shee*<sup>1</sup> be take ;
- 1380 & search the chamberlaine then,  
 & he shall find shee is a woman ! ”
- A knight there was both stout & stearne,  
 & pricked forth the truth to Learne,  
 & he made noe tarrying
- till he came before the King.  
 when hee came into the hall,  
 downe on his knees can hee fall,
- 1388 & said, thorrow many a country he<sup>2</sup> went  
 “on thy Message as thou vs sent,  
 to seeke a child of selcoth Land<sup>3</sup> ;  
 & such a one haue wee founde
- 1392 *that is but 5 wynters old :*  
 you heard neuer none soc bolde ;  
 he is clypped child Merline,  
 he can tell all Mannour of thing ;
- 1396 of all *that was & now is*
- He can tell you well I-wis ;
- he can tell you full well
- what<sup>4</sup> thing troubles your castell,
- 1400 why itt may not stand on plaine,  
 & alsoe of your chamberlaine
- that yee haue mentt<sup>5</sup> to draw & hang<sup>6</sup> :*
- he saith ‘ forsoothe itt is for wrong
- 1404 for to slay a woman
- that goeth in clothing as a man ;*
- & therfore doe as I you fayne,<sup>7</sup>
- & doe take the chamberlayne,
- haste, and tell Vortiger that his Queen has left,
- and that his chamberlain is a woman.”
- A knight rides on
- to Vortiger,
- and tells him
- “ We have found a strange child
- called *Merlin*,
- [page 165.] who can tell you everything,
- why your castle won’t stand, and all about your chamberlain,
- who is, in fact, a woman in man’s clothes.

<sup>1</sup> Hee, the king, or shee, i.e. the chamberlaine be taken and confined.—P.

<sup>2</sup> we.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Londe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> what in MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> ment, meant.—P.

<sup>6</sup> hong.—P.

<sup>7</sup> for sayne.—F.

- Have her looked at,  
and you'll find her one." 1408 & of her bonds yee her vnbinde;  
a woman fayre yee shall her finde;  
& but itt be soe, with right Lawe  
doe mee to hang & drawe.' "
- Vortiger 1412 Vortiger a-wondred was,  
& all that hearden of *that case*.  
he commanded his men all  
his chamberlayne to bring in all<sup>1</sup>;  
anon the serched her *that stonde*,<sup>2</sup>  
& a woman shree was founde.  
wrath then was Sir Vortiger,  
& asked of *that Messenger*
- has the chamberlain searched,  
and she 1416 " Who told him he was a woman ? "  
proves to be a woman.  
Vortiger asks who told him of this. 1420 " fforsooth Sir," hee sayd then,  
" Merlin it was *that* this can say  
as wee rydden by the waye;  
for he can tell—& lye nought—  
all things *that* euer were wrought;  
& all *that* ouer you can him saine,  
he will tell you sooth Certaine."
- Vortiger, 1428 Vortiger was glad & blythe,  
& said to the Messenger swithe,  
" I shall yee giue both Land & ploughie,  
& make yee a man right good enoughe;  
therfore I command anon-right,
- with all his nobles, 1432 Duke, Erle, Barron & Knight,  
to dight their horsses, & make them yare  
forth with Vortiger to fare."
- rides forth to meet Merlin. 1436 then wold he noe longer abyde,  
but leapt to horsse, & forth gan ryde  
to speake with Merlyn the younge,  
for glad he was of his comminge.
- At night they meet. 1440 but when it was come to night,  
with Merlyne he Mett right;  
as soone as he can him meete,

<sup>1</sup> Hall, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> time.—P.

- with fayre words hec can him greete.  
 1444 of many things he spoke then—  
 some of them tell I can—  
 with much Ioy, & verament  
 to the Kings court thé went,  
 1448 & were att ease all *that night*.  
 & on the Morrow when it was light,  
 to *that stede*<sup>1</sup> they went by-deene<sup>2</sup>  
 where the castle shold haue beene
- talk together,  
and return to the court.
- Next morning they go to the site of the castle.

[The Sixth Part.]

[Of the castle building ; the dragon's fight and its meaning.]

- 1452     “ Sonne,” he sayd to Merlin then,  
           { “ tell me, chyld, if thou can,  
           why my castle in this stonde  
 6<sup>a</sup> Parte    is cuerye night fallen to ground,  
           & why it may stand nought,  
           of soe strong things as itt is rought.”  
           then said Merlyn to the King,  
           “ yee shall heare a wonderous thing :
- Vortiger asks Merlin  
why his castle falls down every night.
- 1460     Heere in this ground Decepe  
           is a water strong and steepe ;  
           vnder the watter are stones towne,  
           much & strong, & broad alsoe ;  
 1464     beneathe the stones vnder the Mold  
           tow dragons Lyen there fould<sup>3</sup> ;  
           the one is white as<sup>4</sup> Milke reeme,<sup>5</sup>  
           the other red as any gleame ;  
 1468     grislye they are of sight both,
- Merlin says  
“ deep down here is a spring ; under it broad stones ;
- under them two dragons,  
one milk-white, one flame-red.

<sup>1</sup> place.—P.

<sup>2</sup> by-deene, bedene, instantly, forthwith.

—P.

<sup>3</sup> do fold.—P.

<sup>4</sup> The ‘ & ’ is struck out in the MS. before *as*. — F.

<sup>5</sup> milk creame, *forté* milk or creame.

—P. “ *leas* is used for *cream* in the

Northern dialect. This same line occurs in *Arthour & Merlin*, p. 55 :

That on is white so *milkes rem*,  
but the next differs rather :

That other is red so *feris lem*.”

T. Wright.

Every night  
they fight,

and their  
blast upsets  
your castle;

were they  
away,  
your castle  
would  
stand."

Vortiger  
tells his men

to see  
whether it's  
true.  
They dig  
down,  
find a  
spring.

drain the  
water out,

and find two  
great stones;

these they  
lift up,

and see two  
dragons,

one fire-red,

1472

1476

1480

1484

1488

1492

1496

1500

& fare together as the wrothe;  
& euerye day when itt is night  
they begin a strong fight,  
*that through the strenght of their blast*  
The worke thé can downe cast; [page 166.]  
& if the dragons were away,  
then might they <sup>1</sup> workemen worke euerye day,  
& make thy worke both strong and still,  
& to stand att thy owne will.  
doe now looke, & thou shalt see  
*that it is soothe that I tell thee.*"  
Vortiger Commanded anon  
all his workemen euerye one—  
15000 & yett moe—  
he bade them looke whether it were soe.  
anon they doluen in the ground,  
and a watter there they found:  
amonge them all, the soothe to tell,  
thé Made a full deepe well,  
& the watter thé brought out thoe;  
& when thé hadden done <sup>2</sup> soc,  
beneath the watter in the ground  
2 great stones there they found.  
many men there they were  
the 2 stones vp to reare;  
& when they were vp hent,  
2 dragons there were bent;  
foule they were for to behold;  
& found itt right as Merlyn tolde,  
the one dragon as red as fyer,  
with bright eyen as Bason cleare;  
his tayle was great & nothing small,  
his bodye was vnryde <sup>3</sup> with-all;

<sup>1</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The d is made over an s in the MS. —F.

<sup>3</sup> forte *unrude*, horrible, hideous. see

p. 387, v. 171 [of MS.] Vid. Gloss. to  
Gaw. Douglas.—P.

- his shape May noe man tell,  
he lookcd like a feende of hell.  
1504 the white dragon lay him by,  
sterne of Looke & grislye;  
his mouth & throate yawned wide,<sup>1</sup>  
the fyer brast out on euery side ;  
1508 his tayle was ragged like a feend,  
& vpon his tayles end  
there was shaped a grislye head  
to fight with *that* dragon redd ;  
1512 for Merlyn said, forsooth I plight,  
soe grislye they were both in sight,  
*that* when the shold vprise,  
many a man they shall agrise.<sup>2</sup>
- 1516 anon the ryssden<sup>3</sup> out of their den ;  
then was feard many a man ;  
of all the folke there was *that* tyde,  
durst not one of them abyde.
- 1520 the redd dragon & the white,  
hard together can the smite  
both with mouth & with tayle ;  
betweene them was a hard battelle<sup>4</sup>
- 1524 *that* they<sup>5</sup> earth quaked thoë ;  
& lodlye whether waxed alsoe ;  
soe strong fyer they cast anon  
*that* they<sup>6</sup> plaines therof shone ;
- 1528 soe they fought, forsoothe to say,  
all the long summers day  
they neuer stinted their fighting  
till men to Eeuensong did ringe.
- 1532 soe in *that* time, as I you tell,  
the red dragon *that* as soe fell,
- shaped like a  
fiend ;  
the other,  
white,
- spitting fire,
- and with a  
head at his  
tail's end.
- All the  
workmen  
run away  
from fright.
- The dragons  
fight
- fiercely
- the whole  
day
- till evening,  
when the red  
dragon

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. one stroke of the *w* is dotted for *i*.—P.

<sup>2</sup> agrise, affright, attack, sett upon.  
A.-S. *agrisan*, horrere, GL ad G.D.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. *d* is seemingly made over the two *ss* in the MS.—P.

<sup>4</sup> battayle.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> the.—P.

drives the white one into the plain.		drauc the white from a downe <sup>1</sup> into the plaines a great verome, <sup>2</sup>
	1536	till they came into a valley ; & there they rested them both tway, & there the white recovered his flight & waxed Egar for to fight,
Here they rest till the white recovers,	1540	& Egerlye with-out fayle the redd dragon he can assayle ; & there the wh[i]te with all his might hent the red anon right,
attacks the red,		& to the ground he him cast, & with the fyer of his blast altogether he brent the red,
	1544	That neuer after was found shread, but dust vpon the ground lay.
and burns him right up		[page 167.]
to dust.	1548	& the white went away, & neuer sithe that time then heard noe man where he became.
Then the white dragon disappears.		
Merlin	1552	then sayd Merlyn the younge among them all before the King, & said to him with words bold,
asks Vortiger		“ now is itt sooth that I you tolde ?
	1556	itt is soothe ; yee may itt see ; therfore Sir King, I pray thee, doe yee the clarke's afore mee bring <i>that Laid on mee that Leasing.</i> ”
to have the clerk's brought up who laid the blame on him. He demands why they sought his death. They say	1560	& he asked them the King beforne “ Why the wold his blood were Lorne. <sup>3</sup> ”
they saw a cloud in the heaven	1564	& the answered with words myld, dreadfullye before the chylde, & sayden, “ the saw witterlye beneath the welkin a skye,
that told them		& shewed him all his begott,

<sup>1</sup> downe, Collis. A.-S. *dun*. Collis, Mons. Jun.—P. ? adown, down below. <sup>2</sup> *forti* Venome.—P. ? randoun; *sec* —F.

randome, l. 1820.—F.

<sup>3</sup> lost, undone. Urry's Chauc.—P.

- 1568 how hee was on earth lote,<sup>1</sup>  
 & thorrow his blood the Kings castle  
 shold stande both strong & weeble."  
 then said Merlyn thoe,
- 1572 "hee was a shrew<sup>2</sup> that told you soe ;  
*that skye*, he sayd, "*that showed you that*,  
 he was the father *that mee begatt*,  
 & for I serne him not att will,  
 therfore he wold my blood spill ;
- 1576 & for *that* he hath beguiled you soe,  
 Sir Vortiger, I pray you thoe,  
*that yee grant them their liffe* ;  
 all my wrath I them forgiue."
- 1580 the King his asking granted swithe ;  
 then were the clarkes glad & blythe ;  
 forth they went, both more & mynne,  
 & with them went Merlyne.
- 1584 Merlyn was with vortiger  
 to his counsell all *that yeere* ;  
 through his wisdome & counsayle  
 the castle was built strong & well ;
- 1588 & when the castle was all wrought,  
 Erles & Barrons the King besought  
*that he wold know att<sup>3</sup> Merlyn thoe*  
*why the dragons foughten soe* ;
- 1592 itt was some tokening, the sayd all,  
*that some aduenture shold befall*.  
 Merlyn was brought befor the King,  
 & he him asked without Leasinge
- 1596 what *that tokening* might meane,  
 the fighting of the dragons keene.  
 Merlyn stoode & Made danger.<sup>4</sup>

his blood  
would make  
the castle  
stand.  
Merlin says

the cloud  
was his  
father,

who wanted  
to kill him,

and beguiled  
them,

but he  
forgives  
them.

Merlin stays  
a year with  
Vortiger.

and directs  
the building  
of his castle.

The nobles  
ask that  
Merlin  
may explain  
why the  
dragons  
fought so.

Vortiger  
asks him.

Merlin  
won't  
answer.

<sup>1</sup> *lote*, vct. particip. pro *alighted*.—P.

<sup>2</sup> a villain. *Urry ad Chauc.*—P.

<sup>3</sup> of.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Compare "Comme le tavernier faisoit  
danger ou difficulte de ce faire."—

Carpentier. "With *danger* uttern we  
all our chaffare," (*Chaucer, Wif of  
Bath*), i.e. we make difficulties about  
uttering our ware." Wedgwood.—F.

		then bespake Sir Vortiger,
Vortiger threatens to kill him.	1600	& sayd, "Merlyn, but thou me tell, anon I shall cause thee to be quell."
Merlin		then answered Merlyn a-plight <sup>1</sup> with great wrath anon-wright, <sup>2</sup>
	1604	& sayd, "withouten weene <sup>3</sup> <i>that day shall nener be seene</i> <sup>3</sup> ;
ridicules this;	1608	if thou take thy sword in hand me to slay or bring in band, yett may thou fayle of all thy fare, <sup>4</sup> as the hound doth of the hare. I warne you well, Sir vortiger, I give nothing of thy danger <sup>5</sup> !
is not afraid of him; but will tell him all if he'll guarantee his safety.	1612	but if thou wilt find me a borrowe <sup>6</sup> <i>that thou shalt doe me noe sorrowe,</i> then will I tell you all bydeene the fightinge of the dragons keene. <sup>7</sup> "
Merlin then says, " You, Vortiger, are the foul red dragon :	1616	then said Merlyn to the King, "Sir, understand well my sayinge ; the red dragon so soule of sight betokeneth thy selfe & all thy Might ; for through thy false procuringe Moyne was slaine, the younge King. thou see the red dragon the white droue fier downe into the groue : <span style="float: right;">[page 168.]</span>
you had Moyne slain.	1620	<i>that betoockneth the heyres that thou dids:</i> fleame <sup>8</sup>
You banished Constantine's heirs.	1624	his suit ; and hence the ordinary acceptation of the word at the present day : 'In <i>danger</i> of the judgment, in <i>danger</i> of Hell-fire.'—Wedgwood.—F.
		"pledge, surety.—P. A.-S. <i>bork</i> .—F.
		"Hiatus.—P. The prose romance says, "And Vortiger made hym soche suerte as he wolde" (p. 39) ; but it makes Vortiger ask the question without any suggestion from his nobles, immediately after the dragons' fight, and before the clerks are summoned.—F.
		"bannish.—P. A.-S. <i>fymian</i> .—F.

<sup>1</sup> *Aplit*, adv., immediately, at once : Rob. of Gloucester, 54. Coleridge's Gloss. — F.

<sup>2</sup> *anowrighter*, adv. immediately. Aly-  
saunders, 824. Coleridge's Gloss.—F.

<sup>3</sup> These two lines are written as one in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> way, It. [?] condition, welfare. Urry.—P.

<sup>5</sup> out of danger from thee.—P. "To be in the *Danger* of any one, *estre en son danger*, came to signify to be subjected to any one, to be in his power, or liable to a penalty to be inflicted by him or at

	with wrong out of the realme. soe all the folke <i>that</i> with them held both in towne and in feilde,	Their friends are
1628	the white dragon doth signifie ; the right heyres hane great envye <i>that</i> thou holdeth all their Land <sup>1</sup> against them with much wronge ;	the white dragon ;
1632	alsoe the wh[i]te, can you well say, recovered his flyght into the Valley, & droue the redd dragon againe till he came to the plaine,	and the white's recovering,
1636	& to the ground he him cast, & with the fyer of his blast all to powder he burnt the redd, <i>that</i> neuer of him was found a shread.	and burning the red to powder,
1640	<i>that</i> betokens the heyres soe youngo <sup>2</sup> are now waxen, & succour found, & are readye with many <sup>3</sup> a Knight against thee to hold fight.	means that the young heirs are ready to fight,
1644	into this castle they shall thee drive with thy child & thy wiffe ; <sup>4</sup> & all beene with thee then, into the ground shall the brenn ;	and will drive you into your castle,
1648	& the King Sir Anguis shall be slaine, and hold noe price ; his kingdome & thine alsoe shall doe England Mickle woe.	and burn you all.
1652	<i>that</i> betokens vpon the white dragons tayle, <i>that</i> betokens withouten fayle, the heyres <i>that</i> be trew <sup>5</sup> and good shall destroy all thy blood :	The head on the white's tail
1656	Sir Vortiger, this is the tokeninge	shows that the true heirs shall kill all your kin."

<sup>1</sup> Londe.—P.<sup>2</sup> I w<sup>t</sup> read "are waxen now with suc-  
cour strong."—P.<sup>3</sup> Only half the *s* in MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> and when all ; or and all that been.P. Instances of the omission of the  
relative have occurred before.—F.<sup>5</sup> trew, true.—P. The *t* is made over  
a *d* in MS.—F.

		of the dragons fighting !
Vortiger sadly aks	1660	as I thee say withouten othe thou shalt it find siker <sup>1</sup> & troth."
		still him stood Sir vortiger, & bote his lip with dreery cheere,
Merlin for counsel.	1664	& sayd to Merlino withouten fayle, "you must tell mce some counsell <sup>2</sup>
		without any more striffe, how I may best leade my liffe."
Merlin says Vortiger must die; there is no help for it.	1668	then Merlyne sayd without weene, "thus must itt needs beene, & therfore soe haue I rest : I can noe read, but doe thy best."
Vortiger says he'll kill him.	1672	vortiger sayd, "but [thou] me tell, anon I shall doe thee quell."
Merlin vanishes.	1676	he start vp & wold him haue wrought <sup>3</sup> ; but where he was he wist nought, soe soone hee was away then <i>that</i> in the hall wist noe man, hye nor lowe, swaine nor groome, <i>that</i> whist where Merlyne was become.
gives to Blasye,		then went Merlyn hastilye to the Hermitt <i>that</i> hight Blassey,
tells him all about it;	1680	& told him without leasing how he had serued the king ; & told him without wronge the fighting of the dragons stronge.
and Blasye writes down in a great book	1684	of the red & of the white a great Booke he did endite, & told <i>that</i> the red dragon betokens much destruction
	1688	through vortigers kinred I-wis, & the heathen king Anguis ; in England shold be afterward strong battailes & happs hard.

<sup>1</sup> firm, sure.—P.<sup>2</sup> counsayle.—P.<sup>3</sup> reached, seized.—P.

- |      |   |   |
|------|---|---|
| 1692 | all that Merline tolde & sayd,<br>in good writting itt was layd,<br>of all the ventures, I vnderstand,<br><i>that euer shold fall in England ;</i>                | all that<br>Merlin said.  |
| 1696 | But for itt is soe darke a thing<br><i>that Merlyn made in his sayinge,</i><br><i>that few men withouten weene</i><br>can vnderstand what itt meane ;             | [page 169.] But it is so<br>dark<br><br>that few can<br>understand<br>it. |
| 1700 | but on <sup>1</sup> yee will a stond dwell,<br>of other things I will you tell.<br>of the hend children tow,<br>Vther & Pendragon alsoe,                          | I'll now tell<br>you how<br>Vther and<br>Pendragon                        |
| 1704 | I told, as I you vnderstand,<br>how they were fleamed out of the Land ;<br>now will I tell you in certaine,<br>in what manner the came againe                     |   |
| 1708 | with great strenght & power,<br>& how he <sup>2</sup> draue Sir Vortiger<br>forth into his castle strong<br>for his vnright & for his wronge ;                    | came back,<br><br>drove Sir<br>Vortiger<br>into his<br>castle,            |
| 1712 | & how the brent him flesh & bone,<br>& how they cau <i>king</i> Anguis slaine, <sup>3</sup><br>I will yee tell in what Mannour :<br>listen now & you shall heare. | and then<br>burnt him.  |

[The Seventh Part.]

- |                       |  |                                   |
|-----------------------|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1716                  | The merryest time itt is in may ;<br>then springs the summers day ;<br>soe in <i>that</i> time, as yee may heere,<br>the Barrons came to vortiger,<br>& said, " my Lord the kinge,<br>wee haue brought you heard tydinge<br>of Pendragon <i>that</i> is thyre foe,<br>& of Vther his brother alsoe ; | In merry<br>May,                  |
| 1720                  |  | Vortiger's<br>barrons tell<br>him |
| 7 <sup>th</sup> Parte | that<br>Pendragon<br>and Other   |                                   |
|                       |  |                                   |

' For an, if.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *hi, they*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> alone, *idem*.—P.

have invaded his land,	1724	They are comen into this Land with many a Knight doughtye of hand, & they will stint nought till thou be to ground brought;
and are at Winchester. He must summon his friends.	1728	they are att Winchester almost; therfore send about in hast to all thy freinds, I thee reed, for thou had neuer soe much need."
Vortiger sends	1732	vp him start vortigers, & called to him Messengers;
to Winchester and orders the gates to be shut.	1736	to winchester he them sent, & bade them, thorow his commandement, 'against Vther & Pendragon the shold shutt the gates anon; as they wold his loue winne, they shold not let them come in ; & he wold come anon-right to helpe them with all his m'ght.'
He also sends to King Anguis to come and help him.	1740	other Messengers he sent anon to king Anguis soone, & bade him 'come to helpe att neede, with all the folke that he might leade, for to fight against his fone <i>that were comen him to slone.'</i>
Anguis comes; they march off;	1744	when King Anguis he was come, the way to winchester they nume <sup>1</sup> ; & or they were halse way there, Vther & Pendragon comen weare to winchester <sup>2</sup> towne soc nyce,
but Uther and Pendragon are alwayly at Winchester;	1748	& reard their Banners on hye ; armes the shewed rich there <sup>3</sup> <i>that had beene their fathers before.</i>

<sup>1</sup> nume, or nome, i.e. took.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The prose romance puts Winchester within sight of the sea—" the same day saugh thei of Wynchester the shippes comyng by the see," (p. 41)—and omits the battle, and defection of the hundred

knights, mentioned here, though it makes the people turn against Vortiger, and the latter take refuge in his castle, and get burnt, all in half a page of text.—F.

<sup>3</sup> thore.—P.

- 1756 then the burgesse *that they Banners knew,*  
 att the first he<sup>1</sup> can them rue  
 the death of Constantine the King,  
 & of Moyne *that was slaine soe younge,*
- the  
burgesses of  
which town
- 1760 & said ‘vortiger was a Traitor,  
 & all that wold him succor ;’
- say Vortiger  
is a traitor;
- & said ‘th  wold let into the towne  
 both Vther and Pendragon,  
 & ceaze there into their hands,  
 for they were right heyres of the land.’
- 1764 they sett open the gates wyde,  
 & lett Pendragon in ryde,
- and  
therefore  
they open  
the gates to  
Pendragon,
- 1768 And Vther his brother alsoe, [page 170.]  
 & all that came with them 2 ;
- and give up  
town and  
tower to  
him and his  
host.
- & yeelden to them both towne & tower,  
 & didden them full great honor,
- 1772 *that euer after winchester then*  
*great thanke & freedome wan.*
- Vortiger  
hears of this,
- when *that vortiger the fell*  
*the sooth Tydings hard tell,*
- 1776 *that Vther & Pendragon*  
 were let into winchester towne,  
 then he comanded his men fast  
 to goe to winchester in hast.
- and orders  
his men to  
march on  
Winchester.  
Pendragon
- 1780 & when Pendragon vnder-nome,<sup>2</sup>  
*that vortiger did thither come,*  
 he cast open the gates wyde ;
- at once  
issues out  
to give  
Vortiger  
battle,
- & all they can out ryde,
- 1784 & dighten them without sayle  
 to giue Sir Vortiger battayle.
- On seeing  
Pendragon,  
a hundred of  
Vortiger's  
barons
- but the English Barrons all in fere  
*that were comen with Vortiger,*
- 1788 when th  can they<sup>3</sup> folke scene  
*that were some time of their kine,*

<sup>1</sup> they . . . rue; to pity, lament.      <sup>2</sup> received, it perceived. Chauc., *vid.*  
 Jun.—P. A.S. *ki*, they.—F. Urry. Lye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> the.—P. they, those.—F.

- (with Vortiger was many a Knight  
*that knew the Banners anon-right ;*  
 well a 100 there were  
*that had serued their father deere,*  
*& saiden ‘Vortiger was false in feild,*  
*& all that euer with him helde,’)*
- 1792 turn against him,  
 and attack him. 1796 to vortiger thé ran soone,  
 & thought for to haue slaine him anon.  
 they had ment to haue slaine him there,  
 but all too little was their power,
- 1800 But Vortiger has 20 to 1 of them,  
 orders them to be surrounded, 1804 King Vortiger & Anguis  
 for wrath were neere wood I-wisse ;  
 he commanded all his route  
 to besett them all aboute,  
 & sware there shold scape none,  
 but they shold all be slaine.<sup>1</sup>
- 1808 and all slain. 1812 Many are slain,  
 though they fight hard. 1816 One baron breaks through,  
 gallops to Pendragon,
- Lance they broke, & shafts thé drew,  
 many of the Barrons thé slew ;  
 but they were strong & wight,  
 & fought againe with all their might ;  
 for nothing wold thé yeeld then,  
 but slew many a heathen man ;  
 fast on him <sup>2</sup> they can hew,  
 but alas, they were to few !
- yett one Baron was soe strong  
*that hee scaped out of the thronge ;*  
 hee pricked his steed with great randome  
 till he came to Pendragon ;  
 he sayd, “ thou art heyre of this land,  
 to my tale doe vnderstand !
- 1824 for the loue of thy Brother & thee

<sup>1</sup> alone, *id.*—P.<sup>2</sup> A.S. *hem*, them.—F.

- hither I come to helpe thee,  
& therfor now are wee shent;  
for our good will to thee meant,  
and appeals  
to him
- 1828 King vortiger & King Anguis,  
with many a Sarazen of great price  
shall hew vs downe to the ground,  
but yee vs helpe in this stonde."
- 1832 itt was noo reed to bid him <sup>1</sup> ryde :  
the folke spurred out on euerye syde,  
& when they were together mett,  
there were strokes wel besett :  
to come to  
the rescue  
of his  
friends.
- 1836 there fough't Vther & Pendragon  
as they were woode Lyons ;  
Many a sarazens head anon  
thē stroke of by the Necke bone.
- 1840 Many folke that ilke tyde <sup>2</sup>  
were slaine on both syds <sup>3</sup> ;  
King Vortiger, without fayle,  
was overcome in that battele <sup>4</sup> ;  
he and  
Uther fight  
like raging  
lions.
- 1844 & Maugre him & all his  
that were with king Anguis,  
thē were driven soe nyne  
that into a castle they can flee,  
Vortiger is  
defeated,  
[page 171.]
- 1848 & that was both strong & merrye,  
and takes  
refuge  
in a castle  
on Sali-bury  
Plain.

<sup>1</sup> them or hem.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The last twenty-eight lines of the Lincoln's Inn MS. of Merlin are as follows :

1630 Gret folke on boþe syde  
þer was slawe at þat tide.  
Kynge Fortager wiþ-owte faille  
was overcome in þat bataile :  
And mawgred him and alle his  
þat weoren wiþ kynge Aungys,  
þey weore dryuen so nygh  
Into a castel þat þey sleigh  
þat was boþe god and mury  
vpon þe playn of salesbury.  
1640 Pendragon and his broþir vter  
Prikedon after sir fortager ;  
And when þey to þat castel come,  
wilde fuyr a-non þey nome,

And casten hit ouer þe wal wiþ  
gynne.  
And al so swiþe hit was wiþ-yinne,  
hit gan to breanne owt of wit  
þat noman myghte staunchen hit ;  
And fortager wiþ child and wif  
And al þat was þer-yinne on lyne,  
Best and mon, wiþ lym and lyth,  
hit brente down wiþ-oute gryth.  
Fortager regnedo hero  
Al fully seouen yro.  
Now preyge we ihesu, heouene kynge,  
And his moder þat sweete byngy,  
he blesse ows alle wiþ his hond,  
And sende ows pes in Engelond.

Explicit Merlin.—F.

<sup>2</sup> either syde. *sic legerem.*—P.

<sup>4</sup> battayle.—P.

Pendragon  
and Uther

cast wild fire 1852

into the  
castle,

and it soon 1856

burns up  
Vortiger,  
and all  
other beasts  
and men  
with him. 1860

He reigned  
seven years.  
1864

God send us  
peace in  
England !

vpon the plaine of salsbury.  
Pendragon & his brother Vther  
pricked after Sir Vortiger ;  
& when they to the castle came,  
wylde fyer soone them nome<sup>1</sup>  
& cast itt in with a gynne<sup>2</sup> ;  
& as soone as itt was within,  
itt gann to bren out of witt  
that noe man might stanch itt ;  
& vortiger, with child & wiffe  
that were theere in their liffe,  
beast & man, with lymes & lythe,<sup>3</sup>  
were brenned all forthwith.

Vortiger raignd heere  
ffullye the space of 7 yeere.  
now pray wee all the heauens King,  
& his mother, that sweet thinge,  
he blesse vs all with his hand,  
& send vs peace in England !

1868

Uther and  
Pendragon  
besige  
Anguis in  
his strong  
castle,

8<sup>th</sup> Parte

but without  
success at  
first.

1876

Now when vortiger was brent,  
Vther & Pendragon went  
for to beseige king Anguis  
in his castle soe strong of price,  
wither he was fled for dread & doubt.  
& Pendragon with all his rout  
besett him soe on euery side  
that noe man might scape that tyde.

But King Anguis within that castle  
was bestowed soe wonderous well,  
& soe stronglye itt was wrought

<sup>1</sup> name, i.e. took.—P.

<sup>2</sup> engine.—F.

<sup>3</sup> lythe, joint. A.-S. *līð*, artus, mem-  
brum, articulus. G.D. Lye.—P.

- |      |   |   |
|------|---|---|
| 1880 | <i>that noe man might deere itt nought.<br/>&amp; when they had besieged him longe<br/>about they castle <i>that</i> was soc stronge,<br/>&amp; when noe man might him deere,</i>   |   |
| 1884 | <i>5 Barrons comen there<br/><i>that</i> had beeene with vortiger,<br/>&amp; told Pendragon &amp; vther<br/>how Merlyne was begotten &amp; borne,<br/>&amp; how he came the King beforne,<br/>&amp; what words he him tolde<br/>of the dragons vnder the Mould,<br/>&amp; how the King wold haue him slaine,<br/>&amp; noo man wott where he become,<sup>2</sup><br/>&amp; said, "Sir, verament<br/>&amp; Merline were here present,<br/>through his councell you shall anon<br/>Kinge Anguis ouer-come."</i> | Then five<br>barons<br>tell<br>Pendragon<br>and Uther<br>about<br>Merlin.                                       |
| 1888 |   | and what he<br>told<br>Vortiger<br>about<br>the two<br>dragons.   |
| 1892 | <i>Pendragon was wound[r]ed thoe,<br/>&amp; soe was his brother Vther alsoe,<br/>&amp; sent anon the Knights 5<br/>for to seeke Merlyn belive,<br/>&amp; bade them, if they found the child,<br/>to pray him with words milde<br/>to "come &amp; speake with Pendragon<br/>&amp; Vther in his pauillyon,<br/>him to wishe,<sup>3</sup> &amp; them to reade,<br/>&amp; if hee might, helpe them att needle<br/>for to winne <i>that</i> strong hold,<br/>&amp; he shold haue what he wold."</i>                | They say<br>that if<br>Merlin were<br>present,  |
| 1896 |   | Anguis<br>would soon<br>be overcome,<br>Pendragon<br>and Uther<br>send the<br>knights<br>to seek out<br>Merlin, |
| 1900 |   | and beg him<br>to come and<br>help them to  |
| 1904 |   | win Anguis's<br>stronghold.   |
| 1908 | <i>the Messengers forth went<br/>to seeke Merlyn with good entent,<br/>&amp; fare<sup>4</sup> &amp; wyde they him sought,<br/>but of him they heard right nought.<br/>soc on a day the Messengers,</i>  | The<br>messengers   |
| 1912 |   | can hear<br>nothing of<br>Merlin,   |

<sup>2</sup> became.—P.

<sup>3</sup> wisse, to direct.

## St. and Chancery

till one day in a wes- country tavern		as they were sett att their dinners in a taverne in the west countrye, with meate & drinke great plentye,— an old churle, hee came in with a white beard vpon his chine, & a staffe in his hand he had, & shoone on feete full well made,
an old white- bearded churle comes in	1916	
and beggs for something to eat	1920	And begunn to crane more, [page 172.] & said he was an hungred sore, & praid them on the bench aboue to give him something for gods loue.
They refus to give him anything,	1924	& the then sayd, with-out Leasinge, “that he shold haue of them nothings,” & sayd “if that the churle be old, he is a stronge man & a bolde, & might goe worke for his meato if he itt wold with truth gett ; ”
say he is strong and can work ;	1928	& called to him euereche one, & bade him trasse <sup>1</sup> & away gone, & sware by the ruth that god them gaue, he shold drinke with his owne stafie. then Merlyn <sup>2</sup> answered yorne <sup>3</sup>
he must jock,		
or have a dose of bark with the sick inside.	1932	
Merlin says he's a man of the world, and they are impudent young scamps	1936	“fellow,” hee sayd, “I am noe churle I am an old man of this worlde, & many wonders scene & hearde ; & yee be wretches & younge of blood, & forsooth can litle good ;
	1940	& if yee knew as yee may can, <sup>4</sup> yee shold scorne noe old man ; yee shold be in the Kings neede, for old men can thee wishe and reede
who should know better than to scorn an old man.		

<sup>1</sup> to truss, to pack up, close together. Johnson.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The name ought to be concealed here from what follows below, ver. 105. This should be an error of the Transcriber, & these 2 lines corrupt. *forte*

the old man.—P. The prose romance omits almost all the details here given. See page 42-3.—F.

<sup>3</sup> yorne, presently, quickly, eagerly. Gl. ad Chaucer.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ne can.—P.

- 1944 where yee shold find Merlyn the chylde ;  
therfore the King was full wilde  
to send madmen out off rage  
for to goe on such a message ;  
for Merlyn is of such Manner,  
if he stood before you here  
& speake to you right att this dore,  
you shold know him neuer the more ;  
The King  
must have  
been out of  
his wits to  
send such  
madmen  
out after  
Merlin.
- 1948  
1952 for 3<sup>o</sup> this day you hane him mett,  
& yett yee know him neuer the bett.  
& therfore wend home, by my reed,  
for him to find you shall not speed ;  
They have  
seen him  
thrice that  
day and not  
known him :  
they'd  
better go  
home
- 1956 & bydde that prince take Barrons 5,  
& bydde come & speake to Merlyn belyue,  
& say that he shall them abyde  
right here by this forrests side." and tell the  
King to send  
five decent  
barons after  
Merlin,  
who will  
meet them  
by the  
forest.  
The old  
churle  
vanishes ;
- 1960 & when he had said to them this,  
anon he was away I-wisse,  
& there wist none of them  
where this old man was become.
- 1964 the Messengers wondred all  
where the churle was besfall,  
& all about they him sought,  
but of him they heard nought ;  
the messengers
- 1968 for in story it is told,  
the Churle that was soe stont & bold,  
that spake soe to the Messengers  
as the sate att their dinners,  
can't find  
where to ;  
and indeed
- 1972 forsooth itt was merline the younge  
that made to them this scorninge.  
the Messenger went soone anon,  
& told Vther & Pendragon,  
was Merlin  
himself.
- 1976 & <sup>1</sup> how the churle to them had tolde  
& sware to them with words bold,  
& told them how Merlyne the chylde  
So they go  
back to  
Uther and  
Pendragon,
- and tell

<sup>1</sup> delend.—P.

them that Merlin is awaiting five fresh barons from them.	1980	was byding in the fforrest wylde, & bade them take Barrons 5, to come and speake with him belyue ; & sayd Merlyn wold them abyde att such a place by the forrest syde.
Pendragon bands the siege of Anguis over to Uther,	1984	Pendragon had wonder thoe, & Vther his brother alsoe. Pendragon bade his brother gent to the seuge to take good tent, <sup>1</sup> <i>that</i> king Anguis scaped not away neither by night nor yett by day till they were of him wreake, <sup>2</sup> for he wold goe with Merlyn speake. <sup>3</sup>
	1988	then Pendragon with Barrons 5, went forth alsoe belyue. And [when] Pendragon was <sup>4</sup> forth went, [page 173.]
and goes himself to see Merlin.	1992	Merlyn anon verament wist full well <i>that</i> he was gone, & to Vther he came anon,— as itt were a stout garrison <sup>5</sup> he came to Vthers Pauillyon,— & said, "Vther, listen to mee, for of thy harme I will warne thee, ffor I know well with-outen fayle all <i>king</i> Angrius counsaile ;
Merlin then appears to Uther,	1996	for he will come this ilke night with many a man full well dight, & into the forrest slippe anon for to waite thee for to sloen ;
and warns him	2000	but herof hane thou noe dowbt, but warne thy host all about
that Anguis means to make a night attack on him;	2004	
wherefore he must warn his host	2008	

<sup>1</sup> to take tent, to take heed ; tent, attention, notice. — Gl. ad G. D. — P.

<sup>2</sup> *wreke or wrake*. — P.

<sup>3</sup> where . . spoke or speake. — P. MS. is right. — F.

<sup>4</sup> had, or delend. — P.

<sup>5</sup> forte, one of the garrison. — P.

Support : Old French, “*garison*, sûreté, sauveté, provision, tout ce qui est nécessaire ; *garison vivres*, provision, tout ce qui est nécessaire (cf. *garison*) renfort. *Berquy's Gloss*. The military sense of *renfort*, reinforcement, suits hero. — F.

	<i>that they be armed swithe &amp; weele both in Iron &amp; eke in steele,</i>	<i>to arm at once,</i>
2012	<i>&amp; gather to-gether all thy host, &amp; hold yee still with-outen bost till <i>that</i> hee bee amonge ye comen,<sup>1</sup> for he shalbe the first groome</i>	<i>and keep still till the attack comes;</i>
2016	<i>that shall vpon thy pauillion ren ; &amp; looke <i>that</i> thou be ready then, &amp; heard<sup>2</sup> on him looke thow hewe, &amp; spare not that old shrewe,</i>	<i>then be ready ;</i>
2020	<i>for thou shalt slay him with thy hand, &amp; winne<sup>3</sup> the price from all this land.<sup>4</sup> &amp; when he had told him all this case, he vanished away from <i>that</i> place.</i>	<i>bear hard on that old shrew Anguis, and kill him.</i>
2024	<i>great wonder had Vther thoe <i>that</i> he was escaped soe, &amp; thought itt was gods sonde<sup>4</sup> <i>that</i> warned him <i>that</i> stonde,</i>	<i>Merlin vanishes, Uther thinks him God's messenger.</i>
2028	<i>that had soe warned him of his fone, &amp; was soe lightlye from him gone, &amp; when itt drew vnto the night, <i>King</i> Anguis anon-right</i>	<i>At night Anguis arms</i>
2032	<i>did arme his men wrath<sup>5</sup> &amp; prest,<sup>6</sup> 3000 men of the best, &amp; said how a spye had tolde <i>that</i> Pendragon, the prince bold,</i>	<i>3,000 men, tells them Pendragon has left his camp ;</i>
2036	<i>forth into the countrye is<sup>7</sup> gone, &amp; left his brother Vther att home ; therfore, he sayd, he will<sup>8</sup> ont breake, &amp; on other<sup>9</sup> he wold him wreake, <i>&amp; sware an othe by Mahound<sup>10</sup></i></i>	<i>and therefore they made attack Uther,</i>
2040		

<sup>1</sup> come.—P. MS. has comen.—F.<sup>2</sup> hard.—P.<sup>3</sup> wine in MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> a message, anything that may be sent. *God's sonde*, of God's sending. Urry's Chaucer.—P.<sup>5</sup> rath, soon, early. Chaucer, *hie*, rather.

—P.

<sup>6</sup> prest, ready. Chaucer, —P.<sup>7</sup> was, —P. <sup>8</sup> wolde, —P.<sup>9</sup> Uther, —P.<sup>10</sup> This Poem was probably written

and kill him.		he wold kill him in his Pauillyon. & soone they were ready dight ; then King Anguis anon-right forthe of the castle he can ryde with 3000 by his syde,
Anguis malleis out with 3,000 men ;	2044	& forthe he went without bost vntill he came to Vthers host. & when he was comen right where Vthers Pauillyon was pight, <sup>1</sup> <i>King Anguis, a fell felon,</i> he hyed him to the Pauillyon & thought to slay Vther therin ; but he was beguiled thorow Merlyinc, for Merlyne had <i>that ilke Morrow</i> warned Vther of all the sorrow how <i>King Anguis</i> was bethought ;
lies to Uther's pavilion to kill him, but is sold by Merlin,	2052	therfore in his Pauillyon was he nought, <sup>2</sup> but had taken the feild with-out, with many a hardye man & stout. & Vther was a hardy man ;
for Uther is in the feild ;	2056	vpon king Anguis hee ran, & smote him att the first blow <i>that he cane him ouer-throwe ;</i> & Vther with his sword soe smart he smote him thorow the hart, & hent him by the head anon, & stroke itt from the necke bone.
charges Anguis, overthrows him,	2064	And when the Sarazens this can see, [page 174.] fast away can they flee to the Castle euer-eeche <sup>3</sup> one, & left their Lord all alone.
stabs him through the heart, and cuts his head off. The heathens tlic,	2068	but or the Might scape againe,
	2072	

about the time of the Crusados, when all Europe so rung of the Saracens and Mahomed, so that it became a general name for a Pagan & false God or idol.—P. The name can only prove that this poem was not written before the Cru-

sados. The names of the Saracens, and Mahound (for an idol), continued in use till perhaps the seventeenth century.—Th. Wright.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. pitched, prat. obsolete.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> not.—P. <sup>3</sup> everiche.—P.

500 were all slayne  
of the stoutest *that* were there,  
*that* came with their King I-fere.<sup>1</sup>

losing 500  
men.

[The Ninth Part.]

[Of Pendragon; his search for Merlin; and his death.]

2076

Now let vs be for a season,  
& let us turne to Pendragon  
*that* was gone to the forrest wilde  
to speake with Merlyn the chylde.  
the first time he asked for Merlyn,  
he see a heardsman keeping swine  
with an old hatt vpon his head,  
& in gray russett was he cladd,

Pendragon  
goes to the  
forest

9<sup>th</sup> Parte

And a good staffe in his hand,  
& a white whelpe him followande;  
stalworth he seemed, & well made.  
the prince anon to him roade<sup>2</sup>;  
& well fayre he can him fraine<sup>3</sup>  
giff he heard ought of Merlyn,  
& whether hee cold tell him any tythands<sup>4</sup>  
where was his most wininge.<sup>5</sup>

after Merlin,  
and sees a  
swineherd,

2084

"yea, Sir," he sayd, "by St. Marye,  
right now was Merlyn here with mee;  
& thou had comen care,<sup>6</sup> indeed,  
thou might haue found him in *that* stead<sup>7</sup>;

whom he  
asks to tell  
him

2092

& if thou can Merlyn ken,<sup>8</sup>  
he is not yett far gone;  
& therfore ryde forth in this way  
as fast as euer thou may,

where  
Merlin lives.  
"He was  
here just  
now;"

2096

& on thy right hand rathe<sup>9</sup>

take the  
first turn to  
the right,

<sup>1</sup> together.—P.

<sup>2</sup> rude, roade.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. freine, ask.—P.

<sup>4</sup> tyding.—P.

<sup>5</sup> most his wonninge [dwelling].—P.

<sup>6</sup> ere, before. (G. ad G. D.)—P.

<sup>7</sup> place.—P.

<sup>8</sup> conne.—P.

<sup>9</sup> soon.—P.

		thou shalt find a verry faire path that thorow the faire Forrest Lyeth, & in that way thou ryde swithe, & seekerlye <sup>1</sup> with-outen weeno soone thou may Merlyn scene."
and you are sure to see him."	2104	
Pendragon		then was the prince glad & blythe, & sped him forth swithe; & as he hard, soe he itt found,
	2108	a well faire path on his right hand. <sup>2</sup> the turned their horsses euerche one, & in that path the rydden anon,
takes the right-hand road,		& with Merlyn they Metten then, & as itt were a stout Champyon, <sup>3</sup> & bare a great packe on his backe ; & to him the prince full faire spake,
meets a man (Merlin),	2112	& asked him if hee see Merlyn: "yea," said he, "by St Martin, a little heere before your sight ; he is not farr, I you plyght.
whom he asks if he has seen Merlin. "Yes, and he is not far off;"	2116	to you I say by S: Iohn, he is not yett far gone ; & therfore ryde forth belieue as fast as your horsses may driue,
ride on.	2120	& yee shall find him in a wyle <sup>4</sup> : by then yee haue rydden a myle, with Merlyn yee shall meeete then, or yee shall speake with some other man
and you will mee him before you have gone a mile."	2124	that shall you tell full right where you shall haue of Merlyn a sight." & when he had thus sayd,
They ride on,	2128	the pricked forth in a brayd <sup>5</sup> ; & by they <sup>6</sup> had rydden a stonde,
	2132	as he him said wihout wronge,

<sup>1</sup> sickerlye, surely.—P.<sup>2</sup> honde.—P.<sup>3</sup> legerian Chapmon.—P.<sup>4</sup> while.—P.<sup>5</sup> a starting; *braid*, arose, awoke, also  
a start. (Gl. ad Chauc.)—P.<sup>6</sup> by then they.—P.

- |      |  |  |
|------|--|--|
|      | he mett with Merlyn on the plaync,<br>as he were a doughtye swaine,<br>all cloathed in robes soe gay<br>as it had beene a monkes <sup>1</sup> gray,<br>& bare a gauelocke <sup>2</sup> in his hand ;<br>his speeche was of another Land. | and meet<br>with a<br>swaine in<br>grey<br>(Merlin<br>again) |
| 2136 |  |  |
| 2140 | he, when the prince had him mett,<br>faire & hendlye he did him greet.<br>then the prince was all heauye,<br>& asked him of his curtesie   | whom<br>Pendragon  |
| 2144 | If he mett by the way<br>with chyld Merlyn <i>that day</i> :   | [page 175.] asks<br>whether he<br>has met<br>Merlin.         |
|      | " yea, Sir," hee said, " by S <sup>t</sup> Michaell,<br>Merlyn I know verry well ;<br>for right now sikerlye<br>Merlyin was here fast by ;<br>& had yee rydden a litle bett,<br>with Merlyn yee might haue mett ;                        | " Yes,<br>I know him<br>well,                                |
| 2148 | but Sir, I say with-out othee, <sup>3</sup><br>he is a quant <sup>c</sup> boy for-soothe ;<br>soe well I know Merlyns thought,<br>with-out my helpe you find him nonght ;<br>& if of him yee will haue speech,                           | he is a<br>quantin boy :                                     |
| 2152 | then must you doe as I to you teache :<br>att the next towne here beside,<br>there you must Merlyn abyde,<br>& in the towne take <i>your</i> ine, <sup>5</sup><br>& certainly then child Merlyn  | go to the<br>next town :<br>there wait<br>for him ;          |
| 2156 | shall come to you this ilke night,<br>& there yee shall of him haue sight,<br>& then yee may both Lowed & still<br>speake with Merlyn all <sup>6</sup> that you will."   | and he will<br>Come to you<br>this night."                   |
| 2160 | then was the prince blythe & glad,   | Pendragon  |

monkey.—P.

<sup>2</sup> a staff, vid. Bailey. An earlier meaning was "spear or javelin;" see Halliwell's Gloss.—E.

\* othe, oath.—P.

*quaint, strange, odd.* Gl. ad Chauc.

3 June.—P.

"defend." It

		& pricked forth as he were madd, & tooke his inne in the towne as shold a lord of great renouyne. Now May you heare in this time how Merlyn came the 5 <sup>th</sup> time, & how he the prince Mett, & on what manner he him grett, & became to him as councellour <sup>1</sup> : hearken to me & you shall heare. when itt was with-in the night, Merlyn came to the King full right, right in the guise of a swayne as he was in the forrest scene, & sayd—as I find in the booke—
puts up in the town,	2168	
and Merlin comes to him	2172	
	2176	
In the guise of a swaine.		
	2180	
Merlin announces himself to Pendragon, and saye he will gladly hear all he has to say.	2184	" Sir Prince, god send you good lucke ! loc, I am heere <i>that thou hast sought</i> ! tell me what is thy thought, & what thou wilt to me saine, for I wold heare thee wonderous faine."
Pendragon		then vpstart Pendragon, & into his armes he him nume <sup>2</sup> ;
asks him to stop with him.	2188	to bide with him he did him craue, & what hee wold aske, he should haue. & Merlyn sayd verament
Merlin consents,		" he wold be att his commandement ; ouer all, where-soo he were, he wold be att his bydding yare. <sup>3</sup> "
	2192	then was the prince gladd & blith, & thanked Merlyn many a sythe. <sup>4</sup>
and tells him that Uther has slain King Anguis.	2196	then sayd Merlyn, " Sir, will you heare ? I come from thy brother deere ; for through my councell hee hath this night slaine King Anguis, I you plight."
Pendragon	2200	then was the prince blythe & gladd,

<sup>1</sup> a councellore. qn.—P.<sup>2</sup> nume, i.e. took.—P.<sup>3</sup> ready.—P.<sup>4</sup> time, (vices).—P.

- 2204      & great solace & myrth made ;  
           & all that were there were full faine,  
           & on the Morrow rod <sup>1</sup> home againc,  
           & found King Anguis slaine,<sup>2</sup>  
           his head sett vp, his body drawne.  
           Pendragon asked Vther I-wis  
           ' who had slaine King Anguis ? '  
 2208      & he answered and can saine  
           that he [was <sup>3</sup>] warned by a swayne.  
           when he had told all how he did,  
           he thanked god in *that steade*.  
 2212      then be-spake Pendragon,  
           & sayd to Vther anon,  
           " hee that thec holpe att need thinc,  
           forsooth itt was child Merlyn  
 2216      That standeth now here by thee."      [page 176.]  
           Vther him thanked with hart free,  
           & prayd him then in all thing  
           *that* he wold be att his bidding.  
 2220      then the wenten to the castle with-out lesse,<sup>4</sup>  
           wherein many a Sarazen was,  
           *that* noe man might to them winno  
           by noe manner of gynne ;  
 2224      & therefore the ostc <sup>5</sup> still lay,  
           till after vpon the 3<sup>d</sup> day  
           word came from the Sarazen  
           where the lay in castle fine,  
 2228      *that* they wold yeeld up the castle ;  
           if they might passe well  
           to their Land with-outen dere,<sup>6</sup>  
           vpon a booke the wold sweare  
 2232      *that* they shold neuer againe come.  
           but Merlyn sent them word soone  
           *that* they shold pass cache one
- and his  
company  
ride home,
- find Anguis  
dead,  
and ask who  
slew him.
- Uther tells  
him how he  
was warned  
by a swain.
- " That was  
Merlin,"  
says  
Pendragon.
- They all lay  
siege to the  
castle
- till the  
Saracens  
(Saxons)  
offer to  
surrender it.
- Their terms  
are accepted.

<sup>1</sup> rode.—P.<sup>2</sup> slayne.—P.<sup>3</sup> was, qu.—P.<sup>4</sup> lese.—P.<sup>5</sup> i.e. host.—P.<sup>6</sup> hurt, damage.—P.

		by leue of his Pendragon.
2236		& when they had all sworne & some <sup>1</sup> that they wold neuer in this land come, they passed anon to the sea strand & went into their owne Land. <sup>2</sup>
and they return home.		
Pendragon is made king, reigns three years,	2240	then to Pendragon the crowne they name, <sup>3</sup> & King of Englande he became, & in England he raignd King but 3 yeere with-out Leasing, & after he was slaine rathe <sup>4</sup>
and is then slain :	2244	with Sarazens, & that was seathe <sup>5</sup> ; I shall you tell in whatt manner <sup>6</sup> ; listen a while & you shall heare.
I'll tell you how: In Denmark	2248	that time in the Land of Denmarke 2 Sarazens where, stout & starke, & were of King Anguis kinde, of his next blood that was soe hynde;
were two Saracens of King Anguis's kin,		the one was come of the Brother, & of the sister come the other ; strong men thew were, & fell, & theire names I can you tell ;
Sir Gamor, and Sir Malador,	2252	the one was called Sir Gamor, & the other Sir Malador.
great lords,	2256	Gamor came of the brother besorne, the other was of the sister borne, great Lords were they of Laud : Sir Malador held in his hand
great lords,	2260	2 duchyes, & Gamor 3 ; stowter men might none bee.
and stout,	2264	when they heard how king Anguis

<sup>1</sup> rather "sworne all and some."—P.  
The *tuncis* is allowable in early English.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Lond.—P. Instead of what follow till the arrival of the Danes in England, the Prose Romance, p. 50-4, has a story of a baron, envious of Merlin, who, as Merlin prophesied, breaks his neck; then Merlin's foretelling of two days fight.

and, on the third, the appearance of a flying dragon in the air, which will give the British victory.—F.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. took, from *nym*, to take.—P.

<sup>4</sup> early, soon.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Loss, damage, hurt. Gl. ad Chauc.

—P.

<sup>6</sup> P. has added an *e* to the end.—F.

- |      |   |  |
|------|---|--|
|      | in England was slaine I-wis,<br>altogether can they speake,<br>thcire vnckles death they wold wreake ;<br>& soe great an oste together they brought<br><i>that they</i> <sup>1</sup> number they can tell nought ;<br>but vnto shipp they gone anon,<br>& the seas <sup>2</sup> to flowe began. | who resolve<br>to avenge<br>Anguis's<br>death.<br>They gather<br>a great host,<br>set sail,                        |
| 2268 |   |  |
| 2272 | the winde soe well began to blow <sup>3</sup><br><i>that they landed att Bristowe.</i><br>then Merlyn knew itt well anon,<br>& told it vther & Pendragon,   | and land at<br>Bristol.<br>Merlin<br>knows it ;<br>tells Uther<br>and<br>Pendragon<br>of it ;                      |
| 2276 | 'how there was comen from Denmarke<br>a stronge oste stout & starke,<br>with many Sarazens of Price,<br>for to Auenge King Anguis.'   |  |
| 2280 | " In England," sayd Merlyn then,<br>" such an oste was never scene ;<br>I say to you with-outen Layne,<br>the one of you shalbe slayne ;<br>& whether of you soc ere it is,<br>shall hane to meede heauens blisse."   | and says it<br>will be the<br>death of one<br>of them ;  |
| 2284 | but for noc meede he wold not saine<br>whether of them shold be slaine ;<br>but never-the-lesse yee shall heare.<br>Merlyn Loued <sup>4</sup> well Vther,   | he will not<br>say which :   |
| 2288 | the least heere <sup>5</sup> <i>that</i> was on his crowne,<br>then all the body of Pendragon.  | but you<br>shall hear<br>(Merlin<br>loves Uther<br>best).  |
| 2292 | Hee bade them dight them anon<br>against their foemen for to gone,<br>& sayd ' Pendragon with-out fayle<br>Vppon the Land shold them assayle ; '<br>" & Vther, alsoe I bidd thee,<br>thou shalt wend by the sea,  | [page 177.]<br>Merlin bid-   |
| 2296 | & looke <i>that</i> theere scapen none  | Pendragon<br>attack the<br>Saracen<br>Danes<br>in front by<br>land,<br>while Uther<br>in their rear,<br>takes care |

\* the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. may be *scat.*—F.

\* The *b* is an altered *f*.—F.

**4 Letter.—P.**

**air.—P**

that none escape by sea.		till they be slaine euerye-eche <sup>1</sup> one."
Pendragon	2300	Pendragon was a doughtye Knight, & fell & Egar for to fight ; he neuer for stroakes wold forbear against noe man with sheeld or speare, nor better did with-outen fayle,
	2304	& that was seene in that Battaille ; he tooke his oaste with might & mayne, & went the Sarazens fast againe ; & when they were together mett,
attacks the Saracens		there were strokes sadlye sett ; many a heathen Sarazen
fiercely,	2308	he cloue downe to the chin ; many a man was sticked tho,
and kills so many of them	2312	& many a good steed was slayne alsoe. the Booke saith with-outen Lyc there was done such chualrye ; of the folke that Pendragon fell,
that their number cannot be told. Merlin tells Uther he shall not be slain,	2316	noe man can the number tell. & Vther to the sea went, & Merlyn told him verament that he shold not that day be slaine.
	2320	then was Vther wonderous fayne, <sup>2</sup> & in his hart soe wonderous Lyght that hee was feirce & fell in fight, & Egerlye with-out fayle
and he means it		the Sarazens he can assyle, & fast against them can stryde <sup>3</sup> that many a Sarazen lost their liffe.
the Saracens	2324	Pendragon & his folke in hast the Sarazens fast to ground the cast, that there were none against them stooode, but fledd away as they were wood.
Pendragon	2328	but Vther in that ilke tyde kept them in on the other syde ;
puts the Saracen Danes to flight. Uther interrupts them in their rear;	2332	

<sup>1</sup> everieche one.—P.<sup>2</sup> glad.—P.<sup>3</sup> strive or striffo.—P.

- |      |   |   |
|------|---|---|
|      | with strong Battayle & strokes hard<br>he drove them all againe backward ;<br>& when <i>that</i> they noe further might,<br>on Pendragon can thé light,       | drives them<br>back ;   |
| 2336 | a 100 Sarazens on a rowte<br>att once Layd him all about.<br>who-soe had seene Pendragon then, <sup>1</sup>   | and<br>a hundred<br>surround<br>Pendragon,  |
| 2340 | he might haue seene a Doughtye man ;<br>for all <i>that</i> he might euer reach,<br>trulye thé need noe other Leech.  |   |
| 2344 | the Sarazens stout & grim,<br>slew his steed vnder him ;<br>& when hee had Lost his steed,  | kill his<br>steed,  |
|      | great ruthe itt is in bookees to reede<br>how <i>that</i> he on foote stood   |   |
| 2348 | till <i>that</i> he lost his harts bлоode.<br>a 100 Sarazens att a brayd <sup>2</sup><br>all att once att him Layd,   | and then he<br>fights on<br>foot till he<br>is slain.<br>A hundred<br>Danes<br>rush at him, |
|      | & broken him body & arme,<br>& slew him there ; & <i>that</i> was harme.  |   |
| 2352 | & when <i>that</i> Vither vnderstode<br>his brother was slaine, he waxt neere woode,<br>& bade his men fast fight,  | and slay<br>him, sad to<br>say,<br>Uther  |
| 2356 | & he bestirrde him like a Knight :<br>of all the Sarazens <i>that</i> were left aliuie<br>there scaped noe more but 5.  | bids his men<br>fight fast,   |
|      | of the Christian men were but slane<br>3031 certane ;   | and only five<br>Danes escape<br>alive.   |
| 2360 | & in that ilke country tho<br>a mile might noe man goe—<br>neither by dale nor by downe—  | 3031 Chris-<br>tians are<br>killed.   |
| 2364 | but he shold tread on a dead man. <sup>3</sup><br>And when itt was against the night,<br>Vther had discomfited them in fight ;<br>he went home into his inne, | Uther goes<br>home at<br>night.   |
|      |   | [page 178.]   |

' than.—P.

<sup>2</sup> on a sudden.—F.

mon.—P.

[page 178.]

- |  |      |   |
|--|------|---|
| Pendragon's<br>corpe is<br>found,<br><br>and buried<br>at Glaston-<br>bury.    | 2368 | & asket councell of Merlync.<br><br>Pendragon was out sought,<br>& to the church full fayre brought;<br>he was grauen & layd full Merryc<br>in the towne of Glasenburye,<br>& thus ended <i>that doughtye Knight.</i> |
| God save<br>his soul !<br>and the<br>souls of all<br>who die for<br>the Right! | 2372 | God grant his soule to blisse soe bright !<br>& all <i>that done soe for the right,</i><br>I pray Iesu for his might<br>he grant them heauens blisse aboue !  |
| Amen !   | 2376 | <b>AMEN, AMEN,</b> for his mothers loue !   |

ffins.

[ “ *Dulcina*,” printed in the *Loose Songs*, follows here, p. 178 of the MS.]

## King : Arthurs Death.<sup>1</sup>

PENCRY remarks in a note to l. 96, p. 501 below, at the end of the first part of the following ballad, page 180 of the MS., "Hitherto the King himself speaks. In what follows the Poet carries on the narrative. From the difference of style and meter they should seem to be two different songs." This is evidently the case. The original ballad must have ended with l. 96, and is a simple narrative by Arthur of who and what he was, what countries he won, what giants and men he killed ; how, while he was emperor at Rome, news of Mordred's treason came to him ; how he returned and fought him, losing all his own valiant knights, and killing Mordred and every one of his men. Then a subsequent minstrel or copier must have thought "what a pity that all the details of that last great battle in the West should be left out!" So he set to work to add them, and has told again the oft-told tale that never dies: how the chance drawing of a sword by a knight to kill an adder, let loose on one another the hosts that were waiting to part as friends ; how on that bloody field all Britain's "noble Chivalry took their end"—for one man's sin the fairest company that e'er was thought of, died ;—how the fruit of Arthur's incest wounded to the death his father-king ; how Duke Lukin, after thrice failing to obey his Lord's commands, threw Escalberd into the stream, and

ranne againe to tell the King,  
but the King was gone from vnder the tree ;

<sup>1</sup> A very curious Romantic old Ballad, or rather two. see st. 25.—P.

N.B. The facts here referred to may be found related at large in the Old Chronicles, especially an old Cronycle Folio, black Lettre, printed at Antwerp 1493, by Gerard de leew.—P.

The former part of this Ballad is upon the Plan of Guy & Phillis. see Page 252.—P.

N.B. In this and the following, I made many corrections which I did not think it necessary to enumerate.—P.

but to what place he cold not tell,  
for neuer after hee did him see;  
but he see a barge from the land goe,  
& heardes Ladyes houle & cry. . .

Arthur is  
my name,

and I believe  
in God.

I ruled  
Britain  
in A.D. 490,

and kept the  
Round  
Table  
of 130  
knights,

feared thro'  
the world.

Uther begat  
me on  
Agyana.

OFF Bruite his blood<sup>1</sup> in Brittaine borne,  
King Arthur I am to name;  
through christendome & heathynesse<sup>2</sup>  
well knownen is my worthy fame.

In Jesus christ I doe beleue,  
I am a christyan borne<sup>3</sup>;  
the father, sone, & holy gost,  
one god, I doe adore.

in the 490 yeere  
over Brittaine I did rayne  
after my savior christ his byrth,  
12 What time I did maintaine

[page 179.]

the fellow-shipp of the table round,  
soe ffamous in those dayes,  
wheratt 100 Noble Knights  
16 & 30: sitt<sup>4</sup> alwayes,

who for their deeds & Martiall ffeates—  
as booke done yett record—  
amongst all<sup>5</sup> Nations  
20 wor feared throughe the world.

& in the castle of Tyntagill<sup>6</sup>  
King Vther mee begate  
of Agyana,<sup>7</sup> a bowtyous Ladyc,<sup>8</sup>  
24 & come of his estate.

<sup>1</sup> Brutus' blood, rather Brutys'.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> As wel in Cristendom as heithenesse.  
Chauc. *Cant. T. Prol.* Harl. MS. 7334.—F.

<sup>3</sup> bore is used in G.D. for borne

<sup>4</sup> sat.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> other.—P. pronounce na-ti-ons.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> Tyntagel.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> It is *Igerne* in the old Chronicles.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> dame.—P.

& when I was 15 yeere old,  
then was I crowned King ;  
all Brittaine was att an vprore,  
28 I did to quiett bringe,

At fifteen  
I was  
crowned,

& droue the Saxons from the realme,  
who had opprest this Land ;  
& then I conquered thronge Manly feats  
32 all Scottlande<sup>1</sup> with my hands.<sup>2</sup>

drove out  
the Saxons,  
and  
conquered  
Scotland,

Ireland, Denmarke,<sup>3</sup> Norway,  
these countryes wan I all,  
Iscland, Gotheland, & Swethland,  
36 & made their Kings my thrall.

Denmark,  
and Iceland.

5 Kings of Pauye<sup>4</sup> I did kill  
amidst that bloody strife ;  
besides the grecian Emperour,  
40 who alsoe Lost his liffe.

I killed five  
Pavian kings  
and a Greek  
emperor.

I conquered all Gallya  
that now is called ffrance,  
& I slew the hardy froland feild,<sup>5</sup>  
44 My honor to advance ;

I conquered  
France,  
slew Frollo,

& the vgly Gyant Danibus<sup>6</sup>  
soe terrible [to] vewe,  
that in St Barnards mount did Lye,  
48 by force of armes I slew ;

the giant  
Danibus,

&<sup>7</sup> Lucyes the Emperour of Roome,  
I brought to deadly wracke ;

Lucius of  
Roome,  
and 1000  
of his  
knights.

<sup>1</sup> All Scott<sup>sic legerim.</sup> then thro' manly feats  
I conquer with my hands.

<sup>8</sup> Froll in field : Froll or Frolle, accord-  
ing to the old Chronicles, was a Roman  
Knight, Governor of France.—P.

<sup>2</sup> hand.—P.

<sup>9</sup> called Dynabus in the Chronicles.

<sup>3</sup> and.—P.

<sup>10</sup> —P.

<sup>4</sup> Pavye.—P.

<sup>11</sup> delend.—P.

& a 1000 more of Noble Knights

52 for feare did turne their backes,

Then I  
passed  
Mountjoye,

whose carkasse I did send to Roome,  
cladd poorlye on a beere.

& afterward I past Mountioye,  
56 the next approching yeere;

and in Rome  
was crowned  
emperor.

then I came to roome,<sup>1</sup> where I was mett  
right as a conquerour,  
& by all the cardinalls solempnelye

60 I was crowned an Emperour.

Then, news  
came of  
Mordred's  
adulterie

one winter [there] I made <sup>2</sup> abode,  
& then word to me was brought  
how Mordred, my sonne,<sup>3</sup> had <sup>4</sup>oppressed the  
crown,

64 what treason he had wrought

with m:  
queen.  
I came  
home.

att home in Brittaine heere with my Queene ;  
therfore I came with speede  
to Brittaine backe with all my power,  
68 to quitt <sup>5</sup> that traiterous deede.

Mordred  
opposed my  
landing,  
but I  
effected it,

& when att Sandwiche I did Land,  
where<sup>6</sup> Mordred me with-stoode<sup>7</sup> ;  
but yett att last I landed there  
72 with effusion of Much blood,

losing Sir  
Gawaine.

for there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,  
being wounded on<sup>8</sup> that sore<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rome.—P.

<sup>2</sup> there I made.—P.

<sup>3</sup> In the Chronicles &c. he is called his  
nephew.—P. The romances make him  
Arthur's son by incestuous intercourse  
with his sister, King Lot's wife.—F.

<sup>4</sup> per.—P. (so)      <sup>5</sup> i.e. require.—P.

<sup>6</sup> there.—P.

<sup>7</sup> There is a dip-stroke between the *d*  
and *e*.—F.

<sup>8</sup> in that sore.—P.

The w<sup>th</sup> Sir Lancelot in fight.  
Had, &c.—P.

<sup>9</sup> shore.—P.

*that Sir Launcelott in fight*

76      *had giuen him before.<sup>1</sup>*

thence chased I Mordred away,  
    who ffeeld to London wright<sup>2</sup> ;  
ffrom London to winchester,

80      & to Cor[n]walle, hee tooke his flyght;

I chased  
Mordred  
to Cornwall,

& still I him pursued with speed  
    till at the Last wee mett,  
wherby appointed<sup>3</sup> day of fight

84      was<sup>4</sup> agreeede & sett,

till we met.

[page 180.]

<sup>5</sup> where wee did fight soe Mortallye  
    of liue eche other to<sup>6</sup> deprive,  
*that of 100:1000 men*

We fought ;  
nearly  
100,000 were  
slain,

88      scarce one was left aliue ;

there all the Noble chualrye  
    of Brittaine tooke their end !  
O ! see how fickle is their state<sup>7</sup>  
*92      that doe vpon<sup>8</sup> feates depend !*

all Britain's  
noble  
knights!

there all the traiterous men were slaine,  
    not one escaped away ;  
& there dyed all my Vallyant Knights !  
96      alas *that woefull day !*<sup>9</sup>

All Mor-  
dred's men  
were killed,  
and all my  
valiant  
knights.  
Alas !

### [Part II.]

but vpon a Monday<sup>10</sup> after Trinity sonday  
    this battaile foughten cold bee,

On Trinity  
Sunday  
before the  
battle

<sup>1</sup> 1. 76 & 75 are written in one line in  
the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> life each to.—P.

<sup>2</sup> right.—P.

<sup>7</sup> state.—P. The e has a flourish like

<sup>3</sup> an appointed.—P.

<sup>8</sup> s at the end.—F.

<sup>4</sup> there was.—P.

<sup>9</sup> on.—P.

<sup>5</sup> where we did fight of mortal life  
Eche other to deprive.—P.

<sup>10</sup> Percy's note here is printed in the  
Introduction to this Poem.—F.

<sup>10</sup> The Morn.—P.

where many a *Knight* cryed well-away !

100      alacke, the more pitty !

Gawain's  
ghost  
appears to  
Arthur,

but vpon Sunday in the euening then,  
when the *King* in his bedd did Lye,  
he thought Sir Gawaine to him came,  
104      & thus to him did say<sup>1</sup> :

and prayes  
him not to  
fight next  
day,

" Now as you are my vnckle deere,  
I pray you be ruled by mee,  
doe not fight as to-morrow day,<sup>2</sup>  
108      but putt the battelle off if you may<sup>3</sup> ;

as Lancelot  
and his  
knights  
are away in  
France.

" for Sir Lancelott is now in france,  
& many *Knights* with him full hardye,  
& with-in this Month here hee wilbe,  
112      great aide wilbe<sup>4</sup> to thee."

Arthur tells  
his nobles  
his vision.

hee wakened forth of his dreames :  
to his Nobles that told hee,  
how he thought Sir Gawaine to him came,  
116      & these words sayd Certainly.

They advise  
negotiation  
with  
Mordred.

& then the gane the *King* councell all,  
vpon Munday Earlye  
that hee shold send one of his heralds of armes  
120      to parle<sup>5</sup> with his sonne, if itt might bee.

Arthur  
sends twelve  
knights to  
the parley,

& 12 knights *King* Arthur chose,  
the best in his companye,  
that they shold goe to meeete his sonne,  
124      to agree if itt cold bee.

<sup>1</sup> crye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>3</sup> but putt it off if you may.—P.

<sup>4</sup> to give.—P.

<sup>5</sup> parle, parly.—P.

& the King charged all his host  
in readynesse for to bee,  
that Noe man shold noe weapons sturr  
128 with-out a sword<sup>1</sup> drawne amongst his Knights the  
see.

and orders  
his host not  
to stir  
unless any  
knight  
draws his  
sword.

& Mordred vpon the other part,  
12 of his Knights chose hee  
that they shold goe to meeete his father  
132 betweene those 2 hosts fayre & free.

Mordred  
also sends  
twelve  
knights,

& Mordred charged his ost  
in like manner most certaintly,  
that noe man shold noe weapons sturre  
136 with-out a sword drawne amongst<sup>2</sup> them the see;

and gives  
like orders  
to his host.

for he durst not his father trust,  
nor the father the sonne<sup>3</sup> certainley.  
alacke ! this was a woefull case  
140 as cuer was in christentye !

Neither  
could  
trust the  
other.

but when they were mett together there,  
& agreed of all things as itt shold bee,  
& a monthes League then there was  
144 before the battele foughтен shold bee,

The knights  
agree on  
a truce;

an Adder came forth of Bush,  
stunge one of king Arthirs Knights below his knee :  
alacke ! this was a woefull chance  
148 as cuer was in christentye !

an adder  
stings one  
of them;

the Knight he found him wounded there,  
& see the wild worme there to bee ;  
his sword out of his scabberd he drew ;  
152 alas ! itt was the more pitty !

he draws  
his sword ;

<sup>1</sup> unless swordes.—P.

<sup>2</sup> against.—P.

<sup>3</sup> some in MS.—F.

the hosts  
join battle;

and of  
100,000 men  
only throe  
are left,

& when these 2 osts saw they sword drawen,  
    thé loyned battell certainlye,  
Till of a 100:1000 : men  
156     of one side was left but 3.

[page 181.]

1. Arthur,

but all were slaine *that durst abyde,*  
    but some awaye *that did flee.*  
King Arthur vpon his owne partye  
160     himselfe aline cold be,

2. Duke  
Lukin,  
and 2.  
Bedever.

& Lukin the Duke of Gloster,  
    & Bedever his Butler certainlye.  
the King looked about him there,  
164     & saw his Knights all slaine to bee ;

Arthur  
moans to  
see his  
knights  
slain and  
Mordred  
alive.

“ Alas ! ” then sayd Noble King Arthur  
“ *that euer this sight I see !*  
to see all my good Knights lye slaine,  
168     & the traitor yett alive to bee !

Ile will slay  
Mordred.

“ loc where he leanes vpon his sword hillts  
amongst his dead men certainlye !  
I will goe slay him att this time ;  
172     neuer att better advantage I shall him see.”

Duke Lukin  
dissuades  
him,

“ Nay ! stay here, my Legee ! ” then said the Duke,  
“ for loue & charitye !  
for wee hane the battell woone,  
176     for yett aline wee<sup>1</sup> are but 3 : ”

but Arthur  
mounts his  
horse,

the King wold not be perswaded then,  
    but his horsse then Mounted hee ;  
his Butler t[hat] helped<sup>2</sup> him to horsse,  
180     his bowells gushed to his knee.

<sup>1</sup> altho alive we.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ‘helped, or as he helped.’—P. MS. thehelped.—F.

" alas ! " then said noble king Arthur,  
     " that this sight I euer see,  
     to see this good knight for to be slaine  
 184     for loue<sup>1</sup> for to helpe mee ! "

grieves over  
Bedever's  
wounds,

he put his speare into his rest,  
     & att his sonne he ryd feirclye,  
     & through him there his speare he thrust  
 188     a fathom thorrow his body.

charges at  
Mordred,  
and spears  
him through.

the sonne he felld<sup>2</sup> him wounded there,  
     & knew<sup>3</sup> his death then to bee ;  
     he thrust himselfe vpon his speare,  
 192     & gaue his father a wound certaintlye.

Mordred  
wounds  
Arthur,

but there dyed Sir Mordred  
     presently vpon *that* tree.  
     but or ere the King returned againe,  
 196     his butler was dead certaintlye.

and dies on  
his spear.

Bedever dies  
too.

then bespake him<sup>4</sup> Noble King Arthur,  
     these were the words sayd hee,  
     sayes, " take my sword Escalberd "  
 200     from my side fayre & free,  
     & throw itt into this riuere heere ;  
     for all the vse of weapons Ile deliuer vppc,  
     heere vnderneath this tree."

Arthur  
bids Lukin  
throw  
Escalberd

into the  
river.

204 the Duke to the riuere side he went,  
     & his sword in threw hee ;  
     & then he kept Escalberd,  
     I tell you certaintlye ;

Lukin  
throws in  
his own  
sword,  
and keeps  
Escalberd.

<sup>1</sup> for his love.—P.

<sup>2</sup> felt.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. may be know.—F.

<sup>4</sup> viz. Lukyn, Duke of Gloster.—P.

\* Caliburn, the sword of King Arthur' was presented A.D. 1191 to Tancred, King of Sicily, by our King Richard I. See Rapin, vol. i.—P.

208 & then he came to tell the King.

*Arthur asks what he saw.  
"Nothing."*

the king said, "Lukin, what did thou see?"  
"noe thing, my legee," the[n]! sayd the duke,  
"I tell you certaintlye."

*"Go again,  
and throw in  
my sword."*

212 "O goe againe," said the king,

"for loue & charity,  
& throw my sword into that riuier,  
that neuer I doe itt see."

*Lukin  
throws in  
the  
scabard,*

216 the Duke to the riuier side he went,  
& the kings scaberd in threw hee;  
& still he kept Escalbard  
for vertue sake faire & free.

*and tells  
Arthur  
he saw  
nothing.*

220 he came againe to tell the King;  
the King sayd, "Lukin, what did thou see?"  
"nothing, my legee," then sayd the Duke,  
"I tell you certaintlye."

*Arthur  
threatens to  
kill him.*

224 "O goe againe, Lukin," said the King,  
"or the one of vs shall dye."  
then the Duke to the riuier sid went,  
& then Kings sword then threw hee:

(page 182.)

*Lukin  
throws in  
Escalberd;*

228 a hand & an arme did meeke that sword,  
& flourished 3 times certaintlye.

*Lukin finds  
Arthur  
vanished,*

he came againe to tell the King,  
but the King was gone from vnder the tree,<sup>2</sup>

*and sees a  
barge go  
from the  
shore.*

232 but to what place, he cold not tell,  
for neuer after hee did him see,  
but he see a barge from the land goe,  
& hearde Ladyes<sup>3</sup> houle & cry certaintlye;

<sup>1</sup> then.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This is the tradition alluded to by Don Quixote.—P.

<sup>3</sup> By this word old English writers

expressed what the Romans called *Nymphae*, &c. *Summo ulularunt vertice Nymphae.* *AEn.* 4, 168.—P.

236 but whether the *king* was there or noe  
he knew not certaintye.

Lukin walks  
to a chapel,

the Duke walked by *that* Riuers side  
till a chappell there found hee,

240 & a preist by the *aulter*<sup>1</sup> side there stood.  
the Duke kneeled downe there on his knee  
& prayed the preists, “for christys sake  
the rights<sup>2</sup> of the church bestow on mee !”

prays for the  
rites of the  
church,

244 for many dangerous wounds he had vpon him,<sup>3</sup>  
& liklyc he was to dye.  
& there the Duke liued in prayer  
till the time *that* hee did dye.

and livet  
there till he  
dies.

248 <sup>4</sup> King Arthur liued King 22 yeere  
in honor and gret fame,  
& thus by death suddenlye  
was deprived from the same.

Arthur  
reigned  
twenty-two  
years.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> altar.—P.

<sup>4</sup> I take this stanza to belong to the  
first part.—P.

<sup>2</sup> rites.—P.

<sup>3</sup> delend.—P.

[*The loose songs “Of a Puritane” and “Cooke Laurell”*  
*follow, pages 182-4 of the MS.]*

## Kinge John & Bishoppe.

[Page 184 of MS.]

"IN most copies of y<sup>e</sup> old song 'tis 'the Abbots of Canterbury,'" says Percy's note in the manuscript. Another copy is "In the printed collection of old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2. p. 43. N. viii.," but "N.B. This song is more ancient and very different from the printed copy: containing double the quantity." In his Introduction to "K. John and the Abbot of Canterbury," "Reliques," v. 2, p. 302, 1st ed., the Bishop says, "The common popular ballad of 'King John and the Abbot' seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled 'King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.' The editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth revising, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas [of "K. John and the Abbot"], chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy "to the tune of Derrydown." Besides the above names, the tune is also referred to as "A Cobbler there was," and as "Death and the Cobler" (Chappell's "Pop. Music," i. 348; tune at p. 350). "Both 'The King and the Abbot' and 'The King and the Bishop' are in the catalogue of ballads printed by Thackeray in the reign of Charles II. The story upon which these ballads are founded can be traced back to the fifteenth century" (*ib.* p. 350).

I'll tell you  
a tale of  
King John,  
a bad lot he, 4

---

OFF an ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
of a notable prince *that* was called King Iohn,  
in England was borne, with maine & with might  
hee did much<sup>1</sup> wrong, & mainteined little right.

<sup>1</sup> mickle.—P.

this Noble prince was vexed in veretye,  
for he was angry with the bishopp of canterbury  
ffor his house-keeping & his good cheere.

and he was angry with the Bishop of Canterbury

8      thé rode post for him, as you shall heare ;  
they rode post for him verry hastilye ;  
the King sayd the bishopp kept a better house then for being  
richer than  
himself.  
hee ;

12 a 100 men euen, as I say,<sup>1</sup>  
     the Bishopp kept in his house euerye day,  
     & 50 gold chaines,<sup>2</sup> without any doubt,  
     in veluett coates waited the Bishopp about.  
  
 16 the Bishopp, he came to the court anon  
     before his prince that was called King Iohn.  
     as soone as the Bishopp the King did see,  
     “O,” quoth the King,<sup>3</sup> “Bishopp, thou art welcome  
         to mee !

there is noe man soe welcome to towne  
as thou *that workes*<sup>4</sup> treason against my crowne."      accuses him  
"My lege," quoth the Bishopp, "I wold it were  
knowne;  
I spend, your gracie, nothing but *that thats*<sup>5</sup> my  
owne;  
I trust your gracie will doe me noe deare<sup>6</sup>  
for spending my<sup>8</sup> owne trew gotten gecre."  
"yes," quoth the *king*, "Bishopp, thou must needs  
dye<sup>8</sup>:      and says he  
                  must die  
                  unless

' bear say, conj.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Neck-chains were occasionally worn during the middle ages by knights and gentlemen; and to them were [was orig.] afterwards appended the badges of royalty and nobility. In the sixteenth century gentlemen ushers and stewards used generally to wear *gold chains* as badges of office. In Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," 1608, Sir Bounteous Progress, a rich old knight, exclaims: "Run, sirrah, call in my chief gentleman in the *chain of gold*." Peacham, writing in 1638, says of the days of Elizabeth:

*"Chains of gold* were then of lords, knights, and gentlemen, commonly worn; but a *chain of gold* now (to so high a rate is gold raised) is as much as some of them are worth." (Fairinholt's *Custum in England*, p. 416-17.)—F.

"'q<sup>th</sup> he, Bp.' conj.—P.

<sup>4</sup> workest.—P. *workes* is right in the Northern dialect.—F.

\* what is.—P.

#### **Injury.—Fr.**

? of my.—P.

needs must thou die.—P.

three questions :		eccepþ thou can awnser me questions 3, thy head shalbe smitten quite from thy boþyde, & all thy lîning remayne vnto mee.
	28	first," quoth the King, " tell me in this steade, with this crowne of gold heere vpon <sup>1</sup> my head, amongst my Nobilitye <sup>2</sup> with Ioy & much Mirth, lett me know within one pennye what I am worth :
1. What he, the King,		secondlye, tell me without any dowbt how soone I may goe the whole world about : & thirdly, tell mee or euer I stinte, <sup>3</sup> what is the thing, Bishopp, <i>that I doe thinke.</i>
is worth.	32	20 dayes pardon thoust haue trulye, <sup>4</sup> & <sup>5</sup> come againe <sup>6</sup> & awnser <sup>7</sup> mee."
2. How soon he can go round the world. 2. What he is thinking about.	36	The Bishopp bade the King 'god night' <sup>8</sup> att a word.
The Bishop		he rode betwixt Cambridge & oxenford, but neuer a Doctor there was soe wise cold shew him these questions or enterprise ; wherewith the Bishopp was nothing gladd, but in his hart was heauy & sadd,
can't find any one to answer the questions,	40	& hyed him home to a house in the countrye To ease some part of his Melanchollye. [page 185.]
and goes home very sad.	44	his halfe brother dwelt there, was feirce & fell, noo better but a shepard to the Bishopp him-self ; the shepard came to the Bishopp anon, saying, " my Lord, you are welcome home !
His half- brother, a shepherd,	48	what ayls you," quoth the shepard, " <i>that you are</i> soe sadd,
asks what ails him.		& had wonte to haue beene soe Merry & gladd ? "
" Nothing."	52	" Nothing," quoth the Bishopp, " I ayle att this time, will not thee <sup>9</sup> availe to know, Brother mine."

<sup>1</sup> on.—P.<sup>2</sup> all my nobles.—P.<sup>3</sup> you shrink.—P.<sup>4</sup> verilye.—P. On *thousd*, see note <sup>1</sup>,

p. 20.—F.

<sup>5</sup> then.—P.<sup>6</sup> truly.—P.<sup>7</sup> to.—P.<sup>8</sup> goodnight.—P.<sup>9</sup> that will thee.—P.

- “Brother,” quoth the Shepearde, “you hane heard  
itt,<sup>1</sup> “Brother, a  
fool may  
teach a wise  
man ; tell  
me your  
trouble.”
- 56      *that a ffoole may teach a wiseman witt<sup>2</sup> ;*  
say me therfore what-soeuer you will,  
& if I doe you noe good, Ile doe you noe ill.”
- Quoth the Bishop : “ I haue beene att thy court anon,  
60      before my prince is called King Iohn,  
& there he hath charged mee  
against his crowne wth traitorye;  
if I cannott answer his Misterye,
- 64      3 questions hee hath propounded to mee,  
he will haue my Land soe faire & free,  
& alsoe the head from my bodye.  
the first question was, ‘ to tell him in *that* stead  
68      with the crowne of gold vpon his head,  
amongst his Nobilitye<sup>3</sup> with Ioy & much mirth,  
to lett him know within one penye what hee is  
worth ;’
- & secondlye ‘ to tell him with-out any doubt .  
72      how soone he may goe the whole world about ;’  
& thirdlye, ‘ to tell him, or ere I stint,  
what is the thinge *that* he does<sup>4</sup> thinke.’”
- “Brother,” quoth the shepard, “you are a man of  
Learninge ;
- 76      what neede you stand in doubt of soo small a  
thinge ?
- lend me,” quoth the shepard, “your Ministers<sup>5</sup> a  
apparrell,
- Ile ryde to the court & answeare your quarrell ;  
lend me your serving men, say me not nay ;  
80      with all your best horses *that* ryd on the way,  
Ile to the court, this matter to stay;
- The Bishop  
tells his  
half-brother
- the three  
questions  
which he  
must answer  
or die :
1. What  
King John  
is worth.
2. How  
quickly he  
can circule  
the world.
3. What he  
is thinking  
about.
- “Mere  
trifles,”  
says the  
Shepherd.  
“Lend me  
your dress,
- men,  
and horses,
- and I'll to  
court and

<sup>1</sup> never heard yet. Pr. copy.—P.

<sup>2</sup> A fool may put somewhat in a wise body's head : Ray, in Bohn's *Handhook*, p. 94. ‘Fools may sometimes give wise men counsel : ’ *ib.* p. 356. ‘A fool may

give a wise man a counsel : ’ *Proverbs of Scotland*, ed. Hislop, 1862, p. 281.—F.

<sup>3</sup> all his nobles.—P.

<sup>4</sup> that he doth.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Abbots or Bishops.—P.

answer the  
King."

- 84      Ile speake with King Iohn & heare what heele say." the Bishopp with speed prepared then to sett forth the shepard with horsse & man<sup>1</sup> ; the shepard was liuely with-out any doubt ; I wott a royll compayne came to the court. the shepard hee came to the court anon before [his] prince that was called King Iohn. as soone as the king the shepard did see, "O," quoth the king, " Bishopp, thou art welcome to me ! "
- 88      the shepard was soe like the Bishopp his brother, the King cold not know the one from the other. Quoth the King, " Bishopp, thou art welcome to me if thou can answer me my questions 3 ! "
- 92      said the shepeard, " if it please your grace, show mee what the first quest[i]on was."
- 96      " first," quoth the king, " tell mee in this stead with the crowne of gold vpon my head, amongst<sup>2</sup> my nobilitye<sup>3</sup> with Ioy & much mirth, within one pennye what I am worth."
- 100     Quoth the shepard, " to make<sup>4</sup> your grace noe offence, I thinke you are worth 29 pence; for our Lord Iesus, that bought vs all, for 30 pence was sold into thrall amongst the cursed Lewes, as I to you doe shewe ; but I know christ was one penye better then you."
- 104     then the King laught, & swore by St. Andrew he was not thought to bee of such a small value. " Secondlye, tell mee with-out any doubt how soone I may goe the world round about."
- 108     saies the shepard, " it<sup>5</sup> is noe time with your grace to scorne ; but rise betime with the sun in the Morne, & follow his course till his vprising,

" Twenty-  
nine pence,  
1d. less than  
Christ was  
sold for."

2. " How  
soon can I  
go round the  
world ? "

" Follow the  
sun,

<sup>1</sup> horses and men.—P.

<sup>2</sup> all.—P.

<sup>3</sup> nobles, con<sup>d</sup>.—P.

<sup>4</sup> give.—P.

<sup>5</sup> this.—P.

- & then you may know with-out any Leasing—  
 & this<sup>1</sup> your grace shall proue the same—  
 116 you are come to the same place from whence you <sup>and you'll do it</sup>  
 came ;  
 24 hours,<sup>2</sup> with-out any doubt, [page 186.] in twenty-  
 your grace may the world goe round about ; four hours."  
 the world round about, even as I doe say,  
 120 if with the sun you can goe the next way."  
 “ & thirdlye tell me or euer I<sup>3</sup> stint,  
 what is the thing, Bishoppe, <sup>3. “ What do I think ? ”</sup> that I doe thinke.”  
 “ that shall I doe,” quoth the shepeard ; “ for veretye “ That I am  
 124 you thinke I am the Bishopp of Canterburye.”  
 “ why ? art not thou ? the truth tell to me ;  
 for I doe thinke soe,” quoth the king, “ by St.  
 Marye.”  
 “ not soe,” quoth the shepeard ; “ the truth shalbe <sup>and I aint ! ”</sup>  
 knowne,  
 128 I am his poore shepcard ; my brother is att home.”  
 “ why,” quoth the King, “ if itt soe bee,  
 Ile make thee Bishopp here to<sup>4</sup> mee.”  
 John offers  
to make him  
his Bishop.  
 “ Noe, Sir,” quoth the shepard, “ I pray you be  
 still,  
 132 for Ile not bee Bishop but against my will ;  
 for I am not fitt for any such deede,  
 for I can neither write nor reede.”  
 The  
Shepherd  
refuses.  
 “ why then,” quoth the king, “ Ile give thee cleere  
 136 a patten<sup>5</sup> of 300 pound a yere ;  
 that I will give thee franke & free ;  
 take thee that, shepard, for coming<sup>6</sup> to me.  
 John gives  
him 300d.  
a year.  
 free pardon Ile giue,” the kings grace said,  
 140 “ to sauе the Bishopp, his land & his head ;  
 with him nor thee Ile be nothing wrath<sup>7</sup> ;  
 here is the pardon for him & thee both.”  
 and pardons  
the Bi-hop.

<sup>1</sup> thus.—P.<sup>2</sup> then in 24.—P.<sup>3</sup> you, vid. supra.—P.<sup>4</sup> here unto.—P.<sup>5</sup> patent.—P.<sup>6</sup> coming in MS.—F. coming.—P.<sup>7</sup> wroth.—P.

- The Shepherd rides home, 144  
 then the shepard he had noe more to say,  
 but tooke the pardon & rode his way.  
 when he came to the Bishopps place,  
 the Bishopp asket anon how all things was :  
 " Brother," quoth the shepard, " I haue well sped,  
 for I haue sauied both your Land & your head ;  
 the King with you is nothing wrath,  
 for heere is the pardon for you & mee both."
- tells the Bishop 148  
 he is pardoned,
- and the Bishop gives him land worth 50*l.*  
 a year. 152  
 then the Bishopes hart was of a Merry cheere,  
 " brother, thy paines Ile quitt them cleare,  
 for I will giue thee a patent to thee & to thine  
 of 50*l.* a yeere land good & fince."
- " No more keeping sheep for me, then!" 156  
 " I will to thee noe longer crochic<sup>1</sup> nor creepe,  
 nor Ile serue thee noe more to keepe thy sheepe."  
 wherecuuer wist you shepard before,  
 that had in his head witt such store  
 to pleasure a Bishopp in such a like case,  
 to answer 3 questions to the Kings grace ?  
 wherecuuer wist you shepard gett cleare  
 350*l.* pound a yeere ?
- Who ever heard of such a clever shepherd before ? 160  
 I neuer hard of his fellow before,  
 nor I neuer shall. now I need to say noe more  
 I neuer knew shepearde that gott such a liuinge  
 But David the shepearde that was a King.
- I never did, 164  
 except King David.

finis.

<sup>1</sup> crouch.—P.

## Marye Ambree.

PERCY's Introduction is: "In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent (called then by the English Gaunt), Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his 'Epicæne,' first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His 'Tale of a Tub,' Act 1, sc. 4. And his masque intitled 'The Fortunate Isles,' 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

". . . *Mary Ambree,*  
 (Who marched so free,  
 To the siege of Gaunt,  
 And death could not daunt  
 As the ballad doth vaunt),  
 Were a braver wight &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Act 5, *sub finem*:

"'My large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow.'

<sup>1</sup> An English virago, not inferior to the Pucelle d'Orléans.—P.

"<sup>1</sup> It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in 'Hudibras' (P. i. c. 3. v. 365), by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated 'Pucelle d'Orleans.'

"A bold virago stout and tall  
As *Joan of France, or English Mall.*"<sup>1</sup>

"This ballad [in the *Reliques*] is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture.<sup>2</sup> The full title is, 'The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lover's death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is the blind beggar &c.' " Mr. Chappell has printed the tune in his "Popular Music," vol. i. p. 159.

*At the siege  
of Ghent*

CAPTAINE courageous, whome death cold daunte,  
besiegged the Citye brauelyc, the city of gaunt<sup>3</sup>!  
they mustered their solders by 2 & by 3:

4      & the fformost in Battel was Mary Aumbree!

*Mary's lover  
was slain.*

When braue Sir Iohn Maior was slaine in *that* fight,  
*that* was her true louer, her Ioy & delight,  
shee swore his death vnreuenched shold not bee<sup>4</sup>;

*She swore to  
revenge him*

8      was not this a braue, bonye lasse, Mary Aumbree?

*with fire  
and sword.*

The death of her truelove shee meant to requite  
with fire & flamine [&] <sup>5</sup>sword shining bright,  
which lately was slaine most villanously;

12     was not this a braue, bonnye Lasse, Mary Aumbree?

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the first, second, and third editions of the *Reliques*. Inserted in the fourth, edited by Percy's nephew.—P.

<sup>2</sup> "Compared with another in the Editor's folio MS." 1st edn. 1765; "improved from the Editor's folio MS." 2nd.

edn. 1767, and 3rd. 1775.—P.

<sup>3</sup> bravely besieged the city of Gt.—P.

<sup>4</sup> that his death revenged should

bee.—P.

<sup>5</sup> & famine & sword.—P.

Shee cladd her selfe from the top to the toe  
in buffe<sup>1</sup> of the brauest most seemlye to show,  
& a faire shirt of Male slipped on shee;  
was not this a brane, bonye lasse, Mary Aumbree?

A helmett of proo<sup>2</sup> shee tooke on her head,  
& a strong arminge sword shee wore by her side ;  
a goodly fayre gauntlett on her hand put shee ;  
was not this &c.

Shee tooke her sword & her targett in hand, [page 187.] and got  
bidding all such as wold, wayte on her band.  
to waite on her person there came 1000<sup>3</sup> 3 :  
was not this a braue &c.

" My soldiers," shee saith, " soc valiant & bold,  
now ffollow your Captain which you doe beholde ;  
in the fight formost my selfe will I bee ! "

28 was not &c.

Then cryed out her souldiers, & loude the did say,  
" soc well thou becomes this gallant array,  
thy hands & thy weapons doe well soc agree,  
there was never none like to Mary Aumbree ! "

Shee cheared her good souldiers *that* foughten for  
life,  
with the cominge of Ancyents,<sup>3</sup> with drum & with  
fife,  
that braue sonding<sup>4</sup> trumpetts with ingines soc free,  
att last the made mention of Mary Aumbree.

<sup>1</sup> *Buff-coat.* A leathern outer-gar-  
ment, made exceedingly strong and un-  
yielding, and sometimes an eighth of an  
inch thick, exclusive of the lining. They  
were much used by the soldiers in the  
civil wars. *Fairholt.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> *proof.*—P.  
<sup>3</sup> An *ancient* or *anshent*, a flag or  
streamer, set up in the stern of a ship.  
*Phillipe.*—F.  
<sup>4</sup> *sounding.*—P.

She clad  
herself  
in mail,

put on  
helm  
and  
gauntlet,

" Soldiers,  
follow me,"  
she says.

They cry.  
" There's  
none like  
thee."

She cheers  
her soldiers  
with music,

and promises  
to save  
them.

40

" Before that I doe see the worst of you all  
come in the danger of your enemyes thrall,  
this hand & this sword shall first sett him free ;"  
was not &c.

She routs  
her foes,

44

Shee forward went on in Battaille array,  
& straight shee did make her foes flye away;  
7 hours in sckirmish continued shee ;  
was not &c.

fires into  
them,

48

The skyces shee did fill with the smoke of her shott,  
in her enemies bodyes with bulletts soe hott ;  
for one of her owne men, a sckore<sup>1</sup> killed shee ;  
was not &c.

and cuts a  
traitorous  
gunner in  
three.

52

Then did her gunner spoyle her intent,  
pelletts & powder away had he sent :  
then with her sword shee cutt him in 3,  
was not &c.

She is  
betrayed,  
retires to a  
castle,

56

Then was shee caused to make a retyre,  
being falsely betrayd, as itt doth appeare ;  
then to sauе her selfe into a castle went shee ;  
was not &c.

and is sur-  
rounded.

60

Her foes th̄ besett her on euerye side,  
thinking in that castle shee wold not abyde ;  
to beate downe those walls they all did agree ;  
was not &c.

She dares  
any three of  
her foes.

64

Shee tooke her sword & her targett in hand,  
shee came to the walls, and vpon them did stand,  
their<sup>2</sup> daring their Captaine to match any 3,  
was not &c.

<sup>1</sup> score.—P.

<sup>2</sup> there.—P.

“Thou English Captain, what woldest thou give  
to ransome thy liffe which else must not liue ?  
come downe quickly, & yeeld thee to mee ! ”  
then smiled sweetly Mary Aumbree ;

They call  
on her  
to yield.

68 “Good gentle Captain, what thinke you by mee,  
or whom in my likenesse you take mee to bee ? ”  
“a knight, sir, of England, & Captain soe free,  
72 that I meane to take away prisoner with me.”

“Good gentle Captain, behold in your sight  
2 brests in my bosome, & therfore no knight ;  
noe Knight, Sir, of England, nor Captain soe free,  
76 but eue[n]e<sup>1</sup> a pore<sup>2</sup> bony<sup>2</sup> Lasse, Mary Aumbree.”

She says  
she is no  
knight,  
only Mary  
Aumbree;

“If thou beest a woman as thou dost declare,  
that hast mangled our soliders, & made them soe  
bare ;  
the like in my liffe I never did see ;  
80 therfore Ile honor thee, Mary Aumbree.”

“ Giue<sup>3</sup> I be a woman, as well thou doest see,  
Captain, thou gettst noe redemption of mee  
without thou wilt fight with blowes 2 or 3.”  
84 was not &c.

her foe will  
get nought  
of her with-  
out blows.

God send in warrs, such euent I abide,  
god send such a solider to stand by my side !  
then safely preserued my person wilbe ;  
88 there was never none like to Mary Aumbree !

God send  
one like her  
to fight by  
me !

<sup>1</sup> even.—P. read *c'en*.—F.      <sup>2</sup> one of these seems redundant.—P.  
\* giff, i.e. if. —P.

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## Appendix.

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### THE BODLEIAN FRAGMENTS

OF

### Sir Lamwell.

Malone, 941; and Douce fragments, II. 95.

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THE statement in the Introduction to *Sir Lambewell*, p. 142, line 6, that "the print [of *Sir Lamwell*], with the exception of one single page preserved in the Douce collection, has perished," is wrong. Mr. Halliwell, in a note to me of last June, said :

" Some years ago, I had *another* unique fragment of 'Syr Lamwell,' differing from that in the Douce collection. Thinking it better for both to be preserved together, I gave my fragment to the Bodleian Library. Both these fragments might be worth printing in your Appendices, if you print any. At any rate, I thought it no harm to name it to you."

This fragment of nine leaves—eight of which only belong to *Sir Lamwell*—is now reprinted here, with some of the lost part filled up in italics, by guess<sup>1</sup> and by comparison with the text of the Folio and the Douce leaf. The Halliwell fragment corresponds, with omissions and additions, to the first 420 lines of our Folio text, pp. 144–57. The Douce fragment of one leaf corresponds—also with omissions and additions—to lines 344–95 of our text, pp. 155–7. The Douce and Halliwell (or Malone) texts are of the same type—both containing the same omissions from, and additions

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Skeat has kindly helped me.—F.

to the Folio text; but the Douce and Halliwell versions are of different editions—the Halliwell one being the more carefully printed, and seemingly the earlier. It contains one line that the Douce leaves out, and does not print *Aals* for *Alas*, *lycse* for *lyfe*, *cye* for *eye*, &c., as the Douce does, lines 12, 13. Altogether this matter forms an interesting little bit of bibliographical cram, which justifies the reproduction of the fragments here.—F.

## ¶ THE TREATY.

[leaf 1.]

<i>I sing of kin]</i>	. . . . ges by the dayes of Arthur	[leaf 1b.]
<i>Who held Brit]</i>	. . . . ayne in great honoure	
<i>And in his time a]</i>	. . . great whyle	
<i>He sojourned in m]</i>	. . ery carlyle	4
<i>To him there ca]</i>	. . m many an heytre	
<i>As he had many a w]</i>	. . yde where	
<i>Of his Round Ta]</i>	. . ble the knyghtes all	
<i>Had much mirt]</i>	. . he in bowre and in hall	8
<i>From every land of]</i>	. . the worlde so wyde	
<i>They came to hi]</i>	. . n on evry syde	
<i>Butt yonge knights and]</i>	. . squyvers eke	
<i>All bold bachel]</i>	. . ers came hym to seko	12
<sup>1</sup> <i>For he was of gre]</i>	. . t noblenes	
<i>And feastes were in hi]</i>	. . s courte alwayes	
<i>And he gave gifts]</i>	. . and treasure	
<i>To knyghts that weren]</i>	. . of honour <sup>1</sup>	16
<i>And with him there]</i>	. . was a bachelere	
<i>Who had been there m]</i>	. . any a yere	
<i>A yonge knyght]</i>	. . of moche myght	
<i>Sir Lammeil]</i>	. . forsothe he hyght	20
<i>And he]</i>	. . . . gaue gyftes myghtely	
<i>And spared not]</i>	. . but gaue full largely	
<i>His good so largely]</i>	. . he it spente	
<i>Much more he gaue th]</i>	. . an he had rente	24
<i>Soe outragous]</i>	. . ly he it sette	
<i>That he became]</i>	. . fer in dette	
<i>And when he sa]</i>	. . we well that all was gone	
<i>Then he began]</i>	. . to make his mone	28
<sup>2</sup> <i>And said Alack w]</i>	. . o is that man	
<i>That no good]</i>	. . . . hathe ne no good can	

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.      different in the Folio, which adds

<sup>2</sup> The two following lines are      two after them.—F.

<i>When he is far in a st]. . . raunge lando</i>	
<i>And no good h] . . . . athe I vnderstande</i>	32
<sup>1</sup> Men wyll me holde for a v[ile wrecche:	[leaf 2.]
Where I become, certeyns I ne recche.	
He lepte vpon a fayre cours[er	36
Without chylde or yet squy[er	
And rode so forth in great [haste	
For to dryue awaye sore lo[	
His waye he taketh toward [the west	
Bytwene a water and a fo[rest	40
The sonne was at the euyntide	
He lyghted there downe an[d thought to abide	
<sup>2</sup> For he was hote in the we[ther fayre,	
He toke his mantell and [lapped hym there, <sup>3</sup>	44
And laydo hym downe tha[t knight free	
Vnder the shadowe of a tr[ee	
<sup>3</sup> Alas he sayd no good I ha[v]e	
I wote not whether to go [or lave	48
And all the knyghtes that [I knew	
Of the rounde table that b[e true	
Echeone to haue me was [glad	
Nowe wyll they be on me [sad	52
Weleawaye than is my [case	
With sore wepyng his h[ear]t did pase	
With sorrowe and care th[as he had thore <sup>4</sup>	
Tyll on slepynghe that he [fell sore	56
All for-sobbed and for-w[orn].	
[? 8 lines cut off: lines 61-66 of the Folio, p. 146 above.]	
<sup>4</sup> Mantles they h] . . . . ad of reed velvet	[leaf 2b.]
Fringed with go]	68
And they were tyred a]	
On their heads with]	
Their faces as whit]	
Of lovesome co]	
Such had h]	
He thought thei]	
And one of them had a go]de basyno	
And the other a to]	76
Lamewell, they nigh]	
He rose, a]	
Welcome, said he,]	
And the other a to]	
Line 67 of Folio.—F.	
<sup>5</sup> curuall, orig.—F.	
<sup>6</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.	
<sup>7</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.	

<sup>1</sup> For the next two lines the Folio has twenty, l. 31-50.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>3-2</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Line 67 of Folio.—F.

<sup>5</sup> curuall, orig.—F.

<sup>6-6</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Knight, they]. . . . .	answered well be ye	80
<i>Our lady that's b]</i> . . . . .	ryght as the floure	
<i>Thee greetes Sir L]</i> . . . . .	amwell as paramoure	
<i>And prayes you]</i> . . . . .	to come and speke with her	
<i>If it should be your w]</i> . . . . .	yll nowe syr	84
<i>Lamwell answered them]</i> . . . . .	bothe there	
<i>I am most fain w]</i> . . . . .	ith you to fare	
<sup>2</sup> Your mistress, bring ye me] her two		
<i>And from her will]</i> . . . . .	I neuer go	
<i>He washed his fac]</i> . . . . .	e and handes also	
<i>And with these may]</i> . . . . .	dens than dyde he go	90
[8 lines cut off: lines 101-8, p. 147-8, above].		
kyng Alyxander the conqueroure		[leaf 3.]
Ne Salomon in his moost honoure		100
Ne yet Charlemayne the ryche kyng		
Had they neuer suche a thynge		
He founde in that pauylyon		
The kynges daughter of Mylyon		104
That is an yle in fayry		
In oxyan full nere therby		
There laye a bed of moche prycce		
Couered ouer in goodly wyse		108
Theron sate a mayden bryght		
Almost naked vp ryght		
All her clothes besyde her laye		
Ful sengle she sate I saye		112
In a mantell of whyte armyne		
Couered ouer with golde full fyne		
The mantell downe for hete she dyde		
Ryght vnder the gyrdell stede		116
There was she as whyte as lylly in maye		
Or snowe that fallethe in wynter daye		
Blossome on brere ne floure		
Was nothyng to her colour		120
The reed rose that was so newe		
To her reednesse was it no hewe		
[8 lines cut off: lines 131-8 of the Folio].		
Lamwell she sayd my harte swete		[leaf 3b.]
For thy loue my harte I lete		132
There is no kyng ne emperoure		
That and I loued hym paramoure		
As moche as I do nowe the		

<sup>1</sup> Folio has three lines for this one.—F.      <sup>2</sup> Folio has ten lines for two here.—F.

But they wolde be ryght glad of me	136
<sup>1</sup> Lamwell behelde that lady bryght	
Her loue hym rauysshed anone ryght <sup>1</sup>	
He sate hym downe the lady besyde	
Danoysell he sayd tye what betyde	140
Euermore bothe lowde and stylly	
Commaunde me ryght at your wyll	
<sup>2</sup> Syr knyght she sayd curtoys and hende	
I knowe thy state bothe fyrst and ende	142
Wylte thou trystly to me take	
And all other for me forsake	
I shall mayntayne thyne honoure	
With golde and syluer and ryche treasoure	146
On euery man spende greatly	
And ryche gystes largely	
The more thou spende the meryer thou syt	
I shall the fynde ynougue of it	150
<sup>3</sup> His loue brente lyke the fyre	
For than she had all his desyre <sup>3</sup>	
Of her profer he was full blythe	

[*8 lines cut off: lines 161–4 of the Folio, with 164–8, p. 149, altered for the next 2 of this text.]*

Also they wasshed and downe sette	[leaf 4.]
And at souperre togethere they ete	162
Mete and drynke they had plente	
Of euery thynge that was daynte	
After souperre whan daye was gone	
To bedde they wente bothe anone	166
<sup>4</sup> All that nyght they laye in fere	
And dyd that theyr wylles were	
For playe they sleped lytell that nyght	
Till it began to be daye lyght	170
Lamwell she sayd ryse and go nowe	
Golde and syluer take ynougue with you	
<sup>5</sup> Largely to spende on euery man	
For ye shall haue ynougue than	174
And when ye wyll gentyll knyght	
To speke with me by daye or nyght	
Vnto some secrete place ye go	
And thynke on me so and so	178

<sup>1–4</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

Folio has eight, l. 173–80, p. 150.

l. 149–52.—F.

—F.

<sup>2–3</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

Folio has three, l. 188–90, and

<sup>4</sup> For the next two lines the

transposes four, l. 191–94.—F.

And I shall anone with you be No man saue you shall se me	
<sup>1</sup> Of one thynge syr I the defendaunte Of me syr to make thyne auauante	181
For yf thou do beware beforene For euer thou hast my loue forlorne <sup>1</sup>	
The maydens brought hym his hors anone He taketh his leue and forthe is gone	186
<sup>2</sup> Of treasure he hathe great plente And so rode he thrughe the cyte	
Whan that he came there he shulde bene A meryer man had they not sene	190
<sup>3</sup> Hym selfe he rode full rychely And his squyers full stoutly <sup>3</sup>	
Lamwell maketh the noble feestes	[leaf 4b.]
Lamwell fynde mynstrelles that gestes	194
<sup>4</sup> Lamwell byethe the great stedes Lamwell gyueth the ryche wedes	
Lamwell geueth the plentye of mete and drynke Lamwell helpe there as he nede coude thynke <sup>4</sup>	198
Lamwell rewarde relygyous Lamwell helped every pore hous	
For were he knyght squyre or swayne With his goodes he helped them	202
Of his largenes euery man wote But no man knewe howe he it gote	
And whan hym lyked pruely and stylle His lady was redy at his wyll	
Well happy were nowe that man That in these dayes had suche one	
<sup>5</sup> But on a tyme syr Gawayne That curtoys knyght and syr Ewayne	210
Syr Lamwell with them also And other knyghtes twenty and mo	
Wente to playe them on the grene Vnder the towre there as was the quene	214
These knyghtes on theyr game played tho And sythe to daunsyng gan they go	
Syr Lamwell was before set For his large spence they loued hym bet	
The quene in her towre behelde this all She sayde yonder is large Lamwell	218

<sup>1-1</sup> Lines 191-94 of the Folio.—F.<sup>2-2</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>3</sup> The Folio inserts lines 203-4 here.—F.<sup>4-4</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>5</sup> Part II. in the Folio.—F.

Of all the knyghtes that ben there Is none so fayre a bachelere	222
And hathe neyther leman ne wyfe I wolde be loued me as his lyfe	
Betyde me well betyde me yll	[leaf 5.]
I shall she sayd go wete his wyll	226
She toke with her a company	
Of damioselles that were ryght praty	
And gothe her downe anone rygthes	
For to daunce with the knyghtes	230
The quene went to the fyrst ende	
Bytwene Gawen and Lamwell the hende	
And all her maydens so forthe rygthes	
One and one bytwene two knylhtes ( <i>sic</i> )	231
Whan all the daunsyng dyde aslakē	
The quene Lamwell to counsayle gan take	
Shortely she sayd thou gentyll knyght	
I have loued and dothe with all my myght	238
And as moche desyre I the	
As Arthoure the kynge so fre	
Good happe is nowe to the tane	
To loue me and none other woman	242
Madame he sayd nay certays	
I wyll not be traytoure neuer my dayes	
I owe the kynge feate and homage	
Shall I neuer do hym that domage	246
Eye on the thou false cowarde	
Dastarde harlot that thou arte	
That thou lyuest it is pyte	
That louest no woman nor woman tho	250
<sup>1</sup> Me thynke harlot thou shuldest be fayne And answers me with ye agayne	
Syth I the loue ywys	
Before all that in the courte is	254
But as thou arte so thou doost	
No woman on the wyll make boost <sup>2</sup>	
The knyght was sore agreued tho	[leaf 5b.]
And answered her and sayd ryght so <sup>1</sup>	258
Madame he sayde thou sayst thy wyll	
I can loue bothe lowde and styll	
And am loued with my leman	
That fayrer hathe no gentylman	262
Nor none so fayre this saye I	

<sup>1,1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The signature at the foot of the page is "Syr Lam. . . . B."—G.P.

Neyther mayden nor yet lady	
That the symplest mayde with her I wene	266
Ouer the madame myght be a quene	
Then was she ashamed and full wrothe	
She cleped her maydens and forthe gothe	
To chaumbre she went all heuy	
For tene and angre she wolde dye	270
Kynge Arthure came from hundtyng	
Glad and mery for all thyng	
To the quenes chaumbre gone is he	
And she fell downe vpon her kne	274
Sone lorde gan she crye	
Help me lorde or I dye	
And without ye Juge ryght	
I shall dye this enders nyght	278
I spake with Lamwell on my game	
And he besought me of shame	
As a full vylayne traytoure	
He wolde haue done me dyshonoure	282
And of a lemaner praysement he made	
That the symplest mayde she had	
Myght be a quene ouer me	
And all lorde in dyspyte of the	286
The kynge therwith waxed wrothe	
And for angre he swore his othe	
That Lamwell shulde abyde the lawe	
To be hanged and drawe	
He commaunded foure knyghtes	[leaf 6.]
To fetche the traytoure forthe ryghtes	
The foure knyghtes seketh hym anone	
But to his chambre was he gone	294
Alas he sayd my lyfe is lorne	
Hieroof she warned me beforne	
Of all thynges that I dyde vse	
Of her shulde I never make rouse	298
He cleped and called and her besought	
But all that auayled hym nougat	
He wepte and sorowed and he dyde crye	
And on his knees he prayed her of marcy	302
He bete his body and his heed eke	
And cursed his mouthe of her dyde speke <sup>2</sup>	
O my lady o gentyll creature	
How shall my wretched body endure	306

<sup>1</sup> Folio inserts here, lines 287-8, p. 153.—F.

My worldes blysse I haue forlorne  
 And falsely vnto my lady forsworne  
 For sorowe and care he made that stounde  
 He fell on sowne vpon the grounde      310  
 So longe he laye that the knyghtes came  
 And in his chambre they toke hym than  
 And as a thefe they ledde hym th[en]

[? 8 lines cut off: lines 318-24 in the Folio, p. 154.]

Lamwell answered with mylde mode      [leaf 66.]  
 And tolde hym the sothe euyer worde  
 That it was none otherwyse than so  
 That wolde he make good tho      326  
 What all the courte wolde to hym loke  
 Twelue knyghtes were put to a boke  
 The sothe to saye in that case  
 All together as it was      330  
 These twelue knyghtes as I wene  
 knewe the rule of the quene  
 All thoughte the kynge was bolde and stoute  
 She was wycked out and oute      334  
 And she had suche a conforte  
 To haue lemnans vnder her lorde  
 Wherby they coude all tell  
 It was longe of her and not of Lamwell<sup>1</sup>      338  
 Here of they quyte a trewe man  
 And sythe they spake forthe on  
 That yf he myght his lemnian bryng  
 Of whome he made his auantyne      342  
 And yf he myght proue in place  
 That her maydens fayrer was  
 And also bryghter and shene  
 And of more beaute than the quene      346

[8 lines cut off: l. 4-11 of the Douce fragment, l. 347-54 of the Folio, which also has 8 lines, l. 355-62, for the next 4 here and in the Douce version.]

Alas he sayd I shall dye      [leaf 7.]  
 My lefe I shall se neuer [*with eye*  
 Ete nor drynke wolde he [*neuer*  
 But wepynge and in w[o] was euer      360  
 So is he with sorowe [*none*  
 He wolde his endyng[e] [*day were come*  
 That he myght from his [*life go*

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the Folio. See lines      <sup>2</sup> The Douce fragment begins  
 338-9.—F.      here.—F.

Eche man for hym wa[ <i>s</i> ful wo For a larger spender th[en he Came neuer in that c <sub>o</sub> untrie Therto was he fyers [ <i>and bolde</i> None better in the ky[nges housholde The daye was [ <i>come of his appearing</i> They brought th[er]e knyght before the kyng His borowes that hi[ys] suertyes was To apere before the ky[nges face The kyng lete it be re[hersed there Bothe the playnte and [ <i>his answer</i> He bad hym bryng hi[is] <i>Leman in sight</i> And he answered tha[t he no myght	364
1 The wordes that I sa[yed] eche one Wete ye well I lyed [ <i>of none</i> If I so myght be take[n] thereby In that quarell wold [ <i>I dye</i> <sup>1</sup>	373
For this I saye to you [ <i>alone</i>	390

[8 lines cut off: l. 35–42 of the Douce fragment; l. 380–82 of the Folio.]

Or yet to come with] . . . in her boure But if it were for her] . . . pleasoure	[leaf 7b.]
2 I would deyre no mo] . . . re of ryght But once of her to hau] . . . e a syght	392
Forsooth, for no] . . . more wold I care But to th] . . . . e dethe wolde I fare <sup>2</sup>	
Not to displease her si] . . . kerly	
3 I'd would I ye saw her] . . . or that I dye But it is not at my wil] . . . lynge	396
It is as she wyll this w] . . . orthy thyng <sup>3</sup> Bryng her forth the ky] . . . nge sayse	
That thou now so fast d] . . . othe prayse	400
To prove the sooth that thou sa] yest of Forsooth my lord that can I] nougnt	
The kyng sayed unto] . . . hym thore	
Forsooth thy discors] . . . yp is the more	404
What may we all kno] . . . we here by But that thou liest low] . . . de on hye	
The barons all had com] . . . maundement <sup>4</sup>	
That they should gr] . . . ue iugement <sup>5</sup>	408

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The Douce fragment ends

<sup>2-2</sup> Not in the Folio. See lines here.—F.

here.—F.

384–5, p. 156.—F.

<sup>5</sup> The Folio inserts here, l. 397–8.

<sup>3-3</sup> Not in the Folio. See lines p. 157.—F.

386–7, p. 156.—F.

- Then bespake the Erle of C] ornewayle  
Who was one of the co] . . . unsayle  
And sayd we know the kin] . ge our lorde  
His own mouth it doe] . . . h recorde* 412
- [? 8 lines cut off: l. 403–410 of the Folio.]
- Therfore syrs by our rede [leaf 8.]  
We wyll the kyng suche [*way lede*  
That he shall commaund [*him to goe*  
And royd hys courte for [*evermoe*  
Whyle they stode thus spe[*king*  
They sawe two ladyes co[*me ryding*  
That was bryght as blos[*som on bryer*  
On whyte palfrays with [*rich attire*  
Fayrer creatures with they[r *hew*  
Ne better attyred they neu[er knew  
All them iuged on them t[*o be set*  
Ouer the quene as Lamw[*ell had het*] 422  
Than sayd Gawayne that [*gentle knight*  
Lamwell drede the for no [*wight*  
Here comethe thy leman [*yond maist thou see*  
Truely the fayrest creature [*of blee* 436  
That euer man sawe befor [*with ey*  
Lo where she rydethe vpon [*a palfray*  
More fayrer they be certay[*n bag fer*  
Than euer the praysement [*thou madest er*] 440  
Lamwell behelde them bo[*th with thought*  
And sayde of them two ne [*know I nougnt*  
They are nothyng so fayre [*as my leman*  
Of theyr seruauntes maye [*they be than* 444  
But wete ye well and we [*ferre sougnt*  
Myne owne leman is it [*nought pard*  
To her I trespassed so great[*lie*  
I wote I shall her never se<sup>3</sup> 448
- The maydens that came so [*riding*  
Went to the castell to the k[*ing*  
Whan they came syr Lamw[*ell nigh*  
Obeysaunce to hym they m[*ade humbly* 452  
No tarryng with th] . em that they made  
*But to the King bo]* . the they rade  
*To him they can]* . . . ne and saluted hym there  
*Let dresse the walls]* . of a chaumbre fayre,

<sup>1-1</sup> Four different lines in the Folio, l. 417–20, p. 157.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> The Folio gives line 424 for these five.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> For these six lines the Folio has line 427, p. 158, and has eleven lines following which differ from the next fourteen here.—F.

<i>Our Lady of price]</i>	. . .	is here comyngē	
<i>Of al the world th]</i>	. . .	e fayrest thyngē	
<i>With clothes of gol]</i>	. . .	de hange it eke	
<i>Strew it with carpet]</i>	. . .	tes vnder her fete	460
<i>Soon will ye know]</i>	. . .	what wyll she done	
<i>Her fairnes all ye]</i>	. . .	shall wete sone	
<i>The King comma]</i>	. . .	nded for her sake	
<i>The fairest chamber]</i>	. . .	e to them take	464
<i>The ladyes are gone to]</i>	. . .	bowre on hye	
<i>The King then bade his]</i>	baronye		
<i>Have done &amp; ge]</i>	. . .	ue your iugement	
<i>The Barons a]</i>	. . .	nswered verament	468
<i>We have beholden]</i>	. . .	these maydens so bryght	
<i>And ye have letted us]</i>	. . .	by this lyght	
<i>But to it Lord now will]</i>	. . .	we gone	
<i>We will have don]</i>	. . .	e sone anone	472
<i>A new speech they]</i>	. . .	began tho	
<i>Some said well a]</i>	. . .	nd some sayd not so	
<i>Some to death th]</i>	. . .	ey wolde hym deme	
<i>For to please the k]</i>	. . .	ynge and quene	476
<i>And other some wold]</i>	. . .	e make hym chere	
<i>Whilst they stood thus]</i>	. . .	pledynge in fere	
<i>Other two mayd]</i>	. . .	ens came rydyngē tho	
<i>Much fairer tha]</i>	. . .	n the other two	480
<i>Upon two good]</i>	. . .	ly mulcs of spayne	
<i>Their saddles an]</i>	. . .	d brydels were campayne	
<i>They were cloth]</i>	. . .	ed in ryche atyre	
<i>That every man]</i>	. . .	had great desyre <sup>2</sup>	484

<sup>1</sup> Cp. line 339, p. 158 of the Folio text.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Line 460, p. 158 of the Folio text.—F.

This fragment, that follows the foregoing, does not belong to *Sir Lamwell*:

[7(?) lines cut off.]

. . . . . ought [leaf 9.]  
 . . . . orth brough  
 . . . .  
 . . . . kyngē than  
 . . . . man  
 . . . . e mete and dryn  
 after thynke  
 d myght  
 s lyght  
 he

ht	
n leue	
[ (?) 12 lines cut off.]	
ow	[leaf 96.]
that he hy	
as * * one	
ger was he o	
ntes he gauo	
as sparle	
e myght no ma	
his caple was sle	
an that he thus lo	
Erle out of the bat	
Vpon an hyghe mount	
his Erle there chau	
d set hym on a full	
an went . . .	
[End of Fragments.]	

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## DOUCE FRAGMENTS,

CORRESPONDING (BUT WITH OMISSIONS AND ADDITIONS) TO  
LINES 344-393 OF THE PERCY FOLIO, VOL. I, P. 155-7.

That her maidens fairer was  
And also brighter<sup>1</sup> shene  
And of more beautye then the quene,  
And also of countenaunce and of hewe  
They would quite hym as trewe  
yf he myght not stande there til,  
He should abyde the kynges wyl,  
This verdit was geuen before the king  
The day was set her in to bryng  
Suerties her founde to come agayne  
Syr Gawayne, and syr Ewayne,  
<sup>2</sup>Aals<sup>3</sup> (he sayed) I shal dye,      12  
My lyese<sup>3</sup> I shal neuer see with exe<sup>3</sup>  
Eate nor drinke would he neuer,  
But in wepyng and wo was euer,<sup>3</sup>  
So is he with sorow nome

12

16

<sup>1</sup> Bright &, *Folio*, line 345; 362 of the Folio, p. 155-6. above.  
brighter and, *Halliwell*.—F. —F.

<sup>2</sup> These differ from lines 355-      \* So in original.—G. Parker.

He woulde his endyng day were come,  
[That he might from his life goe<sup>1</sup>] 20  
Eche man for hym was ful wo  
For a large spender then he  
Came neuer in that countree  
Therto was he fiers and bolde  
Neuer a better in the kynge's housholde,  
The day was come of his appearing,  
They brought the knyght before the kyng,  
Hys borowes that hys suertyes was,  
To appere before the kynges face<sup>2</sup> 24  
The kyng let it be rehersed there  
Both the plenty and his awnere,  
He bad hym bryng hys Lemon in sight,  
And he answeret, that he ne myght.

B. iii.

<p><sup>3</sup>The wordes that I sayed eche one Wete ye wel I lyed of none Yf I so myght be taken thereby, In that quarel would I dye For thys I say to you a lone<sup>3</sup></p> <p>A Fairer then she was nener [sic] none But of beautye and of shape I am to symple to touche her lape</p> <p><sup>4</sup>There was neuer man yet I wate Emperour kyng, or high estate Where euer they dwel far or nere For her fairenes myght be her pere<sup>4</sup> Nor yet come within her boure, But if it were for her pleasure</p> <p><sup>5</sup>I would desyre no more of right But once of her to haue a sight Truly my lorde for no more would I care Forthwith then to death would I fare<sup>5</sup> Not to displease her sikerly Yet would I ye saw her or I dye,</p> <p><sup>6</sup>But it is not al my willing It is as she wyll that worthie thing,<sup>6</sup> Bryng her forth the kyng sayes, That thou now so fast doest praise, To proue the soth that thou sayest of,</p>	<span style="float: right;">[back of leaf.] 32</span> <span style="float: right;">36</span> <span style="float: right;">40</span> <span style="float: right;">44</span> <span style="float: right;">48</span> <span style="float: right;">52</span>
---	---

<sup>1</sup> Line 365, p. 156, above.—F.

44 Not in the Folio.—F.

\* They brought him forth, alas!

**8-5 Not in the Folio.—F.**

line 374, p. 156, above.—F.

— Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>8-3</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

Forsoth my lord that can I not,  
The kyng sayed vnto him thore,  
Forsoth thy disworship hys the more.  
What may we know al hereby  
But that thou liest loude and hye.  
The barons all had commaundement.  
• • • • • of

60

[*End of Fragment.*]

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